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THE
DISCOVERY
OF
CANADA

By

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

*Drawn end papers by
James Sim*

TORONTO
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1944

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INTRODUCTION

MANY long years ago, when I was a boy at school, early Canadian history and the geography of Canadian history—that is to say, how our country came to be discovered—seemed to me to be about the dulllest and most uninteresting of subjects. That was not because they were themselves dull and uninteresting, which they are not, but because they were taught in a dull and uninteresting way.

Afterwards when I happened to read what the men who really made the discoveries had to say about them, I found to my surprise that their adventures were often as exciting as those of a first-rate novel. And I began to wonder if it would not be possible to drive away the dullness that had seeped into Canadian history, by letting each explorer, as far as possible or practicable, tell his own story in his own way, instead of trying to tell it for him. Of course it is not always possible to get the story of a discovery from the man who made it, because he did not always remember to write down what he had seen and done, or was so busy doing things that he had no time to write about them, and sometimes even when he did write about them his journals or letters have become lost. In those cases one must hope that his companions on the journey had been more thoughtful. What they wrote or told to others is not of the same value as the explorer's own story, but it is at any rate the next best thing, as they were with him in his adventure and probably took some part in it.

Fortunately most of the greatest of our discoverers, like Jacques Cartier and Champlain and Alexander Mackenzie, have left us very full accounts of where they went and what they did. It is true that a few of them, such as Henry Hudson, left little or no record of their lives. In his case

a member of his crew, fortunately for us, kept a fairly complete journal of the famous voyage to Hudson Bay. Occasionally the story of what happened comes down to us in an even more indirect way. Nothing that John Cabot wrote exists today, or if it does no one has found it. By good luck, however, an ambassador from Milan at the court of Henry VII had a large bump of curiosity. When Cabot returned from his first voyage to America the Ambassador, whose name was Soncino, went down to Bristol and had a heart-to-heart talk with Cabot and his men. Soncino, if he had lived today, would have made a very good reporter. He put into a long and chatty letter to his prince all that he had learnt about the voyage, and that letter still exists.

So it seemed to me that it might be worth while to let the story of the discovery of Canada tell itself as each part of it, east or west, north or south, became known to the man who made the discovery. And that is what I have tried to do in this book.

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PART I

THE VALLEY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

NOTE

Where the common practice is followed of peppering the text with a series of small but arresting figures and a corresponding series of footnotes, many persons, to their sorrow and annoyance, find it impossible to resist the temptation to read each footnote as they come to it, knowing all the while that it is highly improbable that they really need the information contained in that particular footnote, and conscious that every time they read one they lose the thread of the narrative, and end by throwing away the book.

To avoid this quite unnecessary irritation all intruding figures have been abolished in this book, and all footnotes banished to the end of the text, where you will find a series of biographical sketches neatly arranged in alphabetical order for ready reference, and a corresponding series of bibliographies in which an attempt has been made to separate the sheep from the goats; in other words to mark with a star those books that are likely to appeal to the young student or the casual reader, and that one may expect to find in all but the very small public libraries, leaving the dry and learned books to those persons who the late Agnes Laut used to speak of rather contemptuously as 'savants'.

1

LEIF ERICSON

IF ONE were asked, who was the man that discovered Canada?, one would have to answer with another question, what do you mean by Canada? Are you thinking of our eastern coasts, which were the first parts of the region we now know as Canada to be seen by European travellers? Or do you mean the valley of the St. Lawrence, which was Canada of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? Or Canada of today, filling half a continent and stretching from sea to sea, parts of which were seen for the first time by a number of pathfinders at different periods?

The question is as difficult to answer as that other one, who discovered North America? We have been told over and over again that North America was discovered by Christopher Columbus. But Columbus landed, on his first voyage, on a small island in the Bahamas, and never even saw the mainland of the continent, then or at any other time, north of Central America; while nearly five hundred years before the voyage of 1492 a Scandinavian, whose father had made the first settlement on Greenland, sailed to and landed on the Atlantic coast of North America.

Let us get back to the earliest beginnings of our history, nearly nine and a half centuries ago. We are in the year of our Lord 1000. A Viking ship, deckless, with sweeping lines up to tall bow and stern, a thing of beauty, and stoutly built to withstand the fury of northern gales, is approaching the coast of America. She carries only one sail, but flies over the waves under that great square of canvas.

Her captain, Leif, son of Eric the Red, had been on a visit to King Olaf of Norway, and on his return voyage to his home in Greenland the ship was blown far out of her course by contrary winds. As he stood in the bow, eagerly scanning the unfamiliar scene, Leif may well have wondered what manner of country he had found. It was altogether unlike Greenland or Iceland or even Norway. It was more like the lands some of his friends had visited far to the south of Norway; a country of green trees and sunny beaches and soft breezes that bore the perfume of strange flowers.

Now that is one account of this memorable voyage of discovery, that is found in the ancient sagas or historical tales of Iceland. Another is quite different. "There was now," says this saga, "much talk about voyages and discoveries." This was at Brattahlid, the comfortable home of Eric the Red on the southwest coast of Greenland. Eric had discovered Greenland in the year 980, and had brought a colony there from Iceland. As the colony prospered and lived for five hundred years, Greenland in the days of Eric and his son Leif the Lucky must have been much more hospitable than it is today. One may easily suppose that these enterprising and daring Vikings, who had already sailed so far out into the west, to the Shetlands, the Faroe Islands, Iceland and Greenland, would be curious to know what lay beyond Greenland, and being always men of action rather than men of words would waste little time in thought.

What preparations were needed Leif made during the winter, as we learn from the saga. He bought a ship and got together a crew of thirty-five men. He asked his father to lead the expedition. Eric, already well on in years, was reluctant to go, but was finally persuaded. However, when he was riding down to the ship his horse stumbled and threw him. That was thought to be a bad omen in those days. Eric may not have had much faith in omens, but as he was not anxious to go on the voyage he made use of the

excuse. "I am not destined," he said, "to discover more countries than this." And so he went home to Brattahlid, while Leif and his gallant company sailed away toward the southwest.

The first land they came to was a forbidding region of snow and flat stones, with snow-covered mountains in the distance. They cast anchor, launched a boat and went ashore. There was neither grass nor trees; nothing but rock, with immense glaciers beyond. Leif, looking about him, said to his companions, "I shall give this place a name, and shall call it Helluland," which meant the land of flat stones.

Returning on board their ship, they sailed away to the south, and after a time came to a quite different place, a level and wooded country, and wherever they looked were broad stretches of white sand sloping gradually down to the sea. "This land," said Leif, "shall be given a name after its nature, and shall be called Markland because it is wooded." It has been supposed that Helluland may have been Labrador and Markland somewhere on the coast of Newfoundland.

Again Leif put to sea, and for two days sailed towards the southwest. Then "they came to an island, which lay on the north side of the land, where they disembarked to wait for good weather. There was dew on the grass; and having accidentally got some of the dew upon their hands and put it to their mouths, they thought that they had never tasted anything so sweet. Then they went on board and sailed into a sound that was between the island and a point that went out northward from the land, and sailed westward past the point. There was very shallow water and ebb tide, so that their ship lay dry; and there was a long way between their ship and the water. They were so eager to get to the land that they would not wait till their ship floated, but ran to the land, to a place where a river comes out of a lake. As soon as their ship was afloat they took the boats and towed the ship up the river, and from thence

into the lake, where they cast anchor, carried their beds out of the ship and set up their tents.

"They resolved to put things in order for wintering there, and they built a large house. They did not want for salmon, both in the river and in the lake; and they thought the salmon larger than they had ever seen before. The country appeared to be of so good a kind that it would not be necessary to gather fodder for the cattle for winter. There was no frost in winter, and the grass was not much withered. Day and night were more equal than in Greenland or Iceland."

This country pleased Leif and his men, and they decided to remain there at any rate until the following spring. They built more houses for themselves, and when this was done Leif said to his companions, "Now, I propose to divide our party into two and have the land explored; one half shall stay at home, while the other goes afield."

All went well for a time, until it was found that Tyrker, Leif's foster-father, had wandered from the party and become lost. Leif was much distressed and bitterly upbraided his men. They all went in search of Tyrker, but had not gone far when they met him. Tyrker was filled with excitement. "I have news to tell," he cried, "I have found vines and grapes." That was good news, for grapes were not found in any of the lands where the Norsemen had their homes.

Nothing further happened during the winter, and in the spring Leif sailed away to Greenland, taking with him a cargo of precious lumber as well as a quantity of grapes. This country, where grapes were found, he named Vinland, or Wineland.

It does not matter very much which account you take for this voyage of Leif Ericson to North America. He may have sailed from Norway and have been blown far out of his course; or he may have sailed from Greenland and followed the coast of the continent down to the place he calls

Vinland. In either case what he found in the course of his voyage is the important thing. It may even be that Leif made two voyages; one from Norway to America, and a second voyage after his return to Brattahlid.

As to where he went, learned men have argued for years over the whereabouts of Vinland. Some have thought it was no farther south than the coast of Labrador; others were sure it was on Chaleur Bay, or somewhere on the coast of Nova Scotia; others, again, tried to prove that it was on the coast of Maine, or Boston Harbour, or New York Bay, or Martha's Vineyard, or even as far south as Chesapeake Bay. Probably it may never be possible to prove, beyond any reasonable doubt, that Vinland was at a certain place. The description in the sagas may be made to fit a number of places, some of them far apart. If an inscription should be found carved in the rock, in the runic characters that were used by the Scandinavians in Leif's day, it might be accepted as positive proof that there lay Vinland. And then, again, it might not. Nothing is more difficult than to convince a learned scholar, who has made up his mind to a certain idea, that he is entirely wrong. A stone with a runic inscription was actually found a few years ago, buried in the roots of a tree, at a place in Minnesota, and the historians are still arguing about it. That, however, had nothing to do directly with Leif Ericson or his Vinland. Neither had the badly rusted Norse sword and battleaxe that were found near Lake Nipigon, and are now in the Royal Museum of Archaeology in Toronto. These, too, merely prove that you cannot convince everyone of anything. There are still some people who are sure that we are all clinging to a flat earth. And, therefore, it is not surprising that a few learned folk insist that the voyage of Leif Ericson is nothing but a fairy tale. The rest of us are equally free to believe that not only are the facts convincing, but that it would be almost incredible that the Norsemen, having made their way as far as Greenland, should

not have taken the one further step that would bring them to the mainland of North America.

Some years after Leif's return from Vinland, Thorfinn Karlsefni sailed from Iceland to Greenland, and spent the winter at Brattahlid. In the long winter evenings, between feasting, telling sagas, and playing games of chess, there was much talk about Vinland and how to get there. Thorfinn had long wished to see this beautiful country that Leif had discovered, and he found no difficulty in finding others who were also anxious to go there. In the spring Thorfinn sailed in what in those days was a large vessel, accompanied by one or two smaller ships, with one hundred and sixty people, mostly men.

Helluland and Markland were seen as they went south, and finally they came to a place that Karlsefni calls Streamfjord, where they spent the winter. It is evident that this was not Vinland, as the winter was more severe and they found no grapes. However, there was no hardship as they had come provided with tools and provisions as well as a number of fowls and cattle. This was to be no casual visit. Thorfinn was determined to found a colony in this New World. It is as difficult to say where Streamfjord was as it is to guess the site of Vinland. Someone who made a careful study of the saga thinks that Karlsefni's wintering place was in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He may be right; but it would be equally easy to prove that it was somewhere else.

Karlsefni was convinced, at any rate, that Streamfjord was not Vinland, and in the spring continued his search. "Now it is to be told of Karlsefni," says the saga, "that he went southward around the country, and Snorri and Bjarni with their people. They sailed a long time until they came to a river which flowed down from the land into a lake and so into the sea. At the mouth of the river were great bars so that it could be entered only at the height of the flood tide. Thorfinn and his men sailed into the mouth of the river and called it Hop." Hop means a small, land-locked

bay. Of the two men mentioned in the saga, Snorri was a distinguished passenger and Bjarni commanded one of the ships.

"In the hollows," the saga goes on to say, "they found self-sown wheatfields and on the hills grapes. Every brook was teeming with fish. They dug pits on the shore where the tide rose highest, and when the tide fell there were halibut in the pits. Wild animals of all kinds were roaming in the woods. They remained there a fortnight and enjoyed themselves without any disturbance. They had their livestock with them. One morning, however, when they looked about, they saw a large number of skin canoes approaching." They were manned with ugly-looking little men with unsightly hair, large eyes and broad cheeks. They came ashore, and were amazed at the white men and their strange belongings. The Norsemen found them quite friendly.

Karlsefni and his people wintered at Hop, and in the spring the Skraelings again paid them a visit. "Early one morning at the beginning of spring, they saw a large number of canoes rowing round the headland from the south, so many that the sea was black with them; staves were waved from every boat. Karlsefni and his men raised their shields and welcomed them ashore." And here we have the first record of trading between white explorers and Indians in North America. "The strangers wanted most to buy red cloth. They also wished to have swords and spears, but Karlsefni forbade this. In exchange for the cloth they gave dark skins, one for every span's width of cloth, which they bound round their heads." After a while the supply of red cloth began to run low, and the Norsemen tried the experiment of cutting each piece into two. When the Skraelings seemed as well pleased with the smaller pieces, they were again divided, and still the natives did not object. In the end they were exchanging their furs for very small strips of cloth, until at last there was no more of it.

Unfortunately, while the white travellers and the In-

dians were getting along so well together, a bull belonging to Karlsefni charged out of the wood bellowing loudly. The Skraelings were terrified, sprang into their canoes and paddled hastily away.

It was more than unfortunate. In three weeks the Skraelings returned, and they were now in a very different mood. Either the bull or something done by the Norsemen had turned their friendship into hatred. They landed and fiercely attacked Karlsefni and his men with bows and arrows and war slings. It is curious that these two kinds of weapon are found in so many remote parts of the world. The Skraelings seem to have used two different kinds of sling, a hand sling and a heavy war sling on the end of a pole swung by a number of men. A bladder containing a heavy stone was blown up, thrown at the enemy, and exploded with a noise intended to frighten them.

The saga says that Karlsefni and his men were attacked so fiercely by the Skraelings that they "had to flee up along the river, because it appeared as if the Skraelings came from all directions, and they did not halt until they reached some crags and they resisted there with all their might." After a while the natives, perhaps feeling that they had sufficiently punished these insolent strangers, gave up the fight and returned to the shore. No doubt they did what damage they could to the homes of the Norsemen, before paddling away to the south. They seem to have overlooked the ships, or perhaps were unable to destroy them without taking more time than they cared to use.

Karlsefni and his men held a council after the departure of the Skraelings. "It appeared to them," says the saga, "that although the country had good resources, they would always be in danger from the Skraelings. They therefore decided to leave the place, intending to go back to their country, and so they sailed northward around the land."

And that was the end of the attempts by Leif Ericson and Thorfinn Karlsefni to explore this new world beyond

Greenland, and to found a colony there. It is said of Leif that he lived some twenty years after his return from his famous voyage, and died about 1020, then around fifty years of age. Nothing is known about Karlsefni's later years. One fact is worth remembering. Karlsefni had taken his wife with him on the voyage, and while they were at Streamfjord a son was born, who was given the name of Snorri. Snorri, therefore, was the first white child born on the continent of North America. It would be interesting to know what became of him.

2

JOHN CABOT

FIVE years after the first voyage of Columbus, and about four and a quarter centuries after the expedition of Karlsefni, another sea captain, of the same race as Columbus, sailed out of the English port of Bristol toward the unknown west. There is nothing in the Icelandic sagas to suggest that Ericson or Karlsefni thought of Helluland, Markland, Streamfjord and Vinland as anything more than unknown country. Cabot, on the other hand, like Columbus, and others that were to follow, was looking for a water route to China and the Indies, and believed that he had found it. Indeed both Columbus and Cabot thought that the lands they discovered were part of Asia. For some time to come this search for an easier route to the riches of the Far East was to be the reason behind all voyages of discovery from Europe to the westward.

In March, 1496, King Henry VII of England made a grant to his "well-beloved John Cabot, citizen of Venice, to Lewis, Sebastian and Santius, sonnes of the said John, full and free authority, leave and power to saile to all parts, countries and seas of the East, of the West and of the North, under our banners and ensignes, with five ships, of what burthen soever they be, and as many mariners or men as they will have with them in the said ships, upon theyr owne proper costs and charges, to seeke out, discover and finde whatsoever isles, countries, regions or provinces of the heathen and infidels, in what part of the world so ever they be, which before this time have been unknowne to all Christians."

Armed with the King's authority, Cabot sailed from Bristol, in the little ship *Mathew*, on May 2, 1497. It is not known if any of his sons went with him on this first voyage. Rounding the coast of Ireland, he sailed first north and then west. Cabot left no journal and we can only guess what his thoughts may have been as day after day he got farther and farther from England and all the things that were familiar to him. He probably had heard something about Columbus' voyages and of the strange people he met in what he supposed to be the outer part of the Indies. There is no reason to suppose that he knew anything of the much earlier expeditions of Ericson and Karlsefni. Columbus' men got more and more nervous as his ships drew farther and farther from their known world, and they were filled with wild notions that they might sail out over the edge of the world, which after all was a rather terrifying idea. The men on the *Mathew* may very well have grumbled, even though they knew that the ships of Columbus had returned safely. For fifty-one days they sailed on and on without seeing land; nothing but the boundless and perilous sea. Then on the fifty-second day at last they saw land; and on the 24th June, 1497, John Cabot landed on the northeastern shores of North America "with the royal banner unfurled, and in solemn form took possession of the land in the name of King Henry VII."

As with Leif Ericson, there has been a great deal of argument by learned men as to where Cabot landed in the New World in 1497. Some have thought it was on the coast of Labrador, others Newfoundland, and others again Cape Breton. It is possible that we may never know the exact place where the King's banner was planted, and, after all, it does not very much matter. No one doubts that the voyage was made and that John Cabot landed in North America. It is also certain that he got safely back to Bristol.

It is fortunate that, as John Cabot left no report of where he went or what he saw, two other men had enough

curiosity to get some of the facts and to put them into letters that have not been lost. Lorenzo Pasqualigo, in London, wrote to his brothers in Venice, and Raimondo di Soncino wrote two letters to his master the Duke of Milan.

"That Venetian of ours who went with a small ship from Bristol to find new islands," says Pasqualigo, "has come back and says he has discovered mainland 700 leagues away, which is the country of the Grand Khan, and that he coasted it for 300 leagues and landed and did not see any person; but he has brought here to the king certain snares which were spread to take game and a needle for making nets, and he found certain notched trees so that by this he judges that there are inhabitants. Being in doubt he returned to his ship; and he has been three months on the voyage; and this is certain. And on the way back he saw two islands, but was unwilling to land, in order not to lose time, as he was in want of provisions.

"The King here is much pleased at this; and he [Cabot] says that the tides are slack and do not run as they do here. The King has promised him for the spring ten armed ships as he desires, and has given him all the prisoners to be sent away, that they may go with him, as he has requested; and has given him money that he may have a good time until then, and he is with his Venetian wife and his sons at Bristol. His name is Zuam Talbot and he is called the Great Admiral and vast honour is paid to him and he goes dressed in silk, and these English run after him like mad, and indeed he can enlist as many of them as he pleases, and a number of our rogues as well. The discoverer of these things planted on the land which he has found a large cross with a banner of England and one of St. Mark, as he is a Venetian, so that our flag has been hoisted very far indeed."

Soncino's first letter said little. His second letter gives a bright and entertaining account of the voyage, which he appears to have gathered from talks with the explorer and his men at Bristol.

"Perhaps amidst so many occupations of your Excellency," he writes to the Duke of Milan, "it will not be unwelcome to learn how his majesty here has acquired a portion of Asia without a stroke of his sword. In this kingdom there is a lower class Venetian named Master Zoanne Caboto, of a fine mind, very expert in navigation, who, seeing that the most serene kings, first of Portugal, then of Spain, have occupied unknown islands, meditated the achievement of a similar acquisition for his majesty aforesaid, and having obtained royal grants securing to himself the profitable control of whatever he should discover, since the sovereignty was reserved to the crown, with a small ship and eighteen persons he committed himself to fortune and set out from Bristol, a western port of this kingdom, and having passed Ireland, which is still further to the west, and then shaped a northerly course, he began to navigate to the eastern parts, leaving, during several days, the north star to the right; and having wandered about considerably, at length he fell in with *terra firma*, where he set up the royal standard, and having taken possession for this king and collected several tokens, he came back again.

"The said Master Zoanne, being a foreigner and a poor man, would not be believed if the crew, who are nearly all English and from Bristol, did not testify that what he says is true. This Master Zoanne has a drawing of the world on a map and also on a solid globe which he has made, and shows the point he reached, and going towards the east he has passed considerably the country of the Tanais. And they say that the land is excellent and the air temperate, and they think that Brazil wood and silks grow there; and they affirm that the sea is covered with fish which are caught not merely with nets but with baskets, a stone being attached to make the basket sink in the water, and this I heard the said Zoanne relate. And said Englishmen, his companions, say that they will fetch so many fish that this kingdom will have no more need of Iceland, from which

country there comes a very great store of fish which are called stock-fish.

“But Master Zoanne has set his mind on something greater; for he expects to go from that place already occupied, constantly hugging the shore, further towards the east until he is opposite an island called by him Cipango, situated in the equinoctial region, where he thinks grow all the spices of the world and also the precious stones; and he says that once upon a time he was at Mecca, whither the spices are brought by caravan from distant countries, and those who brought them, on being asked where the said spices grow, answered that they did not know, but that other caravans come with this merchandise to their homes from distant countries, who again say that they are brought to them from other remote regions. And he argues thus, that if the orientals affirm to the southerners that these things come from a distance, and so from hand to hand, presupposing the rotundity of the earth, it must be that the last people get them in the north towards the west. And he speaks of it in such a way that, not costing me more than it does, I too believe him.

“And what is more, his majesty here, who is wise and not lavish, likewise puts some faith in him; for since his return he makes him a very fair allowance, as this Master Zoanne himself tells me. And it is said that in the spring his majesty aforesaid will fit out some ships, and besides will give him all the malefactors, and they will proceed to that country to form a colony, by means of which they hope to establish a greater depot for spices in London than there is at Alexandria. And the chief men in the enterprise belong to Bristol, great sailors, who now that they know where to go, say that it is not more than a fifteen days’ voyage thither, nor do they ever have storms after they leave Ireland.

“I have also talked with a Bergundian, a companion of Master Zoanne’s, who confirms everything and wishes to

return there because the Admiral (for thus Master Zoanne now styles himself) has given him an island; and he has given another to a barber of his from Genoese Castiglione, and both of them consider themselves counts, nor does my Lord the Admiral esteem himself less than a prince. I think that on this voyage will also go some poor Italian monks who all have promises of bishoprics. And having become a friend of the Admiral's, if I wish to go I should have an archbishopric."

It is not hard to see why the King, who as Soncino says was not at all generous, was willing to give Cabot not merely promises but enough money to live very well while he was preparing for his next voyage. Cabot it is true had not brought back any precious stones or spices, but Henry VII believed, as all men did, that the land found was part of Asia, from which precious stones and spices were certainly brought by caravan, and therefore could be brought by ship. And even if this were not so, Cabot had found that the seas about the new land were full of fish—the codfish of the Grand Banks that for hundreds of years were to provide a living for thousands of fishermen. It would mean a great deal to England if, instead of buying their stockfish, or dried fish, from Iceland, they could catch and dry them themselves. It was wise, therefore, to give Cabot a good time so that he might be encouraged to go on with his discoveries.

Cabot sailed again from the old port of Bristol in May, 1498, with two ships. His son Sebastian may have gone with him on this voyage. Joao Alvares Fagundes, a Portuguese explorer, who afterwards was to make a voyage to the Atlantic coast of North America, is said to have gone with Cabot as a sailor. Some other ships seem to have gone with Cabot, though they were not in his fleet. Here, again, as in the first voyage, we have no writing of Cabot's to guide us, and must rely on others for what little is known about the journey. The course of the ships is said to have been

much more to the north than on the earlier expedition, and, in June, Cabot is thought to have got as far as the east coast of Greenland. He was probably looking for the same passage that many later captains were to seek in the next three hundred years.

Cabot sailed boldly through these dangerous seas, until his crew mutinied because of the extreme cold, and he had to put his ships about and turn more toward the south. It is thought that before doing so he had rounded the southern tip of Greenland and sailed up the west coast until he was checked by huge icebergs. Sailing down the coast of Baffin Island and Labrador, Cabot seems to have made the curious mistake of supposing Hudson Strait and the Strait of Belle Isle were bays. The cod were so plentiful in these waters that it is said that "they somtymes stayed his shippes". Rounding Cape Race he visited the places discovered the previous year, and, it is thought, sailed down along the coasts of Nova Scotia and New England to somewhere about Chesapeake Bay. There the low state of his provisions forced him to give up any further attempt to find the country that produced spices and precious stones and to return to England.

In an account of this voyage, in a curious old book, Eden's *Treatyse of the Newe India*, it appears that Cabot while in the far north saw many polar bears. He saw, as Eden puts it, "great plentie of beares in those regions, which use to eate fysshe, for plungeinge theym selves into the water where they perceve a multitude of these fysshes to lye, they fasten theyr clawes in theyr scales, and so drawe them to lande and eate them."

Cabot had promised to bring his ships back heavily laden with silks and spices and jewels from the country of the Grand Khan, or China, which he thought he had reached on his first voyage, and from Cipangu, or Japan, which he expected to visit on his second journey. The King and the court and the merchants who had helped to outfit his ships

were none too pleased when he came back empty-handed. Like most people who gamble for great riches, they were disgusted because they did not get the things they had set their hearts upon. Codfish seemed a poor substitute for jewels and spices, and yet codfish were to mean much more to England and to Europe than ship-loads of jewels and spices.

From that time John Cabot drops out of sight, and no one knows how, when or where he died. None of those who knew him have told us what he looked like, or what manner of man he was. We can judge him only by his acts, and those show him to have been a man of courage and spirit and resourcefulness. Having promised more than it was possible for him to perform, the statesmen and merchants of England had no further use for him. He was, indeed, so completely forgotten that his son Sebastian, who lived to be an old man, made such cunning use of his knowledge of his father's discoveries that he persuaded many people to believe that they were made by him and not by his father.

It is important to remind ourselves that to Cabot, as to Columbus, and to several of the other early explorers, this continent simply did not exist. The western sea that we know as the Atlantic extended, as they thought, without a barrier from Europe to Asia. The fact that the land on which John Cabot stood in 1497 was part of a great new continent was unknown to him then and afterwards. He was quite sure that it was part of Asia.

Cabot's voyages, following so closely upon those of Columbus, helped to encourage other adventurous seamen to follow where they had led. But little can be said about them here, for little is known. Gaspar Corte Real, of Portugal, led expeditions to America in 1500 and 1501. He did not return from his second voyage, and although others were sent out in search of him and his men, no trace was ever found of the explorer or his ship. Many of the names

he gave to capes, islands and bays on the east coast of Newfoundland are still in use, and the name of the Bay of Fundy, which in its original form is found on very early Portuguese maps, may have been given by Corte Real.

Some of the adventurous men of Bristol sailed out into the west between 1501 and 1504, but little is known about them or their voyages, (which probably had more to do with the cod fisheries than exploration,) beyond the fact that Henry VII granted pensions to their captains, and that in one case they brought back to England "three men out of an Iland forre beyond Ireland, the which were clothed in Beestes skynnes and ate raw fflessh and were rude in their demeanure as Beestes."

In 1520 a fresh attempt at western exploration is believed to have been made for the Portuguese by Joao Alvares Fagundes, who sailed along the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, from about Chedabucto Bay to Placentia. Giovanni da Verrazano, sailing from France in 1524, explored the North American coast from Florida to Cape Breton. The same year a Spanish expedition under Stephen Gomez sailed from Corunna. Gomez seems to have been the first to explore the Bay of Fundy. He sailed up to the head of the bay, and finding, to his disappointment, that it was not a strait leading to the Western Sea, he turned south and followed the coast down to Cuba. From there he returned to Spain.

This brings us to Jacques Cartier, the first of the explorers who got into the interior of what is now Canada. Before going into his story, it will be convenient to summarize what has gone before. Those who came before Cartier had explored, in a general way, the outer coast from Cape Chidley to Belle Isle, including Hamilton Inlet which Corte Real seems to have entered for some distance; they had followed the coast of Newfoundland from Belle Isle to Cape Race and around to Cape Ray; the east side of Cape Breton from North Cape to the Strait of Canso; the Atlantic

coast of Nova Scotia; and both sides of the Bay of Fundy. The fishing craft of England, France and Portugal, as well as those of the Basque country, had for years visited the southern and eastern coasts of Newfoundland, as well as the Strait of Belle Isle, and had even penetrated into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but before 1534 probably no ship bent upon exploration had made its way into that gulf.

3

JACQUES CARTIER

OUT of the harbour of the even then ancient seaport of St. Malo, breeder of daring and adventurous seamen, sailed Jacques Cartier, on April 20, 1534. He had two little ships and sixty-one men, and he sailed out into the west determined to crack the North American egg. Those who had gone before had sailed up and down the coast of the New World, but had failed to get through its outer shell. He would not be so fainthearted. If there was a passage he would find it; and if not, well, he would see what he would see. That great gulf from which some of his countrymen brought cargoes of fish might be worth looking into.

He sighted Cape Bonavista, on the Newfoundland shore, May 10, and, sailing up the coast, entered the Strait of Belle Isle, and then the Gulf of St. Lawrence, though as yet it had no such name. He followed the north shore, carefully examining the coast and islands. While anchored in Shecatika Bay, he saw a large fishing vessel from La Rochelle that had run past the harbour of Brest in the night. There was a mystery about this place called Brest. Although it was never anything more than an insignificant fishing station, the rumour grew at one time that it was a large and flourishing town. If it had happened today one might suspect that it was the work of a cunning publicity agent, but there do not appear to have been such things in the sixteenth century.

Cartier did not think much of the north shore, and no one who has seen that part of the country can blame him.

"Along the whole of the north shore," he says, "I did not see one cartload of earth, and yet I landed in many places. Except at Cape Sablon there is nothing but moss and short stunted shrub. In fine I am rather inclined to believe that this is the land God gave to Cain."

About the middle of June, Cartier left the north shore and sailed over the gulf to the west coast of Newfoundland, which he followed from Point Rich to Cape Anguille. Had he gone far enough he would have found that Newfoundland was an island, instead of part of the mainland as he then supposed. That discovery he was to make on his next voyage. Now he leaves the Newfoundland coast and cuts across the gulf. First he sees Bird Rocks, then the Magdalen Islands, and finally discovers Prince Edward Island, which again he mistakes for mainland. On the first of July he landed there, the first white man to set foot on the soil of the island province. And before long he found that it was inhabited. As the ships were passing North Point, "a man came in sight who ran after our long-boats along the coast, making frequent signs to us to return towards the point. And seeing these signs we began to row towards him, but when he saw that we were returning, he started to run away and to flee before us." What a delightfully human picture! The Indian, probably a Micmac, was eager to see more of the strangers, but when they were actually coming his way, he remembered that he was one against many, and they might not prove friendly.

From Prince Edward Island, Cartier sailed over to the New Brunswick coast, and entered a bay which he named Chaleur because it was very hot there, as it still often is in July. From its depth and form he hoped that it might prove to be the entrance to a channel pointing to the west, but he was disappointed, as he afterwards was in seeking a sea channel on the north shore of the gulf. All that he found at the head of Chaleur Bay was the mouth of a river,

the Restigouche, long afterwards to be known as one of the great salmon streams of the world.

Cartier was too painstaking an explorer to turn away from Chaleur Bay because it could not answer his main question. While he was there he would see as much of it as he could. He sailed along the flat New Brunswick shore, which looked good to him. "The land along the south side is as fine and as good land, as arable and as full of beautiful fields and meadows, as any we have ever seen, and it is as level as the surface of a pond." As one travels today down the lovely valley of the Matapedia and along the shores of Chaleur Bay one can easily agree with Jacques Cartier. He, too, could not help contrasting these fruitful meadows with the desolate land that he had seen a few days before, the land that God gave to Cain.

At last, on Chaleur Bay, Cartier actually met the Micmacs, and that meeting is memorable, among other reasons, because, except for the incident in Karlsefni's colony, it was the first occasion when white people traded with the Indians of North America for furs. It was while he was coasting along the north shore of Chaleur Bay that he met the Indians.

"When we were half a league from this point [Paspebiac], we caught sight of two fleets of Indian canoes that were crossing from one side to the other, which numbered in all some forty or fifty canoes. Upon one of the fleets reaching this point, there sprang out and landed a large number of Indians, who set up a great clamour and made frequent signs to us to come on shore, holding up to us some furs on sticks. But as we were only one boat we did not care to go, so we rowed towards the other fleet which was on the water. And they [on shore], seeing we were rowing away, made ready two of their largest canoes in order to follow us. These were joined by five more of those that were coming in from the sea, and all came after our long-boat, dancing and showing many signs of joy, and of

their desire to be friends, saying to us in their language *Napou tou daman asurtat*, and other words we did not understand." Father Pacifique, an authority on the Micmac language, translates these words "Ami, ton semblable t'aimera," or as one might say, "Friend, I like your looks."

"But for the reason already stated," the narrative goes on, "that we had only one of our long-boats, we did not care to trust to their signs and waved to them to go back, which they would not do but paddled so hard that they soon surrounded our long-boat with their seven canoes. And seeing that no matter how much we signed to them they would not go back, we shot off over their heads two small cannon. On this they began to return towards the point, and set up a marvellously loud shout, after which they proceeded to come on again as before. And when they had come alongside our long-boat we shot off two fire-lances which scattered among them and frightened them so much that they began to paddle off in very great haste, and did not follow us any more."

From the description of one of these fire-lances in an ancient French manuscript it is not hard to understand why it should have frightened the Micmacs. It seems to have been a kind of bomb in the form of a hollow wooden lance. Into this was packed saltpetre, sulphur, cannon powder, powdered lead, broken glass and mercury. The method of preparation sounds like a recipe for a plum-pudding. "Beat each of these up by themselves and then mix them together with some petroleum or oil of tartar and in default of these with linseed oil." This horrible mixture was rammed into the lance, then a handful of coarse powder, more of the mixture, more powder, and so on down to the end of the lance, several lead balls being added from time to time, like plums in the pudding. The lance was thrown like a javelin, and the ancient writer says feelingly, "the fire from a good lance is the most terrible there is next to artillery."

The next day the Indians were still feeling a bit uncer-

tain about these strangers with their noisy weapons. When Cartier and some of his men landed from the ships, they began to run away, but at the same time made signs that they had come to barter and held up some small furs that they used as clothing. "We likewise," says Cartier, "made signs to them that we wished them no harm, and sent two men on shore to offer them some knives and other iron goods, and a red cap to give to their chief. Seeing this, they sent on shore part of their people with some of their furs, and the two parties traded together. The savages showed a marvellously great pleasure in possessing these iron wares and other commodities, dancing and going through many ceremonies, and throwing salt water over their heads with their hands. They bartered all they had to such an extent that all went back naked without anything on them; and they made signs to us that they would return on the morrow with more furs."

But Cartier had other fish to fry. Trading with the Micmacs was not the purpose of his voyage, and he had seen all that he needed to see of Chaleur Bay. He therefore sailed around Gaspé peninsula to Gaspé Bay where he set up a wooden cross with the words "Long live the King of France" written upon it. This may have been his way of taking possession of the country in the name of King Francis I, although his explanation to the Indians at Gaspé, who were of the Iroquois family, was that the cross was a landmark for entering the harbour. A large granite cross was erected near Gaspé a few years ago to mark the event.

After examining the coast for a few miles to the west, Cartier decided that the season was getting too late to go any farther; so they sailed over to Anticosti, rounded its eastern end, crossed to the north shore of the gulf, and so back to St. Malo by way of the Strait of Belle Isle.

In May of the following year, 1535, Cartier set forth on his second and most important expedition, to the New World. His little fleet was made up of the *Grande Hermine*,

the *Petite Hermine* and the *Emerillon*. They were held back by head winds until July 7, when they came in sight of Newfoundland, or rather the *Grande Hermine* did. The fleet had been scattered, and did not come together again until they reached Belle Isle.

Cartier sailed around the west end of Anticosti to the south shore of the gulf, and followed the coast to the westward to about where the river enters the gulf. On his former voyage he had taken back to France two of the Gaspé Indians. These were now with him, and they told him that "this was the way to the mouth of the great river of Hochelaga, and the route towards Canada, and that the river grew narrower as one approached Canada, and also that farther up the water became fresh, and that one could make one's way so far up the river that they had never heard of anyone reaching the head of it. Furthermore that one could only proceed along it in small boats."

Canada, then, was an Indian name, and in Cartier's day seems to have been given to the region between Grosse Isle and a point between Quebec and Three Rivers. The name St. Lawrence was given by Cartier to a small bay on the north coast of the gulf, and was only accidentally applied to the gulf and the great river. That is often the way big things grow out of small things.

Indian tradition has it that at the time of Cartier's second voyage scouts saw and reported the appearance of the fleet, which they described as strange objects with broad, white wings, spitting out fire and uttering the voice of thunder.

Cartier returned to the north shore, where for some reason he thought he might find a passage. When he had satisfied himself that it was not there, he sailed boldly up the river. On September 1 he reached the mouth of the Saguenay, and anchored probably in the little bay where Tadoussac stands. The Indians told Cartier that this deep, dark river led to the kingdom of the Saguenay. Later

Cartier was constantly hearing about this mysterious kingdom of the Saguenay, from which, he was told, came gold and jewels, and where such strange people were found as men with only one leg.

Continuing his voyage up the St. Lawrence, Cartier arrived on September 8 at the Indian village of Stadacona, which stood under the north brow of Cape Diamond at Quebec. "On the morrow," says Cartier, "the lord of Canada named Donnacona came to our ships accompanied by many Indians in twelve canoes. He then sent back ten of these and came alongside our ships with only two canoes. And when he was opposite to the smallest of our three ships, he began to make a speech and to harangue us, moving his body and his limbs in a marvellous manner, as is their custom when showing joy and contentment."

In the days that followed Cartier saw much of the people of Stadacona, and he describes at some length their manners and customs, including what to him was the strange and unpleasant custom of smoking tobacco. "Furthermore," he says, "they have a plant, of which a large supply is collected in summer for the winter's consumption. They hold it in high esteem, though the men alone make use of it in the following manner. After drying it in the sun, they carry it about their necks in a small skin pouch in lieu of a bag, together with a hollow bit of stone or wood. Then at frequent intervals they crumble this plant into a powder, which they place in one of the openings of the hollow instrument, and laying a live coal on top, suck at the other end to such an extent that they fill their bodies so full of smoke that it streams out of their mouths and nostrils as from a chimney. They say it keeps them warm and in good health, and never go about without these things. We made a trial of this smoke. When it is in one's mouth one would think one had taken powdered pepper, it is so hot."

Having left the two larger ships moored in the St. Charles River, Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence in the

Emerillon. Nine days brought him to the widening of the river now known as Lake St. Peter. Sand bars here made further progress in the small ship very difficult. Leaving her there, in charge of some of the men, he went on his way in the long-boats. Three days later Cartier landed on the island of Montreal, near the Indian village of Hochelaga.

"And on reaching Hochelaga," he says, "there came to meet us more than a thousand persons, both men, women and children, who gave us as good a welcome as ever father gave to his son, making great signs of joy, for the men danced in one ring, the women in another, and the children also apart by themselves. After this they brought us quantities of fish, and of their bread which is made of Indian corn, throwing so much of it into our long-boats that it seemed to rain bread. Seeing this the Captain, accompanied by several of his men, went on shore; and no sooner had he landed than they all crowded about him and about the others, giving them a wonderful reception. And the women brought their babies in their arms to have the Captain and his companions touch them, while all held a merry-making which lasted more than half an hour."

At daybreak the next day Cartier, having put on his armour, had his men marshalled for the purpose of paying a visit to the Indian town, which stood on the slope of the mountain that the explorer at this time named Mount Royal. "The village," he says, "is circular and is completely enclosed by a wooden palisade in three tiers like a pyramid. The top one is built crosswise, the middle one perpendicular and the lowest one of strips of wood placed lengthwise. The whole is well joined and lashed after their manner, and is some two lances in height. There is only one gate and entrance to this village, and that can be barred up. Over this gate and in many places about the enclosure are species of galleries with ladders for mounting to them, which galleries are provided with rocks and stones for the defence and protection of the place.

"There are some fifty houses in this village, each about fifty or more paces in length and twelve or fifteen in width, built completely of wood and covered in and bordered up with large pieces of the bark and rind of trees, as broad as a table, which are well and cunningly lashed after their manner. And inside these houses are many rooms and chambers; and in the middle is a large space without a floor, where they light their fire and live together in common. Afterwards the men retire to the above-mentioned quarters with their wives and children.

"And furthermore there are lofts in the upper part of their houses, where they store the corn of which they make their bread. This they call *carraconny*, and they make it in the following manner. They have wooden mortars, like those used [in France] for braying hemp, and in these with wooden pestles they pound the corn into flour. This they knead into dough, of which they make small loaves, which they set on a broad hot stone and then cover with hot pebbles. In this way they bake their bread for want of an oven. They make also many kinds of soup with this corn, as well as with beans and with pease, of which they have a considerable supply, and again with large cucumbers and other fruits.

"They have in their houses also large vessels like puncheons, in which they place their fish, such as eels and others, that are smoked during the summer, and on these they live during the winter. They make great store of these as we ourselves saw. All their food is eaten without salt. They sleep on the bark of trees, spread out upon the ground, with old furs of wild animals over them; and of these, to wit, otters, beavers, martens, foxes, wildcats, deer, stags and others, they make their clothing and blankets, but the greater portion of them go almost stark naked."

After this description of Hochelaga, Cartier tells us how they were welcomed to the Indian town. "As we drew near to their village, great numbers of the inhabitants came

out to meet us and gave us a hearty welcome, according to the custom of their country. And we were led by our guides and those who were conducting us into the middle of the village, where there was an open square between the houses, about a stone's throw or thereabouts in width each way. They signed to us that we should come to a halt here, which we did.

"And at once all the girls and women of the village, some of whom had children in their arms, crowded about us, rubbing our faces, arms and other parts of the upper portions of our bodies which they could touch, weeping for joy at the sight of us and giving us the best welcome they could. They made signs to us also to be good enough to put our hands upon their babies. After this the men made the women retire, and themselves sat down upon the ground round about us, as if we had been going to perform a miracle play. And at once several of the women came back, each with a four-cornered mat, woven like tapestry, and these they spread upon the ground in the middle of the square, and made us place ourselves upon them.

"When this had been done, the ruler and chief of this tribe, whom in their language they call *Agouhanna*, was carried in, seated on a large deerskin, by nine or ten Indians, who came and set him down upon the mats near the Captain, making signs to us that this was their ruler and chief. This *Agouhanna*, who was some fifty years of age, was in no way better dressed than the other Indians except that he wore about his head for a crown a sort of red band made of hedgehog's skin. This chief was completely paralyzed and deprived of the use of his limbs.

"When he had saluted the Captain and his men, by making signs which clearly meant that they were very welcome, he showed his arms and his legs to the Captain motioning to him to be good enough to touch them, as if he thereby expected to be cured and healed. On this the Captain set about rubbing his arms and legs with his hands.

Thereupon this *Agouhanna* took the band of cloth he was wearing as a crown and presented it to the Captain.

"And at once many sick persons, some blind, others with but one eye, others lame or impotent and others again so extremely old that their eyelids hung down to their cheeks, were brought in and set down or laid out near the Captain, in order that he might lay his hands upon them, so that one would have thought Christ had come down to earth to heal them." All of which must have been embarrassing to Cartier, as a similar experience was on another occasion to Francis Drake when he visited the Indians of California. These bluff sea captains seemed to the natives to be celestial beings, with more than human powers of healing.

Before he left Hochelaga, Cartier "had all the men range themselves on one side, the women on another and the children on another, and to the headmen he gave hatchets, to the others knives, and to the women beads and other small trinkets. He then made the children scramble for little rings and tin brooches, which afforded them great amusement. The Captain next ordered the trumpets and other musical instruments to be sounded, whereat the Indians were much delighted. We then took leave of them and proceeded to set out upon our return."

Before going down to the banks of the St. Lawrence, Cartier and his men climbed to the top of Mount Royal. "On reaching the summit we had a view of the land for more than thirty leagues round about. Towards the north there is a range of mountains running east and west, and another range to the south. Between these ranges lies the finest land it is possible to see, being arable, level and flat. And in the midst of this flat region one saw the river extending beyond the spot where we had left our long-boats. At that point there is the most violent rapid it is possible to see, which we were unable to pass. And as far as the eye can reach one sees that river, large, wide and broad, which

came from the southwest and flowed near three fine conical mountains, which we estimated to be some fifteen leagues away." The three conical mountains will be familiar to anyone who has been on the top of Mount Royal—St. Bruno, Belcœil and Rougemont, and the violent rapid was of course the Lachine. The mountains to the north were the Laurentians and those to the south the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Returning down the river to Stadacona, Cartier and his men wintered there, not very happily. Rumours were constantly reaching him of plots among the Indians to destroy the French, and several died of scurvy until a native remedy stopped the epidemic. In the spring they sailed back to France, using Cabot Strait for the first time, and on July 6 were in St. Malo. One can imagine the welcome Cartier got from his townsfolk, and their eager interest in all the strange things he had to tell them. As D'Arcy McGee has it,

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliffs that keep of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea.

Nearly five years later Cartier once more sailed from St. Malo, with a fleet of five ships. King Francis had decided that a colony should be planted in the new land, had given money generously toward the cost of the expedition, and had ordered the enlistment of sailors and colonists. Cartier was to sail as captain-general and master-pilot, but the head of the expedition was a courtier Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, whom the king had made Lord of Norumbega, viceroy and lieutenant-general of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay and Baccalaos.

In spite of these high-sounding titles, Roberval was not

the man to lead such a venture, nor was Cartier the man tamely to accept such leadership. He waited impatiently at St. Malo while his chief made leisurely preparations for the voyage, and finally sailed away without him. At Cap Rouge, a short distance above Quebec, he built a settlement which he called Charlesbourg Royal. Then he sailed up the St. Lawrence for the purpose of seeing what he could of the river above Hochelaga, and planning further explorations in 1542.

One of the places he was determined if possible to visit was the very mysterious kingdom of Saguenay, of which the Indians told him so many curious things. It is certain, though, that he did not find it possible to do this, or to make any other discoveries. He had trouble with the Indians around Charlesbourg Royal, who seem to have been much less amiable than those of Hochelaga, and was glad to return to France in the spring of 1542 from an unsatisfactory voyage. In June he had a dramatic meeting with Roberval in the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, in which each seems to have blamed the other for the failure of the expedition. Cartier refused to go back with Roberval, and Roberval, after a miserable winter at Charlesbourg Royal, broke up the unhappy colony and followed Cartier back to France.

4

SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN

DURING the sixty years between Cartier's third voyage and the first expedition of Samuel Champlain to what is now Canada, no discovery of any importance took place in this part of the world, although in 1600 a French trader named Pierre Chauvin was given a monopoly of the fur trade for ten years on condition that he took out fifty colonists each year. Chauvin sailed to the St. Lawrence and left at Tadoussac sixteen men as the beginning of a colony. They had so wretched a time during the winter that the next year they were very glad to return to France, and that was the end of Chauvin's experiment.

In 1603 Champlain appears on the scene. The French King, Henry IV, was still determined to plant a colony in the New World. If Spain could create an empire there, so could France. Chaste, Governor of Dieppe, had taken over Chauvin's monopoly, and he sailed in two ships to spy out the land and see where he could find the best place for a colony. With him went Champlain and François Gravé, Sieur du Pont, better known as Pontgravé, who had also been with Chauvin in the 1600 voyage.

Leaving the ships at Tadoussac, Champlain and Pontgravé with a few sailors went up the river in a small boat, as far as the Lachine rapids. The Indian towns of Stadacona and Hochelaga had disappeared completely, with their people. Indians of a different tribe had taken their places. Champlain looked over the ground at the foot of Mount Royal, with the idea that it might be a good place to make

a settlement. He could not have dreamed that some day one of the great cities of the world would almost completely surround the mountain. From the Indians Champlain heard of a great body of water some distance to the west. He thought it must be the South Sea, but from the description it must have been Lake Huron. He examined the lower part of the Richelieu and the Saguenay, and from the Indians on the latter was told of a great salt sea far to the north, evidently Hudson Bay. Cartier had seen the Lachine rapids, had gone a few miles up the Saguenay, and knew the course of the Richelieu from the natives; so that this voyage of Champlain's added very little to what was already known.

The next year Champlain sailed again to the west, and, as in so many of these expeditions to America, the objects of the voyage, as different men saw them, were not the same. Champlain then as always was a discoverer. Pierre du Gua, Sieur de Monts, who had taken over Chaste's fur-trading monopoly, was interested in trade; and the King insisted upon settlement. They tried to combine all three, with not very great success.

De Monts thought that a better place for a colony would be on the Bay of Fundy, where the climate was more moderate than on the St. Lawrence. He and Champlain and Jean de Biencourt, Sieur de Poutrincourt, set out from Havre, with a company of a hundred and twenty workmen and a number of men of noble birth, as well as the crews of two ships, quite large vessels in those days. This was to be a serious attempt at a colony.

Champlain, though his main interest was exploration, was not opposed to settlement, and could even see that a permanent settlement might help the cause of discovery. Speaking of earlier attempts to reach China and Japan by the northwestern route, he says: "So many voyages and discoveries without results, and attended with so much trouble and expense, have caused us French in late years to attempt

a permanent settlement in those lands which we call New France, in the hope of realizing more easily this object, since the voyage in search of the desired passage commences on the other side of the ocean [that is to say, in America] and is made along the coast of this region." Settlements, themselves the result of discovery, were to be used as stepping stones to further discovery.

The ships became separated on the voyage, but came together at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy. They sailed up the south coast of the bay as far as what is now Annapolis Basin, Champlain in the pinnace going ahead to pilot the ships. Champlain was so delighted with Annapolis Basin that he named the place Port Royal. It was not thought well to decide upon a place for the settlement until they had seen the rest of the bay, so they sailed on up to its head and then down the north side past the mouth of the St. John River to Passamaquoddy Bay. The mouth of the St. Croix River, today a popular summer resort, looked so attractive that they decided to plant their colony here. A suitable place was found on an island, which like the river was called St. Croix, but is now known as Dochet. Here houses and other buildings were put up as well as a mill to be worked by water power, and gardens were laid out.

Champlain used part of the summer to make a survey of the coast south of the St. Croix, down along what is now the New England shore. The summer of 1604 seems to have been an unusually fine one. The French colonists spent their leisure in hunting and fishing, and do not appear to have been bothered much with the fogs which, next to its tides, make the Bay of Fundy famous. Altogether they began to think that they had found an earthly paradise for their colony. As George M. Wrong, the Canadian historian, has said, "the story has the fascination of Robinson Crusoe. These pioneers in the wilderness were peering into the mysteries of a strange land and were founding the first enduring European occupation in what is now Canada."

The occupation, however, was to be on the opposite side of the bay. The winter proved to be severe and very uncomfortable, and in the spring it was decided to hunt for better quarters. The two ships had gone home to France before the winter set in, and Champlain and some of his companions went south in the pinnace to look over the ground. They travelled down as far as Cape Cod but could not find the sort of place they had in mind. Probably Champlain was thinking of Port Royal, and there is nothing along the New England coast to compare with Annapolis Basin. So they turned back. Otherwise the first permanent settlement along this Atlantic coast might not have been in Canada.

When they returned to St. Croix they found one of the ships had arrived from France. So they packed up their belongings and crossed the Bay of Fundy to Port Royal, where the work of building houses and storehouses and stockades was done over again. The French colonists settled down in Port Royal in 1605, two years before the founding of Jamestown in Virginia. The ship sailed to France for further supplies, and Champlain went off in the pinnace to continue his explorations down the coast, while Pontgravé remained in charge of Port Royal. Remembering what an unhappy time they had had at St. Croix, the houses were built more stoutly and everything made snug for the second winter.

Monts had gone home in the ship, and in the spring of 1606 the colonists looked out anxiously as the time for her return was reached. It had been agreed that if the vessel did not arrive by a certain date Port Royal would be abandoned and the colonists would find passage home in one of the fishing boats in the gulf. At last Monts turned up, and with him Poutrincourt and a brilliant and adventurous young lawyer named Marc Lescarbot, as well as a number of additional colonists. Lescarbot, whose account of the settlement is the best we have, was charmed with his first

sight of Port Royal. "What made me wonder," he says, "was that this fair region should remain a desert, covered with forest, while there are so many needy people who would profit by this land if only they had some one to lead them."

The third winter at Port Royal was much more cheerful than the earlier ones. They were all together again, Lescarbot with his imagination and enthusiasm had put new life into the settlement, and they were much more comfortable. Champlain and Lescarbot even invented a new order, the first in the New World, *L'Ordre de Bon-Temps*, which must have given them a good deal of entertainment. The fifteen principal persons in the colony, who sat at Poutrincourt's table, were the members of the order. Francis Parkman gives the substance of Lescarbot's account of what took place. "Each was Grand Master in turn, holding office for one day. It was his function to cater for the company; and, as it became a point of honour to fill the post with credit, the prospective Grand Master was usually busy, for several days before coming to his dignity, in hunting, fishing or bartering provisions with the Indians. Thus did Poutrincourt's table groan beneath all the luxuries of the winter forest: flesh of moose, caribou, and deer, beaver, otter, and hare, bears and wild-cats; with ducks, geese, grouse and plover; sturgeon, too, and trout, and fish innumerable, speared through the ice of the Equille, or drawn from the depths of the neighbouring bay. 'And,' says Lescarbot, in closing his bill of fare, 'whatever our gourmonds at home may think, we found as good cheer at Port Royal as they at their Rue aux Ours in Paris, and that, too, at a cheaper rate.' For the preparation of this manifold provision, the Grand Master was also answerable, since, during his day of office, he was autocrat of the kitchen.

"Nor did this bounteous repast lack a solemn and befitting ceremonial. When the hour had struck,—after the manner of our fathers they dined at noon,—the Grand

Master entered the hall, a napkin on his shoulder, his staff of office in his hand, and the collar of the Order—valued by Lescarbot at four crowns—about his neck. The brotherhood followed, each bearing a dish. The invited guests were Indian chiefs, of whom old Membertou was daily present, seated at table with the French, who took pleasure in this red-skin companionship. Membertou is said to have been among those who met Cartier on Chaleur Bay. Those of humbler degree, warriors, squaws and children, sat on the floor, or crouched together in the corners of the hall, eagerly waiting their portion of biscuit or of bread, a novel and much coveted luxury. Being always treated with kindness, they became fond of the French, who often followed them on their moose-hunts, and shared their winter bivouac.

“At the evening meal there was less of form and circumstance; and when the winter night closed in, when the flame crackled and the sparks streamed up the wide-throated chimney, and the founders of New France with their tawny allies were gathered around the blaze, then did the Grand Master resign the collar and the staff to the successor of his honours, and, with jovial courtesy, pledge him in a cup of wine. Thus these ingenious Frenchmen beguiled the winter of their exile.”

Champlain, however, had other things to think of than the Order of Good Time. He had sailed down the coast as far as Martha's Vineyard, and for a good part of it more than once. His detailed charts are the first that were made of the Atlantic seaboard from Cape Breton to Cape Cod. But as he went farther south he was getting into territory to which France had no particular claim, where in fact she would come into direct conflict with other nations. On the other hand the St. Lawrence was clearly French, and there was still much to be learned about that great river and the country west of it. Champlain therefore, having returned to France, sailed from Honfleur, in 1608, in the *Don de Dieu*, to the St. Lawrence. This was a very busy and memorable

year, for in it Champlain founded the city of Quebec, and in doing so began the permanent settlement of Canada. But he was still more explorer than colonist, and was following his own policy of using a settlement as the jumping-off place for further discovery.

The following year he explored the Richelieu to the lake that was named after him, and that was in after years to become the main pathway between New France and New England, in war and peace. He made the unfortunate mistake of joining a war party of Algonquins against the Iroquois, and thus began a long period of conflict between the French colonists and the most powerful of the Indian tribes. When he was on Lake Champlain, not far from the upper waters of the Hudson, Henry Hudson was sailing up that river hoping to find a passage to the South Sea.

It was, however, in 1613, 1615 and 1616 that Champlain added most to the history of exploration in Canada. In 1612 he had been given an important piece of information by a young man, Nicolas Vignau, who had wintered with the Algonquins on the upper Ottawa. Vignau told him that "he had seen the North Sea [Hudson Bay]; that the river of the Algonquins [the Ottawa] came from a lake which emptied into it; and that in seventeen days one could go from the Falls of St. Louis [Lachine rapids] to this sea and back again; that he had seen the wreck and débris of an English ship that had been wrecked, on board of which were eighty men who had escaped to the shore, and whom the savages killed because the English endeavoured to take from them by force their Indian corn and other necessities of life; and that he had seen the scalps which these savages had flayed off, according to their custom, which they would show me, and that they would likewise give me an English boy whom they had kept for me. This intelligence," adds Champlain, "greatly pleased me, for I thought that I had almost found that for which I had a long time been searching."

How much of this was a garbled version of Henry Hudson's expedition to Hudson Bay, and how much pure imagination, will never be known. However, when he sailed to Canada in the spring of 1613, Champlain took young Vignau with him. They made their way up the St. Lawrence to the island of Montreal, and then up the Ottawa, past the Long Sault Rapids, where nearly half a century later Dollard and his heroic companions were to save the colony by sacrificing their own lives to the Iroquois, and past the site of the future capital of Canada, to Allumette Island, where Champlain met the Algonquin chief Tessouat, and learned, to his indignation and disappointment, that Vignau's story was, apparently, a shameless falsehood. It certainly was in its main facts. Vignau had not been on the North Sea and had not seen a wreck there. Tessouat knew that the young man had never been beyond the Ottawa. The Indians would have killed Vignau, but Champlain was content with putting him to shame by taking him back to the colony and compelling him to make a full confession before all the French.

It was in the course of this journey that Champlain left behind at one of his camps an astrolabe, or at any rate is thought to have done so, as an Ontario farmer, two hundred and sixty-five years afterwards, dug up such an instrument of Champlain's time on his farm.

In 1613 Champlain had merely touched the boundaries of the present province of Ontario. In 1615 he became in a very real sense its first explorer. In that year he again ascended the Ottawa, past Tessouat's village, to the mouth of the Mattawa River, and from there by small streams made his way to Lake Nipissing, and down French River to Georgian Bay. This was a very important advance into the west. Champlain had reached the shores of one of the greatest inland seas, and had proved that Lake Huron was not, as he had thought, the South Sea that so many men had tried, and were still trying, to reach.

Champlain spent some time at the villages of the Huron Indians, near Penetanguishene, and with a Huron war party travelled east to Lake Simcoe, and along what is today the Trent Navigation to the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario, of which he may be regarded as the discoverer. We are so used to thinking of Ontario as a young part of the New World that we forget that its discovery, as well as its first missionary settlements on Georgian Bay, date back more than three hundred years.

Champlain and his companions, red and white, crossed the foot of Lake Ontario, followed the south shore for some miles, and then turned south through the woods to Lake Oneida. An attack was made on a village of the Onondagas, one of the Iroquois tribes, but the Hurons were no match for these Iroquois, and the war party was forced to retreat, Champlain himself being wounded in the knee and having to be carried on the back of a savage, so bound up that he suffered agonies, and complains that he never found himself in such a gehenna. Probably the Indian would have been glad enough to get rid of his load.

The explorer was anxious to descend the St. Lawrence to Montreal, which was of course much shorter than the roundabout way he had come, but there was no canoe to spare, and there was nothing for it but to go back with the Hurons to their villages on Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay, where he spent the winter. He describes the manners and customs of this tribe, which afterwards suffered so much at the hands of the Iroquois. The Hurons told him about the country to the west and northwest. "I had," he says, "such sure information that I could not doubt the report of these people, who go to traffic with others dwelling in those northern regions, a great part of whom live in a place very abundant in the chase and where there are great numbers of large animals, the skins of several of which I saw, and which I concluded were buffaloes."

It would be interesting to know where Champlain heard

of the buffalo. Those who have studied the subject have come to the conclusion that about the year 1500 the buffalo ranged around the south side of the Great Lakes and even to the Atlantic seaboard, and a hundred years or so later they may have had pretty much the same range. Champlain may have heard of them on his survey down the Atlantic coast, or he may have heard of them from the Spaniards when he visited Mexico as a young man. In any event, what he heard from the Hurons made him more keen than ever to learn all about the country beyond these great inland seas. Unfortunately, although he made plans for a journey to the far west, he was not able to carry them out, to his great disappointment. In the summer of 1616 he was back in Quebec, and there were so many things to attend to there, for he was governor of the colony as well as explorer, that it was almost impossible for him to get away. In 1629 his peaceful labours were interrupted. An expedition from New England surprised and took Quebec, Champlain was sent prisoner to England, but was released and returned to his home on the St. Lawrence, where he died in 1635.

5

LA SALLE AND OTHERS

AFTER Champlain the man who did most toward western discovery was La Salle, but before his story can be told something must be said about two others who came upon the scene before him. Champlain had taken with him to the country of the Hurons in 1615 a young *coureur-de-bois* named Etienne Brûlé, who went with him as far as Lake Simcoe. From there Champlain, it is believed, sent him south to visit tribes that the French had not yet met, while he himself went with the war party of the Hurons. Brûlé followed an Indian portage route to Lake Ontario, and it is interesting to think that, as Cartier had once stood on the site of Montreal, this young wood-runner, with an Indian guide or two, may have stood on ground now covered by the city of Toronto. Brûlé, like other men of his class, probably could neither read nor write; certainly he left no record of any kind of his travels and discoveries. What is known of them has had to be gleaned from other sources, and particularly from Champlain's map, on which a line of travel is shown that was not his, and probably was Brûlé's.

From the mouth of the Humber, in or near Toronto, he may have travelled around the west end of Lake Ontario and across the foot of the Niagara River, or along the north side of Lake Erie and over the Detroit River and then east along Erie's south shore. In what is now United States territory he visited what before had been unknown Indians and, no doubt, brought back to Champlain an account of what he had seen. Brûlé was a fearless and resourceful

adventurer, and it is thought that between 1615 and 1620 he travelled around Georgian Bay and along the north side of Lake Huron and up the St. Mary's River to the outlet of Lake Superior. However, for all these journeys there is no such positive evidence as there is in the case of Champlain. After his western travels Brûlé in 1628 went down to Quebec with a party of Hurons. The remnants of that tribe, who have forgotten their own language, are still found at Lorette, not far from Quebec. For some reason—perhaps he had been punished for breaking the strict laws of the period as to trading with the Indians—he went over to the English and in 1629 is said to have piloted Kirke's ships up the St. Lawrence in the expedition against Quebec. He was treacherously murdered in 1632 by the Hurons on Georgian Bay. An epidemic that broke out among the Hurons some time afterward was believed by them to have been sent in revenge by the French.

Jean Nicolet was another of Champlain's young men, sent out on errands of discovery in the west. He had many adventures among the tribes of the upper Ottawa, but all that we know is Father Vimont's statement that he spent two years with the Algonquins learning their language. "He always joined the barbarians in their excursions and journeys, undergoing such fatigues as none but eyewitnesses can conceive; he often passed seven or eight days without food, and once, full seven weeks with no other nourishment than a little bark from the trees."

In 1634 he was sent on a journey to the home of the Winnebagos. "He embarked in the Huron country with seven savages," says Vimont; "and they passed by many small nations, both going and returning. When they arrived at their destination, they fastened two sticks in the earth, and hung gifts thereon, so as to relieve these tribes from the notion of mistaking them for enemies to be massacred. When he was two days' journey from that nation, he sent one of those savages to bear tidings of the peace, which

word was especially well received when they heard that it was a European who carried the message; they despatched several young men to meet the Manitouirou—that is to say, ‘the wonderful man’.

“They meet him; they escort him, and carry all his baggage. He wore a grand robe of China damask, all strewn with flowers and birds of many colors. [Perhaps with some thought that he might make his way to the borders of China.] No sooner did they perceive him than the women and children fled, at the sight of a man who carried thunder in both hands—for thus they called the two pistols that he held. The news of his coming quickly spread to the places round about, and there assembled four or five thousand men. Each of the chief men made a feast for him, and at one of these banquets they served at least six score beavers. The peace was concluded; he returned to the Hurons, and some time later to the Three Rivers, where he continued his employment as agent and interpreter, to the great satisfaction of both the French and the savages, by whom he was equally and singularly loved.”

On this journey Nicolet made his way through Lake Huron to the Strait of Mackinac, then along the north shore of Lake Michigan, which he was the first to discover, to Green Bay, where the Winnebagos had their villages. Nicolet told one of the Jesuit missionaries that “if he had sailed three days’ journey farther upon a great river which issues from this lake he would have found the sea.” There was much disappointment when it was learned that he had only found another tribe of Indians, instead of the people of Asia.

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, was a man of education and of a good Norman family. Unlike Brûlé and Nicolet he was both capable of writing an account of his travels and did write it. He was a young man in his early twenties when in 1667 he came to Canada. Getting a grant of land at Lachine, on the island of Montreal, he cleared the forest

and built himself a home, but was too restless and ambitious to remain there. Hearing from the Indians of a great river to the southwest, the Ohio, which was then thought to empty into the Gulf of California, he made up his mind to go and see it. He prepared a plan of his proposed discovery and put it before the Governor, Courcelles, who persuaded him to join forces with two Sulpicians, Dollier de Casson and Galinée, who were about to set out on a journey to the west.

It was not a very good idea as La Salle, although full of courage and energy, was proud and reserved and found it hard to work with other men except as their leader. However, they got off together in the summer of 1668, and travelled up the St. Lawrence and along the south shore of Lake Ontario to Burlington Bay, at its extreme western end, where they met Louis Jolliet, of whom more will be said later. Here they talked over their plans. La Salle was determined to follow his own route to the Ohio, while Dollier de Casson and Galinée had other plans. Here, therefore, they parted. What then became of La Salle is uncertain. He drops out of sight, so far as documents are concerned, until 1671. Whether or not he discovered the Ohio at this time has been for years a matter of dispute. All that we can be sure of is that he intended to go to the Ohio, and had the energy and will to do so.

In 1672 Frontenac had taken the place of Courcelles as Governor, and was thinking over plans for the expansion of the colony. He found in La Salle a man after his own heart. As for La Salle, he at last had to deal with one who had the courage and the imagination to understand and approve his own large ideas. Frontenac and La Salle between them would greatly add to the boundaries of New France, and bring glory to the homeland. La Salle had started his life in Canada with the vision of a route to China—the same vision that had drawn so many men so far afield. Now he was thinking of the more practical problem of exploring

the Mississippi to its mouth and building up an empire that would extend from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

That was the kind of a project that Frontenac also had in mind. He talked over his plans with La Salle. A first step would be the building of a strong post on Lake Ontario, which would serve as a base for discovery and also enable Frontenac to control the western tribes and prevent them from taking their furs down to Albany. Fort Frontenac was therefore built where the city of Kingston now stands, and, after a time, the King made it and the surrounding district into a seigneurie and gave it to La Salle.

In 1667 La Salle went to France to put before the King his big project, which involved exploration of the Mississippi to its mouth, the building of trading posts along the route, and the planting of settlements. He got a charter from the King giving him very wide powers, and returning to Canada with Henry de Tonti, who became his devoted lieutenant, he completed his arrangements at Fort Frontenac and in 1679 set out for the west. La Salle raised a fort at the mouth of the Niagara River, and, following the river past the great waterfalls to a place not far from where Buffalo stands to-day, he built the first sailing vessel on the upper lakes, the *Griffin*. Shipbuilders and carpenters had been brought for the purpose, and, under Tonti's direction, the ship made rapid progress. Father Hennepin, who was there at the time, says that she was of about forty-five tons, which was a fair-sized ship in the seventeenth century, particularly on inland waters. She carried five small cannon and had ample accommodation for her crew.

La Salle, like so many of our explorers, was too busy doing things to find time to write about them. Father Hennepin, fortunately, liked to write about them. Sometimes, like another traveller of the same time, Baron Lahontan, he let his imagination run away with him and put into his books adventures that were a good deal like those of the famous Baron Munchausen. However, we know from

other sources that for this part of the journey to the Mississippi, Hennepin was telling the truth. His description of Niagara Falls is important because it is the earliest account of which we have any knowledge:

“Betwixt the Lake Ontario and Erié, there is a vast and prodigious Cadence of Water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford its Parallel. ’Tis true, Italy and Suedeland boast of some such Things; but we may well say they are but sorry Patterns, when compar’d to this of which we now speak. At the foot of this horrible Precipice, we meet with the River Niagara, which is not above half a quarter of à League broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above this Descent, that it violently hurries down the wild Beasts while endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its Current, which inevitably casts them down headlong above Six hundred foot [which, of course, is something of an exaggeration].

“This wonderful Downfall is compounded of two great Cross-streams of Water, and two Falls, with an Isle sloping along the middle of it. The Waters which fall from this vast height, do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder; for when the Wind blows from off the South, their dismal roaring may be heard above fifteen Leagues off.”

The Iroquois were suspicious and angry when they found that what they called a big canoe was being built above the falls, and Hennepin has something to say about this: “In the mean time, our men continu’d with great Application to build our Ship; for the Iroquois who were left behind, being but a small number, were not so insolent as before, though they came now and then to our Dock, and express’d some Discontent at what we were doing. One of them in particular, feigning himself drunk, attempted to

kill our Smith, but was vigorously repuls'd by him with a red-hot Iron-barr, which, together with the Reprimand he receiv'd from me, oblig'd him to be gone. Some few days after, a Savage Woman gave us notice, that the Tsonnon-touans had resolv'd to burn our Ship in the Dock, and had certainly done it, had we not been always on our guard."

It took some time to get the *Griffin* up the Niagara and into Lake Erie. The current was strong and the wind against them. At last, on August 7, they were off, and one must not forget that this voyage, which was to take La Salle and his people all the way to the mouth of Green Bay on Lake Michigan, was the first made by any vessel larger than a canoe. "We went on board," says Hennepin, "being in all four and thirty Men, including two Recollects who came to us, and sail'd from the Mouth of the Lake Erie, steering our Course West-South-West, with a favourable Wind; and though the Enemies of our Discovery had given out, on purpose to deterr us from our Enterprize, that the Lake Erie was full of Rocks and Sands, which render'd the Navigation impracticable, we run about twenty Leagues during the Night, though we sounded all that while. The next Day the Wind being more favourable, we made above five and forty Leagues, keeping at an equal distance from the Banks of the Lake, and doubled a Cape to the Westward, which we call'd the Cape of St. Francis. The next day we doubl'd two other Capes, and met with no manner of Rocks or Sands. We discover'd a pretty large Island towards the South-West, about seven or eight Leagues from the Northern Coast; that Island faces the Streight that comes from the Lake Huron."

This Streight, as Hennepin calls it, was the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair River, the small lake getting its name at this time. Hennepin was enthusiastic over this part of the country. "The Banks of the Streight," he says, "are vast Meadows, and the Prospect is terminated with some Hills covered with Vineyards, Trees bearing good

Fruit, Groves and Forests, so well dispos'd that one would think Nature alone could not have made, without the help of Art, so charming a Prospect. That Country is stock'd with Stags, Wild-Goats, and Bears, which are good for Food, and not fierce as in other Countries; some think they are better than our Pork. Turkey-Cocks and Swans are there also very common; and our Men brought several other Beasts and Birds, whose Names are unknown to us, but they are extraordinary relishing. The Forests are chiefly made up of Walnut-trees, Chesnut-trees, Plum-trees, and Pear-trees, loaded with their own Fruit and Vines. There is also abundance of Timber fit for Building; so that those who shall be so happy as to inhabit that Noble Country, cannot but remember with Gratitude those who have discover'd the way, venturing to sail upon an unknown Lake for above one hundred Leagues."

Hennepin, though he professed to be a keen traveller, sometimes gives one the idea that he would be quite willing to sit down for a time and take a rest. He was far from the restless energy of La Salle. "I had often advised M. la Salle," says Hennepin, "to make a settlement upon the Streight between the Lake Erie and Ontario, where the Fishery is more plentiful. . . . but M. la Salle and the Adventurers who were with him would not hearken to my advice; and told me that they would make no Settlement within 100 Leagues of their Fort, lest other Europeans should get before them into the Country they were going to discover. . . . I endeavour'd also to perswade him to make a Settlement upon this charming Streight Detroit. . . . M. la Salle would by no means hearken to my Advice, and told me he wonder'd at my Proposal, considering the great Passion I had a few Months before for the Discovery of a New Country."

They spent a day or two at Michilimackinac, where Father Marquette had established a mission some years before. The Hurons and the Ottawas, who had been driven

west by the Iroquois, had villages here. La Salle visited them, and allowed some to come aboard the *Griffin*. "It was a diverting Prospect," says Hennepin, "to see every Day above sixscore Canous about it, and the Savages staring and admiring that fine Woodden Canou, as they call'd it."

On September 2 they sailed into Lake Michigan and across it to an island at the mouth of Green Bay. That was over 260 years ago. Hennepin, in the wildest flights of his imagination, could not have imagined the shipping that travels up and down Lake Michigan today. On the island were a number of Pottawattomies, a western tribe, whose chief had been down to Quebec and had been so well received by Frontenac that he could not do enough for La Salle and his men. Here La Salle decided to send the *Griffin* back to Niagara with a quantity of furs, while he and the rest of the party went forward to the foot of Lake Michigan in canoes. This voyage of the *Griffin* became one of the mysteries of North American exploration. She disappeared completely, and from that day to this, while there have been all sorts of theories as to the fate of the ship and its crew, no one knows what happened to them.

La Salle and his companions spent several weeks paddling down the west coast of Lake Michigan, under very uncomfortable conditions. On one occasion the canoes were in danger of being crushed on the rocky shore, and La Salle and the three men in his canoe jumped out and managed to get the canoe safely ashore. Hennepin says, "I carry'd upon my back that good Man Father Gabriel, whose great Age did not permit him to venture himself into the Water." As Father Gabriel was stout as well as aged this incident suggests that Hennepin, sometimes an untruthful braggart, could also on occasion—if we may credit his story—be kind-hearted.

For some days they were reduced to living on berries, but as they got near the foot of Lake Michigan they found the country full of game and an abundance of ripe grapes.

Here La Salle rested his men for a day or two, and got into friendly relations with a number of Indians known as Outagamis. He was at that time on or not very far from the site of Chicago. Travelling around the foot of the lake to the mouth of the St. Joseph River, he built a temporary fort and waited for several of his men who had been left behind at Michilimackinac with Tonti. The later adventures of La Salle and his companions on the Mississippi lie too much outside the field of this book to be described in any detail. Enough here to say that La Salle completed his great discovery, and, later, in trying to plant a colony near the mouth of the Mississippi was killed in 1687 by some of his own people. Meanwhile Hennepin had fallen into the hands of the Sioux, on the upper Mississippi, and, as will be described later, had been rescued by Duluth.

Francis Dollier de Casson and Réne de Bréhant Galinée were with La Salle on Lake Ontario in 1669. La Salle was determined to follow his own route to the Ohio, while Dollier de Casson and Galinée decided to go west to Lake Erie, where La Salle, as we have already seen, was to follow them some years afterward. During this period the two missionaries became familiar with portions of the north shore of Lake Erie.

They set out from Burlington Bay on October 1, 1669, with a number of Indians, who helped to carry the canoes and baggage. In three days they reached the banks of the Grand River, and followed it, some in the canoes and the rest on an Indian trail, down to Lake Erie. It "appeared to us at first," says Galinée, whose journal is now followed, "like a great sea, because there was a great south wind blowing at the time. There is perhaps no lake in the whole country in which the waves rise so high," and he offers the curious explanation that this was "because of its great depth and its great extent." As a matter of fact Lake Erie is much the shallowest of any of the Great Lakes, and, with the exception of Lake Ontario, the smallest.

They travelled west along the shore of the lake to where Port Dover is today. "We found a spot which appeared to us so beautiful, with such an abundance of game, that we thought we could not find a better in which to pass our winter. The moment we arrived we killed a stag and a hind, and again on the following day two young stags. The good hunting quite determined us to remain in this place. We looked for some favorable spot to make a winter camp, and discovered a very pretty river, at the mouth of which we camped. . . . We smoked the meat of 9 large animals in such a manner that it could have kept for two or three years, and with this provision we awaited the winter with tranquility whilst hunting and making good provision of walnuts and chestnuts, which were there in great quantities. We had indeed in our granary 23 or 24 minots [50 bushels] of these fruits, besides apples, plums and grapes."

Galinée was particularly pleased with the grapes, "as large and as sweet as the finest of France." They made wine of them. "I leave you to imagine," says Galinée, "whether we suffered in the midst of this abundance, in the earthly Paradise of Canada; I call it so because there is assuredly no more beautiful region in all Canada. The woods are open, interspersed with beautiful meadows, watered by rivers and rivulets filled with fish and beaver, an abundance of fruits, and what is more important so full of game that we saw there at one time more than a hundred roebucks in a single band, herds of fifty or sixty hinds, and bears fatter and of better flavor than the most savory pigs of France. In short, we may say that we passed the winter more comfortably than we should have done in Montreal."

They built their camp some little way back from the lake, "a beautiful spot on the banks of a rivulet." From time to time during the winter they were visited by friendly parties of Iroquois, who were out hunting beaver. "They used to visit us and found us in a very good cabin whose construction they admired, and afterward they

brought every Indian who passed that way to see it." And so they lived quite comfortably through the winter, which was much milder than in Montreal.

In the spring they went down to the shore of the lake and put up there a large wooden cross, with an inscription saying that they were the first white people to winter on Lake Erie, and taking possession of the region in the name of Louis XIV. Three days later they were off again on their travels. Jolliet had told them where he had left his canoe, near the portage across Long Point, and they were glad to have it as it was much larger than those they had, and would take the entire party.

The next day they sailed nearly fifty miles and camped on Point Pelee. A storm arose in the night, the heavy waves were driven on shore, and much of their equipment, including the missionaries' altar service, was carried away. They had before planned to go, by a route of which Jolliet had told them, to the Ohio country, where they had hoped to open a mission among the western tribes. Now it became necessary to return to Montreal, and Dollier de Casson and Galinée decided to go on to Sault Ste. Marie, and return by way of the Ottawa River. By going this way they would have the advantage of joining one of the big fleets of Ottawa Indians.

In the course of the journey, which took them along the north shore of Lake Erie to the Detroit River, and up that river and Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair River to Lake Huron, they had a curious experience. "We slept," says Galinée, "on the bank of this river, about two leagues from its mouth, and it was at this place that we heard towards the east voices that seemed to us to be of men calling to each other. We ran to the river bank to see if it was not our men looking for us, and at the same time we heard the same voices on the south side. We turned our heads in that direction, but at last were undeceived, hearing them at the same time towards the west, which gave us to understand

that it was the phenomenon commonly called the hunting of Arthur. I have never heard it, nor have any of those who were of our company, which was the reason we were deceived by it."

They coasted along the east side of Lake Huron and the south side of Manitoulin Island to the Mackinac Islands and then up St. Mary's River to the Sault, where they met Fathers Marquette and Dablon in their fortified mission.

Finding that a large party of Ottawas had left for Montreal two days before, they hired an Indian as guide and set out on their long journey, by way of Georgian Bay, French River, Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River. They arrived at Montreal on June 18, 1670. "We were received by everybody, and especially by the Abbé de Queylus [Superior of the Sulpicians], with demonstrations of particular kindness. We were looked upon rather as persons risen from the dead than as common men."

Father Marquette came to Canada in 1666, and two years later was sent to the Upper Lakes. He established the mission at Sault Ste. Marie in 1668. The following year was spent at Chequamegon Bay, on the south side of Lake Superior, not far from its western end. The Hurons and Ottawas had fled here to escape from the fierce and all-conquering Iroquois, and presently found themselves attacked by the almost equally warlike Sioux. They were between the devil and the deep sea. There seemed for them to be no safe resting-place. They could go no farther west because the Sioux barred the way. There was at any rate the chance that the Iroquois would be busy with the punishment of other tribes farther east, and so they returned to Lake Huron. Marquette followed them, taking up his quarters at Michilimackinac.

In 1673 Marquette was sent word that he was to go with a capable and adventurous trader named Louis Jolliet on a long and difficult journey. They were to make their way to the Mississippi, and discover if it flowed into the

Gulf of California or the Gulf of Mexico. There were three motives involved in the expedition: Frontenac wished to extend the power of the King and his own power far to the south, and shut the English colonies into a strip of land along the Atlantic seaboard. Jolliet cared nothing for statecraft, but saw fine chances of trade with strange tribes, and thoroughly enjoyed the adventure. Marquette, a sincere and high-minded missionary, thought only of bringing salvation to thousands of natives.

They left Michilimackinac on May 17. For what followed we must rely upon Marquette's journal. Jolliet had written what, as Marquette modestly admits, was a more lively and interesting account of the journey, but unfortunately he lost all his papers when his canoe upset on his return journey, almost within sight of Montreal. "We were not long in preparing all our equipment," says Marquette. "Indian corn, with some smoked meat, constituted all our provisions; with these we embarked—Monsieur Jolliet and myself, with five men—in two bark canoes, fully resolved to do and suffer everything for so glorious an undertaking."

Coasting along the north shore of Lake Michigan, and down the west side to Green Bay, the first tribe visited by the travellers was that of the Menominee. These people were then known as the Folle Avoine, or Wild Oats, as they lived mainly upon wild rice, which grows plentifully in this part of the world. The Menominee still live in Wisconsin, which, apparently, has always been their home. Marquette's account of the wild rice is worth remembering:

"The wild oat . . . is a sort of grass, which grows naturally in the small rivers with muddy bottoms, and in swampy places. It greatly resembles the wild oats that grow amid our wheat. The ears grow upon hollow stems, jointed at intervals; they emerge from the water about the month of June, and continue growing until they rise about two feet above it. The grain is not larger than that of our oats, but

it is twice as long, and the meal therefrom is much more abundant.

"The savages gather and prepare it for food as follows: In the month of September, which is the suitable time for the harvest, they go in canoes through these fields of wild oats; they shake its ears into the canoe, on both sides, as they pass through. The grain falls out easily, if it be ripe, and they obtain their supply in a short time. But, in order to clean it from the straw, and to remove it from a husk in which it is enclosed, they dry it in the smoke, upon a wooden grating, under which they maintain a slow fire for some days.

"When the oats are thoroughly dry, they put them in a skin made into a bag, thrust it into a hole dug in the ground for this purpose, and tread it with their feet—so long and so vigorously that the grain separates from the straw, and is very easily winnowed. After this they pound it to reduce it to flour, or even, without pounding it, they boil it in water, and season it with fat. Cooked in this fashion, the wild oats have almost as delicate a taste as rice has when no better seasoning is added."

When Marquette told the Menominee of the plans of Jolliet and himself for discovery, they were surprised and did their best to make him change his mind. "They represented to me," he says, "that I should meet nations who never show mercy to strangers, but break their heads without any cause; and that war was kindled between various peoples who dwelt upon our route, which exposed us to the further manifest danger of being killed by the bands of warriors who are ever in the field.

"They also said that the great river [the Mississippi] was very dangerous, when one does not know the difficult places; that it was full of horrible monsters, which devoured men and canoes together; that there was even a demon, who was heard from a great distance, who barred the way, and swallowed up all who ventured to approach him; fin-

ally that the heat was so excessive in those countries that it would inevitably cause our death."

Marquette, though a saintly man was not so simple-minded as to swallow these stories. He had heard them before, and knew that all travellers among the Indian tribes were urged to go no farther. It was always a question if this concern for the safety of the white men had not something to do with the safety of the white man's goods. However, Marquette thanked the Menominee for their good advice; scoffed at the alleged demon, and assured them that the white men would easily defend themselves against the marine monsters.

The explorers ascended Fox River from Green Bay, to a village of the Maskouten Indians, where they were very well received. Guides took them over to the portage from the head-waters of Fox River to the Wisconsin River, "after which they returned home, leaving us alone in this unknown country, in the hands of Providence."

"Thus," says Marquette, "we left the waters flowing to Quebec, four or five hundred leagues from here, to float on those that would thenceforward take us through strange lands." A monument was erected to Marquette in 1895 on the Fox-Wisconsin portage, and another in 1910 near the point where he began his long voyage down the Mississippi. We may not follow Jolliet and Marquette down the mighty Mississippi. As in the case of La Salle, their discoveries and adventures here, interesting as they are, do not form part of the story of the discovery of Canada, or at any rate of the Canada that was to be. It will be sufficient to say that they descended the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Arkansas, and, satisfied that it led not to the Gulf of California but to the Gulf of Mexico, and that if they went further they might only be made prisoners by the Spaniards, they turned back to Michilimackinac. Marquette, who had been in poor health for some time, died the following year at a remote place on the shores of Lake Michigan, with his

faithful Indians about him. Jolliet returned to Quebec, and in 1679 made an important journey to Hudson Bay.

The exploration of Lake Superior was carried out by several men at different times. As has already been said, Brûlé is thought to have reached the eastern end of the lake before 1620. The earliest description of the outlet of Lake Superior at Sault Ste. Marie is, however, by Father Jerome Lalemant, one of the Jesuit missionaries. He is describing a journey by Fathers Isaac Jogues and Charles Raymbault in 1641, evidently from their own account. The Hurons and other tribes had been gathered together, two thousand of them, to celebrate the Feast of the Dead. This was on the north shore of Lake Huron. Among them were a number of strange Indians who said that they came from the place where the waters of the great upper lake [Lake Superior] fall down to Lake Huron. These were the Chipewewa. Jogues and Raymbault went back with them to what was afterwards known as Sault Ste. Marie.

"After seventeen days of navigation on the great lake or fresh-water sea that bathes the land of the Hurons, they reached the Sault, where they found about two thousand souls, and obtained information about a great many other sedentary nations who have never known Europeans and have never heard of God." Among others they heard of were the Sioux, the Crees and the Illinois Indians.

Jesuit missions were established at the Sault, and the missionaries gradually travelled along the south shores of Lake Superior. Father René Ménard wintered 1660-61 on Keweenaw Bay. In 1665 Father Jean Claude Allouez founded a mission on Chequamegon Bay, and was for some years stationed at the Sault mission. Marquette, as we have seen, was for a time on Lake Superior; and Jolliet, at the time he met La Salle on Lake Ontario, was returning from a journey to examine copper mines on Lake Superior. Radisson and Duluth discovered parts of the western and northwestern shores of the lake.

It is said of Peter Pond, whose journeys we shall come to presently, that his manuscript journals turned up unexpectedly in a New England kitchen, where they were being used, sheet by sheet, to light the kitchen fire. Unfortunately for us, those pages that related to what is now the Canadian North West had gone up in smoke. J. B. Tyrrell had a somewhat similar experience with the manuscripts of a later explorer, David Thompson. A niece of Thompson's had shown him a trunk filled with records of his western discoveries. Tyrrell might have had them for the asking. Years later, when he was editing the Thompson journals, he went back. The niece had died, and the papers were gone. It was said they had been destroyed as waste paper. And that brings us to Pierre Esprit Radisson, whose papers narrowly escaped a similar fate.

Radisson, and his brother-in-law Médard Chouart, lived in Three Rivers, the home of so many western explorers. They made several journeys together to the west, and Radisson himself had probably the most romantic and adventurous of all Canadian lives. As a young man he was captured by the Iroquois near his home town, carried to their villages, tortured, escaped burning at the stake almost by a miracle, was rescued by Dutch merchants who sent him back to France. He returned to Canada and, not frightened by his former experiences, went back to the Iroquois to start a French colony among them. Again he got into trouble, and escaped by the skin of his teeth.

He seems at this time to have concluded that there was not enough excitement in the east, and he and Chouart set out for the unknown west, the land of mystery, of strange tribes who perhaps knew the way to the China sea. This was in 1660 or thereabouts, the exact year has been in dispute. The two brothers, as they called themselves, made a second journey to the west, in which some think that they got from Lake Superior to James Bay. Returning to Lake Superior, they brought down to Quebec a fortune

in furs, which were promptly seized by the authorities. Angered by this treatment, they went to England, told there of the immense harvest of furs that could be gathered in the north country, helped to organize the Hudson's Bay Company, were introduced to Charles II, who took a lively interest in Radisson's story of his adventures. They made several voyages to Hudson Bay. Falling out with their English associates, they returned to Canada, where Chouart remained. Radisson, excitable, unmanageable, whose itching feet would never let him stay long in one place, quarrelled again with the French, and was back in London, had adventures in Hudson Bay, was once more in London, where he married an English wife, was given a pension by the Hudson's Bay Company, and, at the end of a very full life, died there in 1710.

The English version of Radisson's travels got into the hands of that remarkable man Samuel Pepys, whose curiosity about all manner of things could never be satisfied. Perhaps King Charles loaned the manuscript to Pepys who forgot to return it. At any rate it was among a great many other papers of Pepys that, somehow, after his death, came into the hands of a London shopkeeper, who was using them as wrapping paper. Among those rescued by Richard Rawlinson and turned over to the Bodleian Library at Oxford were the Radisson journals.

Radisson begins his story of what he calls "the Auxoticiat Voyage into the Great and filthy Lake of the Hurrons, Upper Sea of the East, and Bay of the North", in this way:

"Having come to the 3 rivers, where I found my brother who the yeare before came back from the lake of the Hurrons with other french, both weare upon the point of resolution to make a journey a purpose for to discover the great lakes that they had heard the wild men speak of; yea, have seene before. For my brother made severall journeys when the Fathers lived about the lake of the hurrons, which was upon the border of the sea. So my brother seeing me

back from those 2 dangerous voyages [to the Iroquois], so much by the cruelties of the barbars [barbarians] as for the difficulties of the wayes, for this reason he thought I was fitter and more faithfull for the discovery that he was to make. He plainly told me his minde. I knowing it, longed to see myselfe in a boat."

Radisson explains how they made their preparations for the journey. They took with them a number of western Indians who had come down to Quebec, and had no difficulty in getting French volunteers. "As soone as the resolution was made," says Radisson, "many undertakes the voyage; for where that there is lucre there are people enough to be had. The best and ablest men for that businesse weare chosen. They make them goe up the 3 rivers with the band that came with the Sacques [Sauk, an Indian tribe]. They take those that weare most capable for the purpose. Two Fathers weare chosen to conduct that company, and endeavoured to convert some of those foraigners of the remotest country to the Christian faith. We no sooner heard their designe, but saw the effects of the businesse, which effected in us much gladnesse for the pleasure we could doe to one another, and so abler to oppose an ennemy if by fortune we should meet with any that would doe us hurt or hinder us in our way."

About the middle of June they were off for the west, by way of the Ottawa River, Lake Nipissing and Lake Huron. Radisson says that they were a merry company, and he wonders why. "What fairer bastion then a good tongue, especially when one sees his owne chimney smoak!" he exclaims. And yet men go off into the wilderness, where there is nothing but discomfort and danger. "It is a strange thing when victualls are wanting, worke whole nights and dayes, lye downe on the bare ground, and not allwayes that hap, the breech in the water, the feare in the buttocks, to have the belly empty, the wearinesse in the bones, and drowsinesse of the body by the bad weather that you are

to suffer, having nothing to keepe you from such calamity.”

As they made their way up the Ottawa River, an Indian appeared on the bank and warned them that they would be attacked by Iroquois. The French who had been so eager to go to the west with Radisson and Chouart, and who had been bragging of what they would do to the enemy, now fell into a panic, abandoned their trading goods, and fled down the river. The two explorers went on contentedly with the Indians. They came to Georgian Bay, and travelled along the north shore of Lake Huron to the Strait of Mackinac, hunting and fishing and visiting various bands of Indians, and finally reached the shores of Lake Superior.

“We meet with severall nations, all sedentary, amazed to see us, and weare very civil. The further we sejournd the delightfuller the land was to us. I can say that in my lifetime I never saw a more incomparable country, for all I have been in Italy; yett Italy comes short of it, as I think, when it [that is, this land they are in] was inhabited, and now forsaken of the wildmen. Being about the great sea [Lake Superior], we conversed with people that dwelleth about the salt water [probably Hudson Bay] who tould us that they saw some great white thing sometimes uppon the water, and came towards the shore, and men in the top of it, and made a noise like a company of swans.”

Radisson adds here “which made me believe that they weare mistaken, for I could not imagine what it could be, except the Spaniard.” His mind was running on Mexico and the Gulf of California, and he knew that that must be a long way from where they were on Lake Superior. It is possible that these Indians were repeating what their fathers had told them of Henry Hudson’s ship in James Bay half a century before, or Captain James’ *Henrietta Maria* in 1631.

Radisson was enjoying himself on the shores of Lake Superior. “The Summer passed away with admiration by the diversity of the nations that we saw, as for the beauty

of the shore of that sweet sea. Heere we saw fishes of divers, some like the sturgeons and have a kind of slice att the end of their nose some 3 fingers broad in the end and 2 onely neere the nose, and some 8 thumbs long, all marbled of a blakish collor. There are birds whose bills are two and 20 thumbs long. That bird swallows a whole salmon, keeps it a long time in his bill. We saw alsoe shee-goats very bigg. There is an animal somewhat lesse then a cow whose meat is exceeding good. There is no want of Staggs nor Buffes [buffalo]. There are so many Tourkeys that the boys throws stonnes att them for their recreation. We found no sea-serpents as we in other laks have seene."

Radisson's description of the moose, which he calls oriniack, and the buffalo, is entertaining. The former, he says, is "a mighty strong beast, much like a mule, having a tayle cutt off 2 or 3 or 4 thumbes long, the foot cloven like a stagge. He has a muzzle mighty bigge. I have seene some that have the nostrills so bigg that I putt into it my 2 fists att once with ease. Those that uses to be where the buffes be are not so bigg, but about the bignesse of a coach horse. The wildmen call them the little sort. As for the Buff, it is a furious animal. One must have a care of him, for every yeare he kills some Nadoueseronons [Sioux]. He comes for the most part in the plaines and meddows; he feeds like an ox, and the Oriniack so but seldom he galoppes. I have seene of their hornes [that is, the moose's] that a man could not lift them from of the ground. They are branchy and flatt in the middle, of which the wildman makes dishes that can well hold 3 quarts. These hornes fall off every yeare, and it's a thing impossible that they will grow againe. The hornes of the Buffs are as those of an ox, but not so long, but bigger, and of a blackish collour; he hath a very long hairy taile; he is reddish, his haire frized and very fine. All the parts of his body much like unto an ox. The biggest are bigger than any ox whatsoever."

About the time that Radisson and Chouart had decided

to go down to Quebec, having been a long time in the Lake Superior country, and got rid of all their trading goods, word came that the Hurons had been destroyed by the Iroquois. The western Indians fell into a panic, would not go down to Quebec and tried to persuade the explorers to wait for another year. Chouart rose and said:

“Who am I? am I a foe or a friend? If I am a foe, why did you suffer me to live so long among you? If I am a friend, and if you take so to be, hearken to what I shall say. You know, my uncles and brethren, that I hazarded my life goeing up with you; if I have no courage, why did you not tell me att my first coming here? And if you have more witt then we, why did not you use it by preserving your knives, your hattchetts, and your gunns, that you had from the French? You will see if the ennemy will sett upon you that you will be attraped like castors in a trappe; how will you defend yourselves like men that is not courageous to lett yourselves be caught like beasts? How will you defend your villages? with castor’s skins? how will you defend your wives and children from the ennemy’s hands?”

Then Radisson had his say: “I tooke a gowne of castors’ skins that one of them had uppon his shoulder and did beat him with it. I asked the others if I was a souldier. “Those are the armes that kill, and not your robes. What will your ennemy say when you perish without defending yourselves? Doe not you know the French way? We are used to fight with arms and not with robes. You say that the Iroquoits waits for you because some of your men were killed. It is onely to make you stay untill you are quite out of stocke, that they dispatch you with ease.

“Doe you think that the French will come up here when the greatest part of you is slained by your owne fault? You know that they cannot come up without you. Shall they come to baptize your dead? Shall your children learne to be slaves among the Iroquoits for their Father’s cowardnesse? You call me Iroquoit. Have not you seene me dis-

posing my life with you? Who has given you your life if not the French? Now you will not venter because many of your confederates are come to visit you and venter their lives with you. If you will deceive them you must not think that they will come an other time for shy words nor desire. You have spoaken of it first, doe what you will.

“For myne owne part, I will venter choosing to die like a man then live like a beggar. Having not wherewithall to defend myselfe, farewell; I have my sack of corne ready. Take all my castors. I shall live without you.”

Radisson's contemptuous beating of one of the young braves with his beaver skin, and the scornful words of both the French, had the desired effect. The Indians met in council and decided to go with Radisson and Chouart down to Quebec. The chief called from his tent's door, “Ye women gett your husbands' bundles ready. They goe to gett wherewithall to defend themselves and you alive.”

The incidents of the long journey down to Quebec cannot be told here, but the closing words of Radisson's journal are worth remembering, because they suggest the purpose of a later expedition that he and his “brother” were to make to the west.

“We stayed att home att rest that yeare. My brother and I considered whether we should discover [report] what we have seene or no; and because we had not a full and whole discovery, which was that we have not ben in the bay of the north [Hudson Bay], not knowing anything but by report of the wild Christinos [Crees], we would make no mention of it for feare that those wild men should tell us a fibbe. We would have made a discovery of it ourselves and have an assurance, before we should discover anything of it.”

Radisson and Chouart were off again before very long, for the far west. They wintered with the Sioux at the western end of Lake Superior, and in the spring travelled along that long, level coast that runs almost without a break from

Duluth to Thunder Bay and the towns of Fort William and Port Arthur. There has been much difference of opinion as to where they went next, as the journal is not very clear, but it seems possible that by way of the Nipigon River and Lake Nipigon and one of the northward flowing streams, they found their way to James Bay. Here is what Radisson says:

"We thwarted a place of 15 leagues. We arrived on the other side att night. When we came there we knewed not where to goe, on the right or left hand, ffor we saw nobody. Att last, as we with full sayle came from a deepe Bay, we perceived smoake and tents. Then many boats from thence came to meete us. We are received with much Joy by those poore Christinos. They suffered not that we trod on ground; they leade us into the midle of their cottages in our own boats, like a couple of cocks in a Banquett. There were some wildmen that followed us but late.

"We went away with all hast possible to arrive the sooner att ye great river. We came to the seaside, where we finde an old howse all demolished and battered with bouulletts. We weare told yt those that came there weare of two nations, one of the wolf, the other of the long-horned beast. All those nations are distinguished by the representations of the beasts or animals. They tell us particularities of the Europeans. We know ourselves, and what Europ is, therefore in vaine they tell us as for that.

"We went from Isle to Isle all that summer. We pluckt abundance of Ducks, as of all other sort of fowles; we wanted nor fish nor fresh meate. We weare well beloved, and weare overjoyed that we promised them to come with such shippes as we intended. This place hath a great store of cows. The wildmen kill them not except for necessary use. We went further in the bay to see ye place that they weare to passe that summer. That river comes from the lake and empties itselfe in ye river of Sagnes [Saguenay], called Tadousack, wch is a hundred leagues in the great

river of Canada [St. Lawrence], as where we weare in ye Bay of ye north."

What Radisson meant, if we are right in assuming that he was on James Bay (and that has been seriously disputed), was that a river, which we know as the Rupert, came down to the bay from a lake, Mistassini, and that that lake emptied into the Saguenay River, and that it was a hundred leagues either from Mistassini to the St. Lawrence or from Mistassini to where he was on James Bay. All of which is not so very far from the truth, except that the Saguenay does not rise in the lake, but near it. Radisson's reference to the "old howse" might quite possibly have been to the one built by Henry Hudson, or what was left of it.

But, to get back to Lake Superior, one other explorer remains to be introduced—Daniel Greysolon Duluth, after whom the American inland port of Duluth was named. Duluth left Montreal for the west in 1678. Like most of the western discoverers, particularly in the French period, he was a young man, and felt the lure of that immense region of which so little was known, and where all sorts of exciting adventures awaited the enterprising traveller. He spent some time in the country of the Sioux, southwest of Lake Superior, and seems to have got along very well with that powerful tribe. He also travelled in the country about the head-waters of the Mississippi. He says that on July 2, 1679, he set up the arms of the King of France in the principal town of the Sioux, in what is now northern Minnesota.

One of the most romantic of Duluth's exploits was his rescue of Father Hennepin from the Sioux, who had captured him with two French companions and carried them away as slaves. Hennepin says something about the rescue in one of his books, but his vanity would not allow him to admit that it was a rescue, and that he had been a slave of Indians. According to his story he had joined Duluth

because the latter found particular pleasure in his company.

Duluth, who is always more to be relied upon than Hennepin, says that he heard of Hennepin's captivity, and, taking an Indian guide who knew the way, travelled "eighty good leagues" in a canoe to where the worthy Father was held captive. "The next day at ten o'clock in the morning I met him with about 1000 or 1100 souls. The want of respect that was being shown to the said Reverend Father provoked me, and I let them know it, telling them that he was my brother, and I put him in my canoe to go with me into the villages of the said Nadouecioux, to which I took him.

"There, a week after having arrived, I caused a council to be held, setting forth the ill-treatment which they had bestowed both upon the said Reverend Father and upon the other two Frenchmen who were with him, seizing them and leading them away as slaves, and even taking the priestly robes of the said Reverend Father. I caused two calumets (which they had danced to us) to be given back to them in recognition of the insult they had done us, these being the things most esteemed among them for pacifying affairs, saying to them that I took no calumets from people who, after having seen me, having received my peace-gifts, and having been constantly for a year with Frenchmen, kidnapped them when they were coming to see them."

It was, one must admit, an extraordinarily daring thing for a solitary French explorer to pour scorn upon an assembly of a thousand or more savages, humiliating them by handing back the sacred medicine pipes that had been presented to him to mark the treaty of friendship between Sioux and French. But Duluth, like Radisson and La Salle, understood Indian character, and knew that this was the way to handle them.

"Each one," says Duluth, "sought to excuse himself in the council, but their excuse did not prevent me from saying

to the Reverend Father Louis that he must come with me toward the Outagamys [a rival tribe, the Fox Indians], which he did, I informing him that it would be striking a blow at the French nation in a new exploration to suffer insult of this sort without showing resentment of it, though my plan had been to penetrate then to the sea of the west-northwest coast, which is believed to be the Vermillion Sea."

Duluth goes on to say that he was hoping to find through the Sioux country a way to the sea, but in his indignation against the Indians made up his mind to retrace his steps to Michilimackinac with Hennepin. Getting only a cool reception at the Jesuit mission, he went on to the east, reaching Quebec in the spring of 1681.

And so ends that part of our story that relates to the discovery of the country east of the great plains.

PART II

HUDSON BAY AND THE PLAINS

6

HENRY HUDSON

BETWEEN those two great seas, the salt-water Hudson Bay and the fresh-water Lake Superior, on the one side and the Rocky Mountains on the other, lies a gigantic plain extending north and south from the Arctic coast down to and beyond the international boundary. This immense region is a plain only in a broad sense, for it is broken with lakes, rivers and forests, rolling foothills, the rocky plateau known as the Laurentian Shield, large areas of muskeg, and the so-called Barren Lands in the far north over which roamed vast herds of caribou, as well as the southern prairies which yield wheat for the bread baskets of the world.

The southern half of this plain is the field in which most of the next group of explorers made their discoveries. In a sense there were two groups, as one reached the western plains by way of Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay and the other through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes. The earlier travellers through the southern gateway were French, and nearly all the others were British. Many were seeking the same North West Passage to the Orient that had been looked for by Cabot, Verrazano, Corte Real, Cartier, Champlain and La Salle, and the other end of which was still to be sought by sea captains on the Pacific. Some were sent out by one or other of the fur-trading companies, and were interested partly in discovery and partly in trade. Generally speaking they followed the waterways, as that was the easiest way to travel, but sometimes they travelled overland on foot or

horseback. From beginning to end this part of the story of the discovery of Canada covers a long period of years, and the lines of travel cross and re-cross one another, so that if you were to put them all on a map they would make a rather curious and puzzling web. However, let us see what the explorers have to say for themselves.

The history of the southern gateway, up to Lake Superior, has been already told. In the north we have still to discover Hudson Bay, and, indeed, we must spend a few moments with some of the gallant Elizabethan seamen who, among other exploits, drove their stout little vessels through the Arctic ice in and out of bays and sea channels around the eastern end of Hudson Strait.

Martin Frobisher had seen service in Ireland, and before that had been on voyages to the Spanish Main. He was now filled with the idea that a way could be found around the northern coast of America to that mysterious land of Cathay, where gold and jewels and spices were as plentiful as cowslips in England.

On a June morning in 1567 his two little ships, the *Gabriel* and the *Michael*, one of twenty, the other of twenty-five tons, anchored in the Thames at Greenwich while Frobisher went over to the palace to take leave of the great Queen. Before the end of the month, after a rough passage, they had reached Greenland. Frobisher was in the *Gabriel*. Owen Gryffyn, the Welsh captain of the *Michael*, tossed about in the tremendous seas of the Arctic, got out of touch with his commander, lost heart, turned tail and sailed back home. Frobisher sailed on through a channel crowded with mountainous icebergs. The last days of July he made sixty leagues up a broad channel through which a strong current was carrying the ice. He felt so sure that this must be the strait he sought that would bring him to the sea that washed the shores of Cathay that he named it after himself, "like as Magellan at the south-west end of the world, having discovered the passage to the South Sea." It was at

that time supposed that a short passage connected the two oceans in the north as Magellan had found it did in the south. But Frobisher's strait, as we know now, was only a deep bay north of Hudson Strait, which still bears his name.

Frobisher went ashore and had a little adventure with a "mighty deer", which attacked him. "Hardly he escaped with his life in a narrow way, where he was fain to use defence and policy to save his life." From the top of a hill he "perceived a number of small things fleeting in the sea afar off, which he supposed to be porpoises or seals or some strange fish; but coming nearer he discovered them to be men in small boats made of leather." The Eskimo in their kayaks afterwards visited the ship and traded sealskins for buttons and buckles and other odds and ends, and particularly small bells, which fascinated them.

This trade led to trouble. Frobisher had warned his men to be careful as the natives might prove treacherous. In their desire to get the valuable skins they forgot his warning; five of them went ashore in the ship's boat, and were never seen again. That left Frobisher in a very difficult position. The *Michael* was gone, and now he had lost the only small boat on the *Gabriel*, as well as nearly a third of his crew, while some of the others were ill. He did what little he could to find the missing men, who probably had been killed by the Eskimo, and then sadly sailed back to England, taking with him as a gift to Queen Elizabeth the tusk of a walrus, then supposed to cure certain diseases.

In 1576, as in 1944 and any year between, men of all kinds and classes, rich and poor, learned and foolish, could be drawn into any kind of enterprise if they might be persuaded, or could persuade themselves, that there was gold to be got out of it. Among the souvenirs that Frobisher brought home from his first voyage was a lump of black stone picked up on an Arctic island. It was turned over to an assayer, who said it was iron pyrites, otherwise known as fool's gold. But a rumour had got about that the shining

particles in it were gold, and, after several honest men had confirmed the first opinion, one who was not so honest reported that he had found a little gold in the stone. That was enough. The rumour grew like a snowball, until it was common knowledge that Frobisher, on his way to the fabulous East, had found by accident gold deposits of incredible richness. One person, whose geography was a little vague, gave it as his opinion that Frobisher had discovered the famous mines from which Solomon had obtained the gold to enrich the Temple. And, comically enough, Frobisher had done nothing towards either starting or pushing the rumour.

Early in 1577 the Cathay Company was organized, and people tumbled over each other to buy stock. Even the shrewd Queen subscribed a thousand pounds. Toward the end of May, Frobisher was off again, with his two former ships and a larger vessel, the *Aid*, and a company of one hundred and twenty officers and men, including his right-hand-man George Best, who had been with him on the first voyage, and whom we have to thank for the account of this as well as of the first voyage and the third and last voyage that was to follow.

The search for a North West Passage was now hardly even nominally the purpose of the voyage. From Elizabeth down all had gone gold-crazy, and Frobisher's instructions were that he was to bring back a cargo of the precious metal. He and Best and a few others were alone interested in discovery.

Off they went, through fair days and foul, and mostly foul as they sailed north into the stormy Arctic. Frobisher took what time he could to search for the passage, but dared not neglect the orders of his tempestuous Queen. Time was lost in hunting for the place where the stone had been found, and when at last they came to it, and there and elsewhere came upon much more, the men had to labour hard to get it out of the ground and into the ships. Finally they had several hundred tons of pyrites, and by that time

the season was drawing late, and one gale after another was threatening the safety of the ships. Frobisher reluctantly gave orders to steer for home; and once more they came safely back to port, and the fool's-gold was double-locked in the royal castles, but the explorer was no nearer the completion of his discovery.

One would have thought that by this time the gold fever might have run its course, but men were still disputing in 1578 over the problem whether the cargo brought down from the northwest was gold or dross, and even many of those who thought it worthless were sure that gold would be found in the neighbourhood of the passage. After all, treasures of gold had been brought back by the Spaniards from other parts of America. The Cathay Company not only had the support of its former partners, but had no lack of new subscribers. And so, in May, 1578, Frobisher sailed on his third and last voyage in search of the North West Passage. That was still his passion, whatever others might think. As for them, a new idea had been developed; a fantastic plan of founding a colony on Frobisher's Straits, to search for and mine gold. No less than fifteen ships, large and small, were in this armada. Twelve were to return with a golden cargo; the other three were to winter with the colonists.

The voyage was uneventful until they got to Southampton Island, lying between the entrances to Hudson Strait and Frobisher's Bay. Here they ran into heavy drifting ice, and had much difficulty in keeping their ships afloat. The current and the wind were driving the fleet to the west, and the north shore seemed ever less familiar. They were, as a matter of fact, in the strange waters of Hudson Strait, where no ship had been before. Conditions got steadily worse. One vessel after another was forced into the grinding fields of ice, and lifted up out of the water until her timbers cracked. Here is how Best describes the wild turmoil:

"Albeit, by reason of the fleeting ice, which were dis-

persed here almost the whole sea over, they were brought many times to the extremest point of peril, mountains of ice ten thousand times scraping them scarce one inch, which to have stricken had been their present destruction, considering the swift course and way of the ships, and the unwieldiness of them to stay and turn as a man would wish; yet they esteemed it their better safety, with such peril, to seek sea-room, than, without hope of ever getting liberty, to lie striving against the stream, and beating amongst the mighty mountains; whose hugeness and monstrous greatness was such that no man could credit but such as, to their pains, saw and felt it."

Then, when they seemed completely lost, the wind shifted and drove the ice apart. And, says Best, "I dare well avouch there were never men more dangerously distressed, nor more mercifully by God's providence delivered. And hereof both the torn ships, and the forewearied bodies of the men arrived, do bear most evident mark and witness. And now the whole fleet plied off to seaward, resolving there to abide until the sun might consume, or the force of wind disperse, these ice from the place of their passage. And being a good berth off the shore, they took in their sails and lay adrift."

They sailed on westward up the strange strait, and Frobisher had hopes that he might yet win through and find himself around the top of America and on his way to the Asiatic shore. But the commands of the Queen must be obeyed, and his ships were many of them in bad shape. Also several had gone astray and he must know if they were safe. All this took time, and when the broken timbers had been patched, and the missing ships found, and much hard labour put into the mining and loading of many tons of quite useless rock, the season was getting late and their supplies were running very low. Frobisher called his captains together. It was still possible, he said, to complete the discovery, and if they were with him he would sail on at

all costs. But they had had more than enough of Arctic gales and icy fog and grinding floes, and they were all for going home. Which they did. And in England they found that the tide of opinion had turned. The black rock was rubbish; the Arctic gold mine was a myth; and Frobisher was the scoundrel who had led them astray. Nevertheless, he lived to be Drake's vice-admiral in the voyage to the West Indies, to command one of the squadrons that defeated the Spanish armada, and to become one of the leaders in Hawkins' expedition of 1590.

The age of Elizabeth was an age of adventure, and such an exciting idea as the finding of a passage to what was then called the South Sea, around the northern tip of America, could not be forgotten while there were adventurers to go after it. Frobisher had failed, but another great seaman, John Davis, felt that he might succeed. At any rate he would try, and try he did, in three voyages, the first in 1585, the second in 1586, and the last in 1587. He had no more success than Frobisher, for the very good reason that, while there was a seaway around the northern coast of North America, it was a much more difficult nut to crack than anyone at that time imagined.

Davis discovered Cumberland Sound, north of Frobisher Bay, and he sailed far up into the great strait that now bears his name, but although he seems to have looked into the mouth of Hudson Strait, he failed to understand what it meant, and probably mistook it for a deep bay. In his log one finds this bit of description, in the vigorous language of his day: "In the afternoone wee crossed over the mouth of a great inlet or passage . . . in which place wee had 8 or 9 great rases, currents or overfalls, lothsomely crying like the rage of the waters under London Bridge." That was at the eastern entrance to Hudson Strait. Had he or Frobisher made their way through to the western entrance, and looked out upon the waters of Hudson Bay, they would

have been certain that they had made the passage and had reached the South Sea.

If one looks at the maps of their time it is not hard to understand why even such shrewd and experienced navigators as Frobisher and Davis continued, in spite of many disappointments, to believe that somewhere in these far northern places there was a passage that would bring them through to Cathay. These maps show the Atlantic coast of North America so far as it was then known, very sketchy and broken in the north, and the west coast sweeps down from the supposed passage, at no very great distance from the east coast. America to them was in fact nothing much more than a narrow strip of land, around the top of which it should be quite possible to sail. That was, of course, more nearly correct than the ideas of earlier navigators and map-makers, who could not believe there was any continent between Europe and Asia, but it was still wide of the truth.

It is one of many doubtful points in the history of the discovery of Canada who first sailed through, or even into, Hudson Strait. The honour has been given, by various historians, to John Cabot on his second voyage, to the Portuguese explorers of the sixteenth century, as well as to Martin Frobisher and John Davis. George Waymouth said that he had sailed a hundred leagues up the strait in 1602, but his claim has been disputed. Luke Foxe, the Yorkshire captain whose voyage in Hudson Bay will be described later, said of Waymouth, "Hee neyther discovered nor named any thing more than Davis . . . yet these two, Davis and he, did, I conceive, light Hudson into his straights." And that brings us to Henry Hudson who, whatever others may have done, certainly sailed through Hudson Strait into Hudson Bay.

Hudson sailed out of the Thames in April, 1610, in the well-named little ship *Discovery*, which was also used by Waymouth, Button, Gibbons and by Bylot and Baffin in

Arctic voyages. This was the fourth and last of his voyages, the first of which in 1607 had been in search of a north-eastern passage to China around northern Europe, the second in 1608 had the same object, the third in 1609 took him up the Hudson River almost to its source.

Hudson Strait was entered the latter part of June, and after a run down into Ungava Bay, Hudson sailed on through the strait and into the bay. As he entered the bay he may well have believed that he had at last done what so many other adventurers had tried to do without success, and as he turned south he probably believed that he was sailing down the west coast of the continent. Unfortunately his rather dry log ends, for some reason, as he enters the bay, the last words we have from him being "Then I observed and found the ship at noone in 61 degrees 20 minutes, and a sea to the westward." How he must have wondered what lay on the other side of that untravelled seal

Hudson's chart, or rather the chart prepared by Hessel Gerritz from it, for his own chart was lost and has never been found, reveals two curious mistakes. When he sailed down into Ungava Bay he evidently got the idea that it was two bays instead of one, for it is so shown on the chart; and after he had sailed down the east coast of Hudson Bay he appears to have got the same thought that James Bay was divided into two arms, as the chart has it. These double bays were repeated on the charts of Foxe and James, and continued for some time to be shown on the maps of the period.

Hudson and his men wintered on the bleak shores of James Bay, and for what happened there we have the journal of Abacuk Prickett, who was on the *Discovery* but was not a seaman. It happens to be a much more lively story than we could have expected to get from Hudson, who had not the pen of a ready writer.

They spent a miserable winter on James Bay. For a time they were able to get ptarmigan and other game, but

these left with the approach of spring, and as the ship's stores were running out what remained were carefully husbanded for the voyage home. Prickett says of this period, "Then went wee into the woods, hilles and valleyes for all things that had any show of substance in them, so vile soever; the moss on the ground, then the which I take the powder of a post to be much better, and the frogge as loathsome as a toade, was not spared."

Finally the ice broke up and they sailed north. Conditions were desperate. They had been able to catch a few fish, but the ship's stores were down to a bag of ship's biscuit and five cheeses, and what were these among a ship's company? Their one chance was to get up to the strait, where wildfowl had been seen in great numbers on the outward voyage, but there was hardly enough food to keep the men alive until they could get there. Some were already ill, and the rest, grown desperate with thoughts of starvation and filled with the false counsels of two men, plotted to get rid of the captain and the few who remained loyal. As often happens in such cases, rumours had spread among the crew that the captain had a secret store of provisions in his cabin. Here is the story of the mutiny as Prickett tells it:

"Being thus in the ice on Saturday, the one and twentieth of June, at night, Wilson the boatswayne and Henry Greene came to me, lying in my cabin lame, and told me that they and the rest of their associates would shift the company and turne the master and all the sick men into the shallop, and let them shift for themselves. For there was not fourteen days' victual left for all the company, at that poor allowance they were at, and that there they lay, the master not caring to go one way or the other." Hudson, if they are to be believed, even with starvation staring them in the face, could not make up his mind to abandon the search.

"It was not long ere it was 'day. Then came Bennet for water for the kettle. John King the carpenter rose and

went into the hold. When he was in they shut the hatch on him. . . . In the meantime Henry Greene and another went to the carpenter and held him with a talk till the master came out of his cabin. Then came John Thomas and Bennet before him, while Wilson bound his arms behind him. He asked them what they meant. They told him he should know when he was in the shallop. Now Juet, while this was a doing, came to John King into the hold, who was provided for him, for he got a sword of his own and kept him at bay, and might have killed him, but others came to help him, and so he came up to the master. The master called to the carpenter and told him that he was bound, but I heard no answer he made. . . .

"Then was the shallop haled up to the ship side, and the poore sicke and lame men were called upon to get them out of their cabins into the shallop. The master called to me, who came out of my cabin, where, on my knees, I besought them for the love of God to remember themselves, and to do as they would be done unto. They bade me keep myself well and get me into my cabin. . . .

"Now was the carpenter at liberty, who asked them if they would be hanged when they came home; and as for himself, he said, he would not stay in the ship unless they would force him. They bade him go then, for they would not stay him. I will, said he, so I have my chest with me and all that is in it. They said he should, and presently they put him into the shallop. . . .

"Now were the sick men driven out of their cabins into the shallop. . . . They stood out of the ice, the shallop being fast to the stern of the ship, and so they cut her head fast from the stern of our ship, then out with their topsails, and toward the east they stood in a clear sea."

Having turned Hudson adrift, with his young son, and King the carpenter, the one man who had stood by his captain, the crew ransacked the ship for food, and found in the captain's cabin, according to Prickett, some biscuits and

meal and a butt of beer. While they were searching the cabin and the hold someone said that the shallop was overhauling the ship. Their guilty consciences made complete cowards of them. "They let fall the mainsail, and fly as from an enemy."

From this time the shallop with Henry Hudson, his son and their companions, drops out of sight. What became of them will never be known. "Of all the dark mysteries of the merciless ocean," says Sir W. F. Butler, "no mystery lies wrapt in deeper shadow than that which hangs over the fate of Henry Hudson."

The mutineers, after an engagement with the Eskimo in Hudson Straits in which the ringleaders Green and Wilson were killed as well as two others, made their way back to England. Juet died of starvation on the way home. For some reason, which has never been quite clear, those who returned escaped hanging, in an age when hanging was the punishment for much less serious crimes. Possibly their lives were saved because there was no one to testify against them, and perhaps also because they brought renewed hope in the finding of an open sea beyond the straits. We find some of them employed on later voyages. No one yet knew that what they had found was only an immense bay, whose western shore would again bar the way to the South Sea.

7

BUTTON AND OTHERS

THE mutineers who had turned Hudson adrift had not returned to England more than a few months when another expedition was sent forth from England to search for that passage that had already given so much trouble, and that seemed to be playing a grim game of hide-and-seek with English adventurers. This expedition was led by Sir Thomas Button, and with him were both Prickett and Bylot who had been with Hudson, as well as Gibbons and Hawkrigde who, as well as Bylot, were to lead later expeditions.

Button took with him a letter from James I to whatever Oriental rulers Button should meet on his voyage. The English of those days, as of these, were not easily discouraged. Frobisher and Davis and Hudson had searched for the new way to Asia and had not found it, but each failure seemed to strengthen the belief that the passage was just around the corner and that the next man would surely find it. Here is the King's letter:

"James, by the Grace of the Most High God, Creator and only Guider of the Universal World, King of Great Brittain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

"Right high, Right Excellent, and Right mightie Prince, divers of our subjects, delighting in navigation and finding out of unknowne countries and peoples, having heard of the fame of you and of your people, have made a voyage thither of purpose to see your countries, and with your people to exercise exchange of Marchandize, bringing to you such things as our Realmes doe yield, and to receive

from you such as yrs affoord and may be of use for them, a matter agreeable to the nature of humane societie to have commerce and intercourse each with other. And, because, if they shalbe so happie as to arrive in your Dominions, that you may understand that they are not persons of ill condition or disposition, but such as goe upon just and honest grounds of trade, Wee have thought good to recomende them and their Captain, Thomas Button, to your favor and protection, desiring you to graunt them, while they shalbe in your country, not only favor and protection, but also such kindness and entertainment as may encourage them to continue their travailles and be the beginning of further amitie between you and us. And we shall be ready to requite it with the like goodwill towards any of yrs that shall have cause or desire to visit our Countries."

Two interesting facts are suggested by Button's voyage. Of his two ships, one was the stout little *Discovery* that had already carried Hudson and his men as well as Waymouth, and was still to sail forth from England on two later voyages in search of the passage. The other point is that the same group of Englishmen who had backed Henry Hudson and were now supporting Button, had become, three months after Button sailed, The Company of the Merchants of London Discoverers of the North West Passage. This company afterwards equipped and sent out three other expeditions to the northwest.

Button reached Hudson Strait without any particular adventure, and remained eight days at Digges Island putting together a pinnace that had been brought out in parts. This was where Greene and some of the other mutineers had been slain by the Eskimo. Here also five of Button's men were killed, probably by the same people. That in this as in other cases the Eskimo did not act without reason appears from Button's statement that it was in revenge for the seizure by the English commander of some of their large canoes. One must remember that to the Eskimo these

vessels were much more than conveniences. Their lives depended upon them, and not only were they difficult to build but the materials that went into them were hard to get.

From Digges Island Button sailed across to the west side of Hudson Bay, which he was the first white man to visit. He gave oddly descriptive names to some of the capes, islands and bays he saw, a few of which have survived. One place he called Cary's Swans'-Nest and another Hopes Check'd, because he had been disappointed in not finding a passage in what looked like a likely place. The weather became so boisterous that he turned south looking for a harbour where he might repair his other ship, the *Resolution*, which had been damaged. He found what he wanted at the mouth of a river, which he named Port Nelson after the master of the *Resolution* who died there. Here, as the season was growing late, he decided to spend the winter.

Fortunately he was better supplied with provisions than Hudson had been, but the weather was very severe and they had an uncomfortable time. To keep his men from brooding Button worked out a set of questions, particularly regarding what steps had better be taken in the spring to find the passage. This plan, besides keeping them busy, made each man feel that he was of some importance.

Early in June, 1613, they left Port Nelson and sailed up the west coast of the bay. Two of the places named on this part of the voyage, Hubbart's Hope and Hope's Advance, suggest that Button and his men felt that there was still a good chance of finding the passage. The ships got as far north as 65°, or almost to the mouth of Wager Inlet. They passed the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet without, apparently, noticing it. Otherwise one would think they might have thought it worth exploring. At any rate, the *Discovery* and the *Resolution* turned south and sailed back through Hudson Strait to their home port, having discovered the west

coast of Hudson Bay, or a large part of it, but not the elusive passage.

Two years later Robert Bylot and William Baffin made another attempt to find it. As Baffin puts it in his *Tru Relatyon*, "this yeare 1615 sett forth agayne the good shipp called the Discouerare, beinge of the burthen of 55 tonn, or theare aboute". They sailed from the Thames in March, but were forced by bad weather to spend several days in a Cornwall harbour, where they were entertained by a Richard Penkewill, a generous soul who kept them supplied with beef and pork. One can see the beginning of a story of adventure in what follows. "He was desirous his eldest sonn should goe alonge with us, to which our mr. and the rest of the company agreed, because he layd in all prouition fitt for the voyage." Unfortunately we find no further mention of young Penkewill in the narrative of the voyage.

They had some difficulty with the ice in Hudson Strait, but got through safely. Bylot was anxious to continue the search in the northern waters of Hudson Bay, and they spent some time exploring Fox Channel, but came to the conclusion that no passage was to be found there.

Bylot and Baffin made another attempt in 1616, but their instructions now were not to go into Hudson Bay but to sail up Davis Strait and search on its west side for the passage. "If your voyage prove so prosperous that you may have the year before you, that you goe so farre southerly as that you may touch the north part of Japan, from whence, or from Yedzo, if you can so compasse it without danger, we would have you to bring home one of the men of the country."

They made the voyage to the west coast of Greenland and sailed north by Davis Strait, but were constantly baffled with contrary winds and heavy ice, and finally had to beat a retreat. Baffin reported that there was no hope of finding a passage to the west by way of Davis Strait and what came to be known as Baffin Bay, and although this

opinion was afterwards supported by Sir John Ross, the Arctic explorer, they were in the end both proved to be wrong.

Baffin describes in his journal, in the curious language of the period, his first meeting with Eskimo. "About 6 a clock we weare come to anchor, and as we weare busy in makinge up our sayles and fittinge our ship, we hard a great houlinge and noyse, as we supposed of doggs upon the ilande neare to us.

"So soon as the ship was moored, we sent our bote somewhat nearer the shore, to see if they could perceve any people, who returninge they tould us they sawe tentes and botes, with a number of doggs, but people they sawe none.

"Then by and bye we went to prayer, and after our men had supt, we fitted our bote and selves with things convenient; then myselfe and seven other landed, and went to the tents, wheare finding no people, we went to the top of the hill (being about a flite shot of) wheare we sawe one great cannoo or bote, havinge aboute fourteene persons in it; they being on the furthest, or north west side theareof, beinge from us somewhat above a musket shott of. Then I called unto them (using some words of Groyndish speeche) makinge signes of frendship. They did the like to us; but seeing them to be fearefull of us, and we not willinge to trust them, I made another signe to them, shewinge them a knife and other small thinges: which I left on the top of the hill, and returned doune to their tents agayne.

"Beinge returned to theare tents, we found some whale finnes to the number of 14 or 15, which I tooke aboard, leavinge knives, bedes, and counters insteede thereof. And among other of theare househould I found in a smale lether bagg a company of little images of men, and one the image of a woman with a child at hir backe: all the which I brought awaye."

Most of the men who sailed in search of the North West Passage, and particularly those who sought it in Hudson Bay, came from the British Isles, but one was a Scandinavian, Jens Munck, who was sent out in 1619 by the King of Denmark and Norway. Munck had more trouble than usual in getting through Hudson Strait, and although he examined part of the west coast of the bay he added nothing material to what was already known, except around Churchill Harbour where he wintered. The conditions were even more severe than those found by Button, and of the crews of his two ships, sixty-four men, only Munck and two others lived through the winter. These three men, none of whom probably were in very good shape after the experiences they had gone through, managed to navigate the smaller of their two ships through the ice of the bay and the strait and back to Norway, where they arrived in September, 1620.

Button and Munck, it is interesting to recall, wintered at or near the two places where the Hudson's Bay Company afterwards built their principal trading posts on Hudson Bay—York Factory and Fort Churchill, and the latter is now the sea end of the Hudson Bay Railway, and the port from which Canadian grain is shipped overseas during the short season of navigation.

Two other expeditions sailed from England for Hudson Bay about this time, but neither one nor the other added anything to the tale of discovery. Captain Gibbons went out in 1614, and all that is known of him is that his ship got into a bay on the coast of Labrador, which his crew named "Gibbons his Hole", and was held there by the ice for several months. Captain Hawkrigde, in 1619, if anything did even less. He was like that gallant king of France who marched his men to the top of the hill and then marched them down again.

In 1631 two expeditions sailed from England, one commanded by Captain Luke Foxe and the other by Captain

Thomas James. Foxe came from Hull and James from Bristol. They sailed from England within two days of each other, but quite independently. In fact they were not very friendly, Foxe, a bluff seaman, rather contemptuous of James' formal ways, and James jealous of Foxe. They both, after passing through the strait, sailed across to the west coast of Hudson Bay, Foxe more northerly than James, and then both sailed south down the coast, examining every inlet that might prove to be the passage. They did not actually meet until the ships were well down the west coast. Each wrote a full account of his voyage, so that we have their own accounts of what took place.

Foxe, through the King's orders, was well provided for the voyage. "I was," he says, "victualled completely for eighteen moneths, but whether the baker, brewer, butcher and other were master of their arts or professions, or no, I know not; but this I am sure of, I had excellent fat beefe, strong beere, good wheaten bread, good Iseland ling, butter and cheese of the best, admirable sacke and aqua-vitæ, pease, oat-meale, wheat-meale, oyle, spice, sugar, fruits and rice. . . . As for bookes, if I wanted any I was to blame, being bountifully furnisht from the treasurer with money to provide me."

In his own peculiar style Foxe describes the events of the voyage. They ran into a storm early in June. "This fulsome ugly morning presented the foulest childe that the whole voyage brought forth, with such variety and changes of the elements, ayre, and water, as if all had conspired to make our destiny fatall." As they approached the eastern end of the strait, the captain shows himself to be a bit of a poet as well as a good navigator. "This misty morning made the sunne clime 10 degrees in height, before he could peepe through the same, which afterwards prooved a very faire calme hot day, making both ice and pitch runne, but the ship was enclosed amongst the ice driving with ebbe and flood. . . . This evening the sun set cleare, the ayre breathed

gently from the east, and we lay quietly all night amongst the ice." Explaining his haste to get through the strait before he should be caught in the ice, Foxe says "it fared with me as the mackarell-men at London, who must hasten to the market before the fish stinke."

Like Button he gave odd names to some of the places he visited in the strait and the bay. One island is called Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome and a group of islands Brigges his Mathematickes. On August 8 he reached Port Nelson and sailed about a mile up the river. On the shore he found a wooden cross fallen down, with an inscription. He had it put up again and added this note: "I suppose this crosse was first erected by Sir Thomas Button, in 1613. It was againe raised by Luke Foxe, Capt. of the Charles, in the right and possession of my dread soveraigne Charles the First, King of Great Brittain, &c., the 15th of August, 1631. This land is called New Wales."

Foxe having completed his examination of the west coast down to Nelson, and being convinced that the passage was not south of where he lay, felt that he had made a pretty good job of it, and once more grew lyrical. "The moone is in the increase," he wrote, "and I thank God it doth make the nights grow lighter. The ship is anchored, the watch is set, a mark is set on the leadline; and sleepe like a theefe doth slyly steale vpon me."

Whatever he might think, Foxe was loyal to his instructions, and sailed on south. Near the mouth of the Winisk River he overtook the *Henrietta Maria*, and was invited by Captain James to dine with him. Foxe says that he was cordially received, but is unable to conceal his poor opinion of James as a navigator. As there was not room in the cabin they had to dine between decks, and the ship rolled so badly that they were drenched. As Foxe puts it, "sauce would not have been wanted if there had been roast mutton". Foxe laughed at James for flying his flag, putting on airs, in such remote waters. James replied that he was

on his way to the Emperor of Japan with letters from His Majesty. "You are out of the way to Japon," remarked Foxe, "for this is not it." In spite of Foxe's sharp tongue, the two captains made a night of it, for, says Foxe, "wee parted not until the next morning's dawning."

Taking leave of James, Foxe sailed on down the coast to Cape Henrietta Maria, that being the name given to it by Captain James, and which it still bears. Here Foxe gave up what he believed to be a hopeless search in this direction for the passage, and turned north again, sailing up past Southampton Island into what has since been known as Fox Channel, and giving to capes, bays and islands such names as King Charles his Promontory, The Prince his Cradle, The Prince his Nurse and Foxe his Farthest. It was now late in September, several of the crew were down with scurvy, and their captain decided that they would have to either sail back to Port Nelson and winter there, or lose no time in making for home. Remembering Button's experience he thought it wise to sail for England, where he arrived safely. "Blessed be Almighty God," he concludes his journal, "I came into the Downes, with all my men recovered and sound, not having lost one man nor boy, nor any manner of tackling, having beene forth near 6 moneths. All glory be to God."

Captain James was neither so capable a navigator nor so picturesque a character as Luke Foxe. He had a lot of trouble getting through the ice in the strait, and several times ran on the rocks and had some difficulty in getting off again. It seems rather more by good luck than by good management that he made his way down to Cape Henrietta Maria and, after the memorable meal with Foxe, sailed to the foot of James Bay. He was the first to explore this part of the coast.

It was late in the year and snow was falling when he made up his mind to winter at an island that he named Charlton. James tried for a time to remain on the ship,

but the only place he could find to moor her was so exposed that it was doubtful if she would live through the winter. Under great difficulties, therefore, for it was becoming extremely cold, he got provisions, clothing and tools ashore and set to work on a house to live in and a storehouse for the supplies.

The winter on the island, in the bitter biting cold of the north, in wretched quarters and with poor equipment, was one long tale of suffering and almost unbearable discomfort. All of it, however, was borne by these English sailors with fine fortitude, although nearly all suffered from scurvy and several died before the coming of spring. This is James' account of how they got themselves and their possessions ashore:

"Betimes in the morning I caused the chirurgion to cut off my hair short, and to shave away all the hair of my face, for it was become intolerable, and because it would be frozen so great with icicles. The like did all the rest; and we fitted ourselves to work. The first thing we were to do was to get our cloaths and provisions ashore, and therefore I divided the company. The master and a convenient company with him were to go aboard and get things out of the hold; the cockswain, with his gang, were to go into the boat, to bring and carry things ashore; myself with the rest to carry them half a mile through the snow unto the place where we intended to build a store-house. As for the heavier things, we proposed to lay them on the beach.

"In the afternoon the wind was at south-south-west, and the water veered so low an ebb, that we thought we might get something out of the hold. We launched out our boat, therefore, and with oars got through the thick, congealed water. It froze extremely hard, and I stood on the shore with a troubled mind, thinking verily that with the ebb the boat would be carried into the sea, and then we were all lost men. But, by God's assistance, they got all safe to the ship, and made a fire there, to signify their arrival

on board. They fell presently to work and got something out of the hold upon the decks; but night coming on, they durst not venture to come on shore, but lay on the bed in the great cabin, being almost starved.

“The 1st of December was so cold that I went the same way over the ice to the ship, where the boat had gone yesterday. This day we carried upon our backs, in bundles, five hundred of our fish, and much of our bedding and cloaths, which we were fain to dig out of the ice. . . . The 3rd day there were divers great pieces of ice that came athwart the ship, and she stopt them, yet not so as we could go over them. We found a way for the boat; but when she was laden she drew four feet of water, and could not come within a flight shot of the shore; the men, therefore, must wade through the congealed water, and carry things out of the boat upon their backs. Every time they waded in the ice, it was most lamentable to behold.

“We digged our cloaths and new sails, with handspikes of iron, out of the ice, and carried them ashore, which we dried by a great fire. The 7th day was so exceeding cold that our noses, cheeks and hands did freeze as white as paper. . . . All our sack, vinegar, oil, and every thing else that was liquid, was now frozen so hard as a piece of wood, and we cut it with a hatchet. Our house was all frozen in the inside, and it froze hard within a yard of the fire-side. . . . We then settled our bedding and provisions, providing to keep Christmas-day holy, which we solemnized in the joyfullest manner we could. So likewise did we St. John’s-day, upon which we named the wood we did winter in, in memory of that honourable knight Sir John Winter, Winter’s Forest.

“And now, instead of a Christmas tale, I will describe the house that we did live in. When I first resolved to build a house, I chose the warmest and convenientest place, and the nearest the ship withal. It was amongst a tuft of thick trees, under a south bank, about a flight-shot from the sea-

side. True it is that at that time we could not dig into the ground to make us a hole or cave in the earth, which had been the best way, because we found water digging within two feet, and therefore that project failed. It was a white light sand, so that we could by no means make up a mud-wall. As for stones there were none near us; besides we were all now covered with the snow. We had no boards for such a purpose, and therefore we must do the best we could with such materials as we had about us. The house was square, about twenty feet every way, as much namely as our main course could well cover.

"First we drove long stakes into the earth, round about which we wattled with boughs, as thick as might be, beating them down very close. This, our first work, was six feet high on both sides, but at the ends was almost up to the very top. There we left two holes for the light to come in at, and the same way the smoak did vent out also. Moreover I caused, at both ends, three rows of bush trees to be stuck up, as close together as possible. Then at a distance from the house, we cut down trees, proportioning them into lengths of six feet, with which we made a pile on both sides, six feet thick, and six feet high; but at both end ten-feet high and six feet thick. We left a little low door to creep into, and a portal before that, made with piles of wood, that the wind might not blow into it.

"We next fastened a rough tree aloft, over all, upon which we laid our rafters; and our main course over them again; which lying thwartways over all, reached down to the very ground on either side; and this was the fabric of the outside of it. On the inside we made fast our bonnet sails round about; then we drove in stakes, and made us bedstead frames, about three sides of the house, which bedsteads we doubled one under another, the lowermost being a foot from the ground. These we first filled with boughs, then we laid our spare sails on that, and then our bedding and cloaths. We made a hearth in the middle of

the house, and on it made our fire; some boards we laid round our hearth to stand upon, that the cold damp should not strike up into us. With our waste cloaths we made us canopies and curtains, others did the like with our small sails."

They also put up a second building. "In this house we dressed our victuals, and the subordinate crew did refresh themselves all day in it." The store house "was only a rough tree fastened aloft, with rafters laid from it to the ground, and covered with our new suit of sails."

"We seemed to live," says James, "in a heap and a wilderness of snow, for out of doors we could not go, but upon the snow, in which we made us paths middle deep in some places." Under such conditions it was a weary task keeping the fireplaces supplied with wood, and all the more so as most of the crew were in bad shape, "the pain was so great they could not eat their ordinary meat." Most of their shoes were worn out. "In this necessity they made this shift, to bind clouts about their feet; and endeavoured by that poor help, the best they could, to perform their duties." In the open air, out of the shelter of the woods, the cold was almost unendurable; "no cloaths were proof against it, no motion could resist it; it would so freeze the hair on the eyelids that we could not see; and I verily believe that it would have stifled a man in a very few hours. . . . The cloaths on our beds would be covered with hoar-frost; which, in this habitation, was not far from the fire. The cook's tubs, wherein he watered his meat, standing about a yard from the fire, and which he all day long plied with snow water; yet in the night season, whilst he slept but on watch, they would be firm frozen to the very bottom."

And so the long winter went its weary way. James from time to time climbed to the top of the highest hill on the island, and made signal fires, hoping that if any Indians were on the island or the near mainland they might see them and make some answering signal. "Had there been

any, my purpose was to have gone to them, to get intelligence of Christians, or some ocean seas thereabouts." But no one came.

Before leaving the ship to go into his winter quarters, James told the carpenter to bore holes in the ship's bottom, hoping that with the hold full of water or ice she might live through the winter, which she did. In the summer of 1632, when at long last the ice had moved out of the foot of the bay, the men, weak after their months of illness and exposure, had the almost impossible task of getting the *Henrietta Maria* clear of ice, pumped dry, afloat and in shape for the voyage home. The rudder had been unshipped and was buried in the ice, and the ship had suffered a good deal of damage from the pressure of the ice. Thoughts of home, however, put new strength into their arms, and on July 2 they sailed from Charlton Island, arriving safely at Bristol on October 2. In spite of Foxe's poor opinion, Captain James proved himself to be a man of courage, endurance and resourcefulness, and there can be no doubt that throughout that terrible ordeal he held the respect and affection of his men.

8

KELSEY, HENDAY AND COCKING

THE story of the discovery of Canada has now been told, as far as practicable by the discoverers themselves, from the Atlantic coast through the two great gateways, the St. Lawrence River and Hudson Strait, to the head of the Great Lakes and the west coast of Hudson Bay. Now we may go inland with one after another of the men who first saw the immense interior plain and gradually added it to the map of the Canada that was to be. As the earliest of these adventurers travelled inland from Hudson Bay, his journeys and the journeys of the two who followed him will first be described, and afterwards the adventures of the men who made their way into the interior from Lake Superior.

Henry Kelsey was only a boy when he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and landed at York Factory in 1683. Six years later he was sent north to explore the country north of Churchill River. Nothing much came of this journey, but it has this importance: it contains the first known description of the musk ox by one who had seen that curious animal. Kelsey, naturally enough, supposed it to be a kind of buffalo.

"Setting forward good weather," he says, "& going as it were on a Bowling green in ye Evening spyed two Buffillo. Left our things & pursued ym. We Kill'd one. They are ill shapen beast their Body being bigger than an ox, leg & foot like ye same but not half so long, a long neck & head [like] a hog, their Horns not growing like other

Beast but Joyn together upon their forehead & so come down ye side of their head & turn up till ye tips be Even with ye Buts. Their Hair is near a foot long."

In 1690 Kelsey was sent inland on a more important journey, as he says "to discover and bring to a commerce the Naywatame-poets". Exactly where he went on that journey, what route he followed, and who were the Naywatame-poets, it is hard to say as Kelsey's journal is written in peculiar English and his daily distances and the rivers he mentions are not easily identified on a modern map. That year he got only as far as a place he named Deering's Point, which seems to have been on the Nelson River some distance up from the bay, but may have been on the lower Saskatchewan.

This first part of his journey is in rhymed doggerel, in this manner:

"Then up ye River I with heavy heart
Did take my way & from all English part
To live amongst ye Natives of this place
If god permits me for one two years space
The Inland Country of Good report hath been
By Indians but by English yet not seen
Therefore I on my Journey did not stay
But making all ye hast I could upon our way
Gott on ye borders of ye stone Indian Country
I took possession on ye tenth Instant July
And for my masters I speaking for ym all
This neck of land I deerings point did call
Distance from hence by Judgement as ye lest
From ye house six hundred miles southwest."

On July 15, 1691, having received further instructions from the Governor at York Factory, Kelsey set out from Deering's Point to find the Naywatame-poets. For a time he used a canoe, and afterwards travelled by land. He speaks of prairie country, and, so far as it is possible to judge where he went, seems to have crossed the Saskatchewan somewhere near The Pas, and then travelled south

perhaps as far as the Assiniboine. For much of the time he had with him a number of what he calls Stone Indians. Governor Geyer, who sent Kelsey inland, calls them Assinae-Poets. They were evidently the Assiniboines, some of whom are today known as the Stonies. The Naywatame-Poets may have been the Mandans, who in the early days came up from their villages on the Missouri to trade with the Assiniboines. It has also been suggested that they were the Sioux. No one can be very sure. This must be grouped with several other conundrums in the history of Canadian exploration.

On a day in August Kelsey writes: "To day we pitcht to ye outtermost Edge of ye woods. This plain affords Nothing but short Round sticky grass & Buffillo & a great sort of a Bear wch is Bigger than any white Bear & is Neither White nor Black but silver hair'd like our English Rabbit. Ye Buffillo Likewise is not like those to the Northward their Horns growing like an English Ox but Black and short."

It will be remembered that on his journey north of the Churchill, Kelsey describes the musk ox, but calls it a buffalo. Here he clearly points out one of their points of difference. As to the silver-hair'd bear, who was of course a grizzly, a story is told about Kelsey's journey that is not in his own narrative. He and an Indian, says Joseph Robson, in his *Account of Six Years Residence in Hudson's Bay*, "were one day surprised by two grizzled bears, having but just time to take shelter, the Indian in a tree, and Kelsey among some high willows; the bears making directly to the tree, Kelsey fired and killed one of them; the other, observing from whence the fire came, ran towards the place; but not finding his prey, returned to the tree, which he had just reached when he dropped by Kelsey's second fire. This action obtained him the name [among the Crees] of Miss-ton-ashish, or Little Giant."

Kelsey also describes how the Indians hunted the buffalo

in his day. "Now ye manner of their hunting these Beast on ye Barren ground," he says, "is when they see a great parcel of them together they surround them with men, wch done they gather themselves into a smaller Compass Keeping ye Beast still in the middle & so shooting ym till they break out at some place or other & so gett away from ym."

At last Kelsey came upon four of the Naywatame-poets, and sent friendly messages to their chief. "I receiv'd very kindly & made much of ym," he says. A few days later he met the Chief, made him a present of a coat and sash, a cup, one of his guns, with awls, tobacco, and small quantities of tobacco and shot, and got him to promise to meet him at Deering's Point in the spring. When Kelsey got back there, however, he learned that war had broken out between the Naywatame-poets and another tribe, the Nayhaythaways, who were the Crees, and that the chief of the Naywatame-poets had not thought it well to make the journey. He did, however, send Kelsey a ceremonial pipe of his own making, and word that he would try to go down the following spring.

Kelsey remained for many years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and rose to become Governor of York Factory. At the end of his 1691 journal he gives a very good account of the manners and customs of the prairie tribes whom he had met, and years later he made a vocabulary of their languages, which the Company had printed for him.

Sixty-two years after Kelsey returned from his journey in search of the Naywatame-poets, another servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, Anthony Henday, left York Factory, near the mouth of the Nelson River, on an expedition that took him almost to the foot-hills of the Rockies. From Hudson Bay he followed the Hayes River as far as Oxford Lake or thereabouts; then paddled over to Cross Lake on the Nelson River, and from there made his way through Moose Lake to the Saskatchewan. This route had no doubt

been adopted by the Indians to avoid the stormy waters of Lake Winnipeg.

Henday travelled up the Saskatchewan for some miles, and a little above what is now known as The Pas left it and ascended Carrot River, finally abandoning his canoes and continuing the journey overland. About the middle of August the explorer saw his first buffalo. A few days later he crossed the South Saskatchewan, and, still going west, came to the North Saskatchewan at a place known as the Elbow. He was now in the heart of the buffalo country and saw vast herds feeding on the prairie grass. This country between the two branches of the Saskatchewan was in fact a sportsman's paradise, abounding in buffalo, moose, deer and all sorts of small game.

"I went," says Henday, "with the young men a buffalo hunting, all armed with bows and arrows; killed several; fine sport. We beatt them about, lodging twenty arrows in one beast. So expert are the natives that they will take the arrows out of them when they are foaming and raging with pain and tearing the ground up with their feet and horns until they fall down."

Still travelling west, Henday crossed the Red Deer River on October 11, and three days later met a party of Blackfeet Indians, who took him to a large camp of their tribe. In his journal Henday gives an interesting description of the manners and customs of this famous Indian nation. He was the first white man to visit them, and it is remarkable that the Blackfeet, afterwards dreaded by fur-traders, treated Henday with uniform kindness. One cannot help thinking that the fault here as in other parts of North America lay rather with the white men than with the Indians.

We learn among other things from Henday's journal that the Blackfeet in 1754 had had horses for some time, though the Assiniboines and other tribes farther east still did all their travelling on foot or by canoe. Henday spent

the winter among the Blackfeet, and in the spring started back on his long journey to Hudson Bay.

One of the memorable incidents of Henday's visit to the Blackfeet was his formal reception in the lodge of the Great Chief. Two hundred teepees were pitched in two parallel rows. Down this highway marched the English traveller, watched from each tent door by curious eyes, looking for the first time upon a white man. The Chief's lodge was at the farther end of the village. It was large enough to contain fifty persons.

The Chief received him seated on a sacred white buffalo skin, attended by twenty elders. He made signs for Henday to sit down on his right hand. The pipe of peace was produced and passed around in solemn silence. Boiled buffalo meat was then brought to the guests in willow baskets.

Through Attickasish, his interpreter, Henday told the Chief of the Blackfeet that he had been sent to his country by the Great Leader of the white men, who lived by the side of the great eastern waters, to invite his young men down to see him and to bring with them beaver and wolf skins, for which they would get in return, guns, powder and shot, beads and other commodities.

The Chief listened politely, but made little answer. The white man's fort, he said, was far off, and his young men knew nothing about canoes. Then he turned the talk into other channels until it was time for his guests to depart.

The following day Henday had another interview with the Chief, urging the advantages of going down to Hudson Bay with furs to trade. "Let some of your young men come down to the fort with me," he said, "and I can promise that they will be received with every kindness. They will get guns and everything else they desire."

The shrewd old warrior was not greatly impressed, even with the idea of getting firearms. That was to come later

At present they were content to defend themselves and earn their daily meals with bows and arrows, as their fathers had done before them. The fort of the white man was far off, the Chief repeated. His young men could not live without buffalo flesh. They were accustomed to travel on horseback, not in canoes. They knew not the use of a paddle, and they could not live upon fish. Why, after all, should they go so far from home? They never wanted food on these boundless plains. They followed the buffalo from place to place, taking what they needed from day to day. Their bows and arrows were all they required. He had been told that those who went to the forts of the white men oftentimes came back hungry, and sometimes did not return. "Such remarks," Henday candidly admits to his diary, "I thought exceeding true."

In 1772 another man of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mathew Cocking, travelled from York Factory on much the same route used by Anthony Henday, to the Saskatchewan and out into the prairie country that lies between the two great branches of the Saskatchewan River. He did not get as far west as Henday, and had not nearly so interesting an adventure. He wintered on the plains, but not among the Blackfeet, of whom he met only an odd hunter or two. He found, however, as the earlier traveller had, that the Blackfeet were a superior race of Indians, more advanced than the Crees or Assiniboines.

"The Archithinue Natives," as he calls them, "in all their actions far excell the other Natives. They are all well mounted on light, Sprightly Animals; their Weapons, Bows & Arrows; Several have on Jackets of Moose leather six fold, quilted, & without sleeves. They likewise use pack-Horses, which give their Women a great advantage over the other Women who are either carrying or hauling on Sledges every day in the year. They appear to me more like Europeans than Americans." Cocking means natives of America, otherwise Indians.

He goes on to say: "Our Archithinue Friends are very Hospitable, continually inviting us to partake of their best fare; generally berries infused in water with fat, very agreeable eating. Their manner of showing respect to strangers is, in holding the pipe while they smoke: this is done three times. Afterwards every person smokes in common; the Women excepted; whom I did not observe to take the Pipe. The tobacco they use is of their own planting, which hath a disagreeable flavour; I have preserved a specimen. These people are much more cleanly in their cloathing, & food, than my companions [who were Assiniboines or Crees]. Their Victuals are dressed in earthen pots, of their own Manufacturing; much in the same form as Newcastle pots, but without feet: their fire tackling a black stone used as flint, & a kind of Ore as a steel, using tuss balls as tinder, a kind of moss."

Cocking refers to French traders on the Saskatchewan, and met several of them. These were men who had been engaged in the fur trade before the cession of Canada to England, and were now working for English traders from Montreal. Henday had a more interesting experience. He describes a visit to a French trading post on the Saskatchewan, in the last days of the French period; the only meeting of the kind of which we have any record.

"Paddled 60 miles," he says, "then came to a French House I passed last Autumn; there were a Master & 9 men. The Master invited me in to sup with him, and was very kind: He is dressed very Genteel, but the men wear nothing but thin drawers & striped cotton shirts ruffled at the hands and breast. This House has been long a place of Trade belonging to the French, & named Basquea." This was the fort built by La Vérendrye at what is now known as The Pas, on the lower Saskatchewan.

"I breakfasted with the French Master," Henday continues the next day, "and he showed me the stock of Furs viz: A brave parcel of Cased Cats, Martens and parchment

Beaver. Their Birch-rind Canoes will carry as much as an India Ship Long-boat, and draws little water; and so light that two men can carry one several miles with ease: they are made in the same form and slight materials as the small ones; only a thin board runs along their bottom; & they can sail them when before the wind, but not else. The French talk Several Languages to perfection: they have the advantage of us in every shape; and if they had Brazile tobacco, which they have not, would entirely cut off our trade. They have white tobacco made up in Roles of 12 lb wt. each."

In another copy of the same journal, Henday talks much more frankly about the French traders on the Saskatchewan. "We came to the french factory," he says. "On my arrival two french men came out, when followed a great deal of Bowing and Scraping between us, and then we Entered their fort (or more properly a Hogstye) for in Short it is no Better, they have ncither victuals nor drink, except a little Ruhigan. They are very Lazey, not one stick of wood anigh their house. They asked me where the Letter was. I told them I had no letter, nor did not see any Reason for one, but that the Country belonged to us as much as them. He made answer it did not, and that he would detain me there, and send me to France. I told him I knew France as well as he did, and was not afraid to go there more than himself, which made Monsieure a Little cooler."



LA VÉRENDRYE

RETURNING, now, to the southern line of discovery, which had brought the French to the western shores of Lake Superior, we are almost on the threshold of the same western plains that had been reached from Hudson Bay by men of the Hudson's Bay Company. The last of the great explorers of New France, La Vérendrye, gave the best years of his life to the search for an overland route to the Western Sea. He did not find it, but the search took him and his sons over much of the country between the Saskatchewan and the Missouri, and brought him into close touch with several Indian tribes.

In exploring the country between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods, La Vérendrye was preceded by two other Frenchmen. Jacques de Noyon, who, like La Vérendrye, came from Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence, made a journey in 1688 from the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, where the cities of Fort William and Port Arthur stand today, to Rainy Lake. From there he went down Rainy River to the Lake of the Woods. The Chippewa Indians told him that a river, the Winnipeg, which ran out of the Lake of the Woods, emptied its water into the sea. It is, of course, true that the waters of the Lake of the Woods do reach the sea by way of Nelson River, but what de Noyon understood the Indians to mean was that Lake Winnipeg was the Western Sea. Years later La Vérendrye was to be misled by a similar Indian tale. In his case the Indians said, or he thought they said, that strange tribes

with very strange customs lived upon the shores of this sea.

Twenty-nine years after de Noyon's journey, Zacharie Robutel de la Noüe, a native of Montreal, led an expedition inland from Fort Kaministikwia to Rainy Lake, where he built a post at the outlet of the lake, about where the town of Fort Frances now stands.

That was the situation in 1731, when Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Vérendrye, arrived at Kaministikwia, with a commission from the Governor of Canada to discover a route to the Western Sea. Canadians should take a particular interest in this man, because he was not only a courageous and unselfish pathfinder, but, unlike Cartier, Champlain, Jolliet, Marquette and La Salle, and most of the English explorers, he was a native-born Canadian. He was born in Three Rivers in 1685, a son of the Governor of that town.

Even as a boy La Vérendrye had been filled with the desire for western discovery, and he prepared himself, both by keeping himself fit and learning all that he could about the west, for his task. Meanwhile, however, he was called to France and served for some time in the army, being wounded at the battle of Malplaquet. After his return to Canada other duties kept him occupied, and he was well into his forties before he could carry out the plan he had so long had in mind. In the meantime he had married the daughter of a former Governor of his home town, and had four sons to help him in his discoveries.

When he reached the western coast of Lake Superior, La Vérendrye had the choice of three canoe routes into the interior that were known to the Indians, one up the Kaministikwia, which Noyon and La Noüe had used, the second by the afterwards famous Grand Portage, and the third from what the French called *Fond du Lac*, and which today we would speak of as the head of the lake, where Duluth stands. La Vérendrye had met a very intelligent Indian named Ochagach, who drew a map for him of the country west of Lake

Superior, and told him that the Grand Portage route was the best to take.

The explorer had many obstacles to get over before he could make much progress. Having little money of his own, he had to combine his discoveries with fur-trading and take into partnership some of the Montreal merchants, who supplied him with provisions and trading goods. These men were more interested in profits than exploration, and much of his time had to be wasted in satisfying their greed. Also, like La Salle and other western explorers, he had enemies who did all they could to thwart his plans. At the very outset they poisoned the minds of his men with false stories of the dangers before them, and they mutinied at Grand Portage. La Vérendrye had to be content with sending his nephew La Jemeraye forward to Rainy Lake while he with most of the party wintered at Kaministiquia.

In the spring of 1732 La Vérendrye followed La Jemeraye to Rainy Lake, where he had built a post which was named Fort St. Pierre, and which stood at the outlet of the lake. The whole party now pushed on down Rainy River to the Lake of the Woods, and paddled across it to the North West Angle, where Fort St. Charles was built. Up to this point La Vérendrye had followed from Lake Superior what was many years later to be the international boundary between Canada and the United States.

The next few years were filled with sorrow and discouragement. La Jemeraye died from exposure during the severe winter of 1735, and the following year the explorer's eldest son was murdered by the Sioux on an island in the Lake of the Woods. The Montreal merchants refused to send any more supplies, and more than once he had to make the long journey down to the St. Lawrence to coax them into a more friendly state of mind. The King's Ministers had always refused to give him anything more than the privilege of trading with the Indians, and now reproached him with neglecting the cause of discovery.

To crown his misfortunes, the bitter hatred between the Sioux and the friendly tribes made it very difficult for the explorer to get beyond Fort St. Charles.

However, La Vérendrye did at last manage to get on with his task. In the summer of 1738 he travelled on to Fort Maurepas, near Lake Winnipeg, which had been built by La Jemeraie several years earlier, and paddled up Red River to the mouth of the Assiniboine, where Winnipeg now stands. Ascending the Assiniboine to where the city of Portage la Prairie is today, he built Fort la Reine. Here the Indians were accustomed to portage over to Lake Manitoba, Lake Winnipegosis and the Saskatchewan, and they told him that they went this way to trade with the English on Hudson Bay. They also told him that from here he could make his way overland to the villages of the Mandan Indians on the Missouri. These he was very anxious to meet, as he hoped that they would be able to give him information as to a practicable route to the sea. He was also curious to see them because they had been described to him by other tribes as a race of people that was more like white than Indian.

They left the fort on October 18, a party of fifty-two, about half white and half Indian. On the third day a number of Assiniboines joined them, and the chief persuaded La Vérendrye to visit his village, which took them quite a way off the direct route to the Mandans. "Every day," says La Vérendrye, "they talked to us about the whites we were going to see, Frenchmen like ourselves, who said they were descended from us. Everything they said gave us hope of making a remarkable discovery. M. de Lamarque and myself, as we went along, made plans as to what we were to say, giving full credit to these statements which afterwards we had to discount considerably.

"I called M. de Lamarque's attention," La Vérendrye goes on to say, "to the good order in which the Assiniboine march so as to avoid surprise. From the first mountain the

whole route lay in a prairie country, but with a succession of hills and valleys, which it is fatiguing to climb up and down several times a day. The marching order of the Assiniboine villagers, especially when they are numerous, is in three columns, the scouts in front, the wings extending back to a good rearguard; the old and disabled march in the main body which is in the middle.

"I had all the Frenchmen kept together as much as possible. If the scouts perceive any herds of buffalo on the way, as often happens, a cry is raised which is quickly heard by the rearguard, and all the most active men in the columns join the vanguard so as to surround the beasts, numbers of which they kill, whereupon each man takes all the meat he wants. As that arrests the march, the vanguard marks out the camping ground and no one must go any farther. The women and the dogs carry all the baggage. The men carry only their arms. They often make their dogs carry firewood even, as they frequently have to camp in mid-prairie, the clumps of trees only occurring at distant intervals."

French and Assiniboine travelled together across the plains toward the Missouri. Ten days after leaving Fort la Reine a Mandan chief came out to meet them with some of his followers. "I confess," says La Vérendrye, "I was greatly surprised, as I expected to see people quite different from the other savages according to the stories that had been told us. They do not differ from the Assiniboin, being naked except for a garment of buffalo skin carelessly worn without any breech-cloth. I knew then that there was a large discount to be taken off all that had been told me."

La Vérendrye then tells of a shrewd trick the Mandan chief played upon the Assiniboines. "He had, on his arrival," says the French traveller, "carefully noted the size of our encampment, and he saw that, if all those people arrived at his fort, there would be a vast consumption of grain, the custom being to feed without charge those who go to visit them, and only to sell such grain as is carried away. So

he now gave great thanks to the Assiniboin for having brought the French to see them: they could not, he said, have arrived more apropos, because the Sioux would soon be there having been notified of our movements; and he begged me as well as the Assiniboin to be so good as to assist them, as they hoped for much from our valour and courage." That was enough for the Assiniboines, who lived in dread of the Sioux, the warlike Sioux, who dominated the western plains as the Iroquois dominated the country of the Great Lakes. They went on with La Vérendrye as far as the Mandan villages, and then made excuses for returning to their own country. The Mandan chief told La Vérendrye that there was no likelihood of their seeing the Sioux.

As they neared the village of the Mandan chief, preparations were made for a formal entry. "I made one of my sons," says La Vérendrye, "take the flag showing in colours the arms of France and march at the head, while the French were directed to follow in proper marching order." The Mandans, according to their custom, carried the explorer on their shoulders into the fortified Indian town, for that is what it was. The Mandans, as La Vérendrye found, although they were certainly not white men, were much more advanced than the other tribes of the plains in their ways of living.

La Vérendrye sent one of his sons to visit the other Mandan villages, and then made a careful survey of the one in which he was staying. "I took a walk to examine the extent of their fortifications. I gave orders to count the cabins, and we found that there were about one hundred and thirty. All the streets, squares and cabins are uniform in appearance; often our Frenchmen would lose their way in going about. They keep the streets and open spaces very clean; the ramparts are smooth and wide; the palisade is supported on cross pieces mortised into posts fifteen feet apart with a lining. For this purpose they use green hides fastened only at the top in places where they are needed.

As to the bastions, there are four of them at each curtain well flanked. The fort is built on an elevation in mid-prairie with a ditch over fifteen feet deep and from fifteen to eighteen wide. Entrance to the fort can only be obtained by steps or pieces of wood which they remove when threatened by the enemy. If all their forts are similar you may say that they are impregnable to savages. Their fortification, indeed, has nothing savage about it." A later traveller, Prince Maximilian of Wied, says that the bastions were "built of clay, furnished with loopholes, and lined both within and without with basketwork of willow branches."

"The whole tribe," adds La Vérendrye, "is very industrious. Their dwellings are large and spacious, divided into several apartments of wide planks. Nothing is lying about: all their belongings are placed in large bags hung on posts; their beds are made in the form of tombs and are surrounded by skins. . . . Their fort is very well provided with cellars, where they store all they have in the way of grains, meat, fat, dressed skins and bearskins. They have a great stock of these things, which form the money of the country."

What La Vérendrye learned from the Mandans made him think that a way to the Western Sea might be found by way of the Missouri River. They were also visited each year by other tribes who came from the southwest on horseback, and spoke of white men who dressed in armour and lived by the sea—evidently the Spaniards of California. Neither the Mandans nor the Assiniboines had yet learned to use horses.

A few years later La Vérendrye sent two of his sons—he himself being ill at Fort la Reine—on an expedition to the southwest. They reached what seems to have been a spur of the Rocky Mountains, but could get no farther as the Indians with them got into a panic and turned back.*

*The American artist, Frederic Remington, made an excellent picture of the younger La Vérendryes with their Indian guides out on the prairie. So did the Canadian artist Charles W. Jeffreys.

On the return journey the explorers buried a lead plate with an inscription taking possession of the country in the name of Louis XV. It had long been hoped by historians that this plate would turn up some day, as it would fix at least one point in the journey of 1742-43. In 1913, one hundred and seventy years after it was left there, the plate was picked up by school-children playing about a sandhill near Pierre, South Dakota.

But that, again, is getting away from Canada. La Vérendrye, having failed to reach the sea toward the southwest, tried the northwest. In 1741, he had built Fort Dauphin, near the southern end of Lake Winnipegosis; and, some time later, Fort Bourbon at the northern end of the same lake; and Fort Pasquia on the lower Saskatchewan. With these as his bases he planned making his way up the Saskatchewan, and did get as far as the Forks, still a long way short of the points reached by Henday and Cocking; but the Montreal merchants nagged at him continually for more furs, and his enemies at Quebec gave him no peace. He was forced to return east to meet their slanders, sick and dispirited, and he never returned. He died at Quebec in 1749.

His sons begged to be allowed to continue their father's explorations, but were curtly refused. Le Gardeur de Saint-Pierre was sent in their stead. He himself did little or nothing, but his lieutenant Niverville built a post somewhere on the upper waters of the Saskatchewan. One incident in Saint-Pierre's story is worth repeating. He was then at Fort la Reine.

"On the 22nd February, 1752," he says, "about nine o'clock in the morning, I was at this post with five Frenchmen. I had sent the rest of my people, consisting of fourteen persons, to look for provisions, of which I had been in need for several days. I was sitting quietly in my room, when two hundred Assiniboin entered the fort, all of them being armed. These Indians scattered immediately all

through the house; several of them entered my room, unarmed; others remained in the fort.

"My people came to warn me of the behavior of these Indians. I ran to them and told them sharply that they were very forward to come to my house in a crowd, and armed. One of them answered in Cree, that they came to smoke. I told them that that was not the proper way to take, and that they must retire at once. I believe that the firmness with which I spoke somewhat intimidated them, especially as I had put four of the most resolute out of the door, without them saying a word.

"I went at once to my room, but at that very moment a soldier came to tell me that the guard-house was full of these Indians, who had taken possession of the arms. I ran to the guard-house and demanded of them, through a Cree who was in my service as interpreter, what were their views. During this time I was preparing to fight them with my weak force. My interpreter, who betrayed me, said that these Indians had no bad intentions. At the very time an Assiniboin orator, who had been constantly making fine speeches to me, had told the interpreter that in spite of him his nation would kill and rob me.

"I had scarcely made out their intentions than I forgot it was necessary to take the arms from them. I seized hold of a blazing brand, broke in the door of the powder magazine, knocked down a barrel of gunpowder, over which I passed the brand, telling the Indians in an assured tone that I expected nothing at their hands, and that in dying I would have the glory of subjecting them to the same fate.

"No sooner had the Indians seen my lighted brand and my barrel of gunpowder with its head staved in, and heard my interpreter, than they all fled out of the gate of the fort, which they damaged considerably in their hurried flight. I soon gave up my brand, and had nothing more urgent to do than to close the gate to the fort."

ALEXANDER HENRY AND PETER POND

IN THE last chapter have been described the final events in western discovery during the period of French rule in Canada. Soon after its cession to England, British traders began to make their way into the west, to Michilimackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, Grand Portage, and the western plains. Their business was, of course, to trade with the Indians, but even from the beginning they added much to what was known of the vast interior of the continent; and from these fur-traders came some of the greatest of western explorers, such as Alexander Mackenzie and David Thompson.

Among the early travellers was Joseph Frobisher, who made his way to the Saskatchewan from Grand Portage in 1774, and, by Cumberland Lake and Frog Portage reached Churchill River. Four years later Peter Pond travelled up the Churchill to Methye Portage, crossed over to the Clearwater River, and descended it to the Athabaska. He built a trading post on that river, not far from where it empties into Lake Athabaska, and he was the discoverer of that big lake.

The outstanding figure in this early group of British traders was Alexander Henry, who is generally called the Elder to distinguish him from his nephew of the same names. Henry kept a journal of his travels, which, many years later, was published. It was from his account of the famous Indian massacre at Michilimackinac, in 1763, that Parkman got the story told in his *Conspiracy of Pontiac*.

"The morning was sultry," says Henry. "A Chipewa came

to tell me that his nation was going to play at baggatiway [lacrosse] with the Sacs or Saakies, another Indian nation, for a high wager. He invited me to witness the sport, adding that the commandant was to be there, and would be on the side of the Chipewa. I went to the commandant and expostulated with him a little, representing that the Indians might possibly have some sinister end in view; but the commandant only smiled at my suspicions."

The Indian plan was simple and effective. Lacrosse was so popular among the natives that it could not arouse suspicion among the garrison or the traders. Officers and men stood about, unarmed, watching and enjoying the game. The Indians seemed to be without arms, but each carried a concealed knife. Presently, when the game was at its peak, and everyone was shouting for one side or the other, the ball was tossed, apparently by accident, over the wall of the fort. The players rushed through the open gates after the ball—leaving some of the garrison inside, others outside, the walls. Out flashed the knives, and the massacre began. In a few minutes most of the English had been killed. A few officers were taken prisoner. The French traders were not attacked.

Meanwhile Henry had been writing letters in his room. Aroused by the Indian war cry he rushed to the window. "I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort," he says, "furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found." Seeing that he alone could do nothing to help his countrymen, and that his own life was in danger, he hurried over to the home of his neighbour Charles Langlade, and begged his protection. "At my entrance," says Henry, "I found the whole family at the windows, gazing at the scene of blood before them. . . . Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders and intimating that he could do nothing for me."

Before we blame Langlade too severely, one must re-

member that he was in a very difficult position. The Indians were not unfriendly to the French, as long as the latter kept out of the conflict, but any attempt to protect one of the English, either soldier or trader, might end not only in his own death but in the destruction of his wife and children.

"This was a moment of despair; but the next a Pani woman, a slave of M. Langlade's, beckoned me to follow her. She brought me to a door which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret, where I must go and conceal myself." She locked the garret door and took away the key. For a time Henry was too numb with horror to do anything more than gaze through a hole in the roof at the savage butchery of the garrison. Then his own peril was brought home to him by hearing Indians trying to force open the attic door.

"The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me in which to look around for a hiding place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch bark used in maple sugar making.

"The door was unlocked, and opening, and the Indians ascending the stairs, before I had completely crept into a small opening which presented itself at one end of the heap. An instant after four Indians entered the room, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies.

"The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought that the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched me. Still I remained undiscovered, a circumstance to which the dark colour of my clothes and the want of light in a room which

had no window, and in the corner of which I was, must have contributed. 'In a word, after taking several turns in the room, during which they told M. Langlade how many they had killed and how many scalps they had taken, they returned down stairs, and I with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate, locked for the second time."

The following evening Langlade's wife came up to stop a hole in the roof. She was surprised to find Henry in the attic, but said that as the Indians had killed most of the English he might be overlooked. Unfortunately, they found that he was not among the killed, and, suspecting that he might be in hiding, came again to search Langlade's house. The trader's wife was now in terror lest the Indians, if they were thwarted, might take revenge on her children. Langlade told the Indians that he had just learned that Henry was in the house, and that he had hidden there without his knowledge. He led the way to the attic.

"I now," says Henry, "resigned myself to the fate with which I was menaced; and regarding every attempt at concealment as vain, I arose from the bed and presented myself full in view to the Indians who were entering the room. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle. One of them, named Wenniway, whom I had previously known, and who was upwards of six feet in height, had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, only that a white spot of two inches in diameter encircled either eye. This man, walking up to me, seized me with one hand by the collar of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving knife, as if to plunge it into my breast; his eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadily on mine. At length, after some seconds of the most anxious suspense, he dropped his arm, saying, 'I won't kill you!' To this he added that he had been frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that on a certain occasion he had lost a brother

whose name was Musinigon, and that I should be called after him."

Through Wenniway's influence, Henry was left in Langlade's charge for the time being. He had not been long in the attic, however, before another Indian appeared and said that he had been sent by Wenniway to fetch him. As this Indian had a grudge against him, Henry knew that he could not trust him, but had no choice but to go with him. As Langlade reminded him, he was not now his own master and must do as he was ordered. The Indian made him strip off all his clothes, which he put on and gave Henry in exchange his own blood-stained garments. He then drove the trader before him out of the fort and into the bush. Here he seized him and pulled out his knife.

"Both this and that which followed were necessarily the affair of a moment," says Henry. "By some effort, too sudden and too little dependent on thought to be explained or remembered, I was enabled to arrest his arm and give him a sudden push by which I turned him from me and released myself from his grasp. This was no sooner done than I ran toward the fort with all the swiftness in my power, the Indian following me, and I expected every moment to feel his knife. I succeeded in my flight; and on entering the fort I saw Wenniway standing in the midst of the area, and to him I hastened for protection. Wenniway desired the Indian to desist; but the latter pursued me around him, making several strokes at me with his knife, and foaming at the mouth with rage at the repeated failure of his purpose. At length Wenniway drew near to M. Langlade's house; and, the door being open, I ran into it. The Indian followed me; but on my entering the house he voluntarily abandoned the pursuit."

Henry's adventures were not yet at an end. The next day, with several other English prisoners, he was taken in a canoe to a Chippewa village. On the way they were beckoned ashore by an Ottawa warrior. "The Ottawa asked the

news and kept the Chipewa in further conversation till we were within a few yards of the land and in shallow water. At this moment a hundred men rushed upon us from among the bushes and dragged all the prisoners out of the canoes amid a terrifying shout." Henry felt that they had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire; but the chief of the Ottawas greeted the English as friends, and carried them back to Michilimackinac, where they drove the Chippewa out of the fort.

Henry describes the early fur trade in the Saskatchewan country, and the relations between traders and natives, the methods of hunting the buffalo, and so forth. An entertaining incident in his journal is the story of his meeting with a Cree chief on the lower Saskatchewan named Chatique, who seems to have been a sort of Indian bandit, like the robber barons on the Rhine. He collected tribute from the white traders before he would let them go up the Saskatchewan.

"At eighty leagues above Fort de Bourbon, at the head of a stream which falls into the Sascatchiwaine and into which we had turned," says Henry, "we found the Pasquayah village. It consisted of thirty families, lodged in tents of a circular form and composed of dressed ox-skins, stretched upon poles twelve feet in length, and leaning against a stake driven into the ground in the centre.

"On our arrival the chief, named Chatique, or the Pelican, came down upon the beach attended by thirty followers, all armed with bows and arrows and with spears. Chatique was a man of more than six feet in height, somewhat corpulent and of a very doubtful physiognomy. He invited us to his tent, and we observed that he was particularly anxious to bestow his hospitalities on those who were the owners of the goods. We suspected an evil design but judged it better to lend ourselves to the treachery than to discover fear. We entered the lodge accordingly, and soon perceived that we were surrounded by armed men.

“Chatique presently rose up and told us that he was glad to see us arrive; that the young men of the village as well as himself had long been in want of many things of which we were possessed in abundance; that we must be well aware of his power to prevent our going farther; that if we passed now he could put us all to death on our return; and that under these circumstances he expected us to be exceedingly liberal in our presents: adding, that to avoid misunderstanding he would inform us of what it was that he must have. It consisted in three casks of gunpowder, four bags of shot and ball, two bales of tobacco, three kegs of rum, and three guns, together with knives, flints and some smaller articles.

“He went on to say that he had before now been acquainted with white men and knew that they promised more than they performed; that with the number of men which he had, he could take the whole of our property without our consent; and that, therefore, his demands ought to be regarded as very reasonable: that he was a peaceable man and one that contented himself with moderate views, in order to avoid quarrels; finally, that he desired us to signify our assent to his proposition before we quitted our places.

“The men in the canoes exceeded the Indians in number, but they were unarmed and without a leader; our consultation was, therefore, short, and we promised to comply. This done, the pipe was handed round as usual, and the omission of this ceremony on our entrance had sufficiently marked the intentions of Chatique. The pipe dismissed, we obtained permission to depart, for the purpose of assorting the presents; and these bestowed, or rather yielded up, we hastened away from the plunderers.

“We had supposed the affair finished, but before we had proceeded two miles we saw a canoe behind us. On this we dropped astern to give the canoes that were following an opportunity of joining, lest, being alone, they should

be insulted. Presently, however, Chatique in a solitary canoe rushed into the midst of our squadron and boarded one of our canoes, spear in hand, demanding a keg of rum and threatening to put to death the first that opposed him. We saw that our only alternative was to kill this daring robber or to submit to his exaction. The former part would have been attended with very mischievous consequences, and we therefore curbed our indignation and chose the latter. On receiving the rum, he saluted us with the Indian cry, and departed."

Which leaves us with a poor opinion of Alexander Henry and his companions. After this humiliating experience they went up the Saskatchewan to Cumberland House, which Henry says was garrisoned by Highlanders from the Orkney Islands, and "under the command of a Mr. Cockings, by whom, though unwelcome guests, we were treated with much civility." This was Mathew Cocking, whom we have already met, and Cumberland House was built in 1774 by Samuel Hearne, of the Hudson's Bay Company, after his return from his journey to the Coppermine River, which will be described later. Cocking's civility to the rival traders from Canada was not unusual, although there was in after years to be a long and bitter fight between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company.

Among others with Alexander Henry on this expedition was an eccentric trader named Peter Pond, the sad fate of whose manuscript journals has already been told. In one of the fragments that was not used to light the kitchen fire, Peter tells us something of his boyhood days in New England.

"Towards spring," he says, "government began to rase troops for the ensewing campaign against Crown Point under the comand of General Winsloe." This was about 1756, and the general was John Winslow, who had carried out the expulsion of the Acadians. "Beang then," continues Pond, "sixteen years of age I gave my parans to understand

that I had a strong desire to be a solge. That I was detarmind to enlist under the Officers that was going from Milford Connecticut and joine the army,—the same inklanation and sperit that my ancestors profest run thero my vanes,—and indead so strong was the propensatey for the arme that I could not withstand its Tempations. One Eaveing in April the drums and instraments of Musick were all imployed to the degrea that they charmed me. I found miney lads of my acquantans which seamd detarmined to go into the Sarvis. I talkt with Capt Baldwin and ask him weather he would take me in his companey as he was the recruiting offeser. He readealey agreed and I set my hands to the orders.” Peter’s strong point was not spelling.

The same love of adventure that drove him into the army as a boy, later took him to the far western fur trade, and to the discovery of some of the lakes and rivers north of the Saskatchewan. That was in 1778, but for five years before he entered what is now western Canada he had been trading with the Indians in the country between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi. Here he was following in the footsteps of some of the earlier French travellers whose journeys have been described, but in his case as in theirs we cannot do more than glance at his adventures beyond the boundaries of Canada. Here is his account of his return to Mackinac:

“We desended the fox river to the botam of Greane Bay so cald and thare joind the hole of ye canoes bound to Macenac. The way ther was fair and plesant and we all proseaded together across Lake Misheagan at the end of two days we all apeard on the lake about five miles from Macenac and aproacht in order. We had flags on the masts of our canoes—eavery chefe his flock. My canoes beaing the largest in that part of the cuntrey and haveing a large Youon [Union] flage I histed it and when within a mile and a half I took ye lead and the Indans followed close behind.

“The flag in the fort was histed—ye cannon of the

garreson began to play smartley—the shores was lind with people of all sorts who seat up such a crey and hooping which seat the tribes in the fleat a going to that degrea that you could not hear a parson speak. At Lengh we reacht ye short and the cannon seasd. I then tooock my partey to the commander who treated us verey well. I seat with them an our and related the afare and what I had dun and what past dureing the winter. After interreduseing the chefe I went by one house where I found a number of old friends with whom I spent the remainder of the day.”

In 1775 he joined Alexander Henry at the foot of Winnipeg River. They travelled together through Lake Winnipeg and up the Saskatchewan, and Pond traded in the Saskatchewan country the next few years. He and other traders made their way from Cumberland House to the Churchill River at Frog Portage, and up the Churchill to Ile a la Crosse Lake. In 1778 that was as far as any white man had got towards the northwest.

Leaving Ile a la Crosse, Pond explored the waterways, including a lake that was afterwards given his name, to Methye Portage, famous later as on the route of Alexander Mackenzie, John Franklin, George Back and other northern travellers. From Methye Portage, Pond paddled down the Clearwater River to the Athabaska, and built a small trading post on the banks of that river. This was his headquarters for the next few years, while he made excursions into the heart of this new region, to Lake Athabaska and the Peace River country.

Little is known about this period of his life, beyond what may be gleaned from the journals of other fur-traders, and from the maps that Pond made and that fortunately have been preserved. One of these excites one's curiosity. In a letter from Patrick Small, of the North West Company, to Simon McTavish, in Montreal, Pond is said to be “preparing a fine map to lay before the Empress of Russia”—Catherine II. What was Catherine's interest in the remote

interior of North America? Was it intellectual, or political? Did she merely wish to know more about the continent from which her traders sent magnificent sea otter skins? Or was she turning over in her shrewd mind plans for the extension of her foothold on that far-off continent? Another of Pond's maps is said to have been used by the American boundary commissioners about 1785; and a third to have been pigeonholed in one of the government offices in London, at a time when it might have been of use to the British boundary commissioners.

Peter Pond's maps added a good deal of information to what was then known about the character and extent of the country north of the Saskatchewan, but his ideas were all wrong as to the distance from Lake Athabaska to the Pacific, which he thought to be not very far. He planned an excursion to the Pacific but was never able to carry it out. That was done some years later by Alexander MacKenzie, who had been associated with him in the fur trade.

DAVID THOMPSON

DURING the remaining years of the eighteenth century western fur-traders, by that time organized as the North West Company, with headquarters in Montreal, built trading posts at various points on the upper Saskatchewan, the Athabaska, and Peace River, as well as Lake Athabaska and Great Slave Lake. A number of them added to what was known of the interior plains of North America, some by journeys made in the course of their work as traders, others with the direct purpose of discovery. To the latter group belonged David Thompson, who first served the Hudson's Bay Company and afterwards the North West Company, but was always more interested in exploration than in trade. Thompson was a tireless traveller, filled with a wholesome curiosity as to what might lie beyond the horizon. He had had some instruction in the use of instruments, and wherever he travelled he made careful surveys of his routes.

He had a natural gift for surveying, and was careful and painstaking in his work. Such a high authority as J. B. Tyrrell has said of him, "he was the greatest practical land geographer that the world has produced," and that was very high praise from a man who knew what he was talking about. Tyrrell mentions one instance of Thompson's extraordinary accuracy. He fixed the position of Cumberland House, with the imperfect instruments of his day, with such remarkable care and skill that, today, after being changed from time to time, its place on the official maps is almost that given by Thompson more than a century and a quarter ago.

Without taking into account his very important discoveries west of the Rocky Mountains, which will be described later, he made careful surveys of thousands of miles of territory in what are now the three prairie provinces of Canada, as well as in parts of what are now the United States. And his great manuscript map, which hung for many years in the hall of the fur-traders at Fort William, and is now preserved in the Ontario Archives, was for generations the source from which much of the information in official and other printed maps was obtained. It has been reproduced in the Journals of Henry and Thompson, edited by Elliot Coues, and also in J. B. Tyrrell's edition of Thompson's *Narrative*.

Thompson had entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company as a boy of fourteen, and from the beginning had kept an orderly series of journals, in which he put down everything he thought might be of interest, while he was at a particular trading post or travelling about from place to place. He had had some instruction in mathematics at the old Grey Coat School in London, before coming to America, and afterwards was helped by a very good surveyor, Philip Turnor.

In the last years of the eighteenth century he travelled up and down many of the rivers that empty into Hudson Bay on the west side, and some of which had never before been seen by white men, and made surveys of all of them. In 1797 he left the Hudson's Bay Company, which seems to have thought he was wasting too much of his time on discoveries when he should have been trading with the Indians, and joined the North West Company. The North West Company understood the value to themselves as well as to the world of his discoveries and surveys, and gave him a practically free hand, as well as supplying him with instruments and supplies. One of his first journeys was almost in the footsteps of La Vérendrye, from the Assiniboine to the Mandan villages on the Missouri. He went by way of

Turtle Mountain, near which a group of Americans and Canadians made a few years ago an interesting experiment in friendly relations between Canada and the United States. This International Peace Garden, as it is called, lies on either side of the boundary between the two countries, and is a very pleasant example of good neighbourliness.

About the same time he also explored the head-waters of the Mississippi, in what is now northern Minnesota. That was important because it proved that the early treaty that fixed the boundary between Canada and the United States west of the Lake of the Woods asked for something that was physically impossible. It said that the boundary must run due west from the North West Angle of the Lake of the Woods until it met the Mississippi; but Thompson's survey proved that the source of the Mississippi was some distance south of the Lake of the Woods. Finally the 49th parallel was decided upon as the boundary. The early years of the nineteenth century were spent by Thompson for the most part in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, exploring the upper waters of the North and South Saskatchewan and the Athabaska River, and preparing the way for his discoveries west of the mountains.

At this time Thompson saw a good deal of that remarkable Indian tribe known as the Blackfeet, and particularly of a branch of the tribe called the Piegan. These, it will be remembered, were the people with whom Henday wintered thirty odd years before. An old man named Saukamappee gave Thompson an interesting account of how the Indians lived as long before as 1730. Saukamappee was by birth a Cree, but had lived most of his life among the Piegan. His memory went back, of course, to the French period, and even at that early time a few guns and some ironware had reached the Blackfeet, but no white man had got as far west as the Blackfeet country.

"There were," said Saukamappee, "a few guns amongst us, but very little ammunition, and they were left to hunt

for the families. Our weapons was a Lance, mostly pointed with iron, some few of stone, a Bow and a quiver of Arrows; the Bows were of Larch, the length came to the chin; the quiver had about fifty arrows, of which ten had iron points, the others were headed with stone. He carried his knife on his breast and his axe in his belt. Such were my father's weapons, and those with him had much the same weapons. I had a Bow and Arrows and a knife, of which I was very proud.

"We came to the Peeagans and their allies. They were camped in the Plains on the left bank of the River and were a great many. We were feasted, a great War Tent was made, and a few days passed in speeches, feasting and dances. A war chief was elected by the chiefs, and we got ready to march. Our spies had been out and had seen a large camp of the Snake Indians on the plains of the Eagle Hill, and we had to cross the River in canoes, and on rafts, which we carefully secured for our retreat. When we had crossed and numbered our men, we were about 350 warriors (this he showed by counting every finger to be ten and holding up both hands three times and then one hand), they had their scouts out, and came to meet us. Both parties made a great show of their numbers, and I thought that they were more numerous than ourselves.

"After some singing and dancing, they sat down on the ground, and placed their large shields before them, which covered them: We did the same, but our shields were not so many, and some of our shields had to shelter two men. Theirs were all placed touching each other; their Bows were not so long as ours, but of better wood, and the back covered with the sinews of the Bisons which made them very elastic, and their arrows went a long way and whizzed about us as balls do from guns. They were all headed with a sharp, smooth, black stone (flint) which broke when it struck anything. Our iron headed arrows did not go through their shields, but stuck in them. On both sides several were

wounded, but none lay on the ground; and night put an end to the battle, without a scalp being taken on either side, and in those days such was the result, unless one party was more numerous than the other.

"The great mischief of war then, was as now, by attacking and destroying small camps of ten to thirty tents, which are obliged to separate for hunting: I grew to be a man, became a skilfull and fortunate hunter, and my relations procured me a wife. She was young and handsome and we were fond of each other. We had passed a winter together, when Messengers came from our allies to claim assistance.

"By this time the affairs of both parties had much changed; we had more guns and iron headed arrows than before; but our enemies the Snake Indians and their allies had Misstutim (Big Dogs, that is Horses) on which they rode, swift as the Deer, on which they dashed at the Peeagans, and with their stone Pukamoggan knocked them on the head, and they had thus lost several of their best men. This news we did not well comprehend and it alarmed us, for we had no idea of Horses and could not make out what they were.

"Only three of us went and I should not have gone, had not my wife's relations frequently intimated that her father's medicine bag would be honored by the scalp of a Snake Indian. When we came to our allies, the great War Tent was made with speeches, feasting and dances as before; and when the War Chief had viewed us all it was found between us and the Stone Indians we had ten guns and each of us about thirty balls and powder for the war, and we were considered the strength of the battle.

"After a few days march our scouts brought us word that the enemy was near in a large war party, but had no Horses with them, for at that time they had very few of them. When we came to meet each other, as usual, each displayed their numbers, weapons and shields, in all which

they were superior to us, except our guns which were not shown, but kept in their leather cases, and if we had shown them, they would have taken them for long clubs. For a long time they held us in suspense; a tall Chief was forming a strong party to make an attack on our centre, and the others to enter into combat with those opposite to them. We prepared for the battle the best we could. Those of us who had guns stood in the front line, and each of us had two balls in his mouth, and a load of powder in his left hand to reload.

"We noticed they had a great many short stone clubs for close combat, which is a dangerous weapon, and had they made a bold attack on us, we must have been defeated as they were more numerous and better armed than we were, for we could have fired our guns no more than twice; and were at a loss what to do on the wide plain, and each Chief encouraged his men to stand firm. Our eyes were all on the tall Chief and his motions, which appeared to be contrary to the advice of several old Chiefs. All this time we were about the strong flight of an arrow from each other.

"At length the tall chief retired and they formed their long usual line by placing their shields on the ground to touch each other, the shield having a breadth of full three feet or more. We sat down opposite to them and most of us waited for the night to make a hasty retreat. The War Chief was close to us, anxious to see the effect of our guns. The lines were too far asunder for us to make a sure shot, and we requested him to close the line to about sixty yards, which was gradually done, and lying flat on the ground behind the shields, we watched our opportunity when they drew their bows to shoot at us, their bodies were then exposed and each of us, as opportunity offered, fired with deadly aim, and either killed, or severely wounded every one we aimed at.

"The War Chief was highly pleased, and the Snake Indians finding so many killed and wounded kept themselves

behind their shields. The War Chief then desired we would spread ourselves by two's through the line, which we did, and our shots caused consternation and dismay along their whole line. The battle had begun about Noon, and the Sun was not yet half down, when we perceived some of them had crawled away from their shields, and were taking to flight. The War Chief seeing this went along the line and spoke to every Chief to keep his men ready for a charge of the whole line of the enemy, of which he would give the signal. This was done by himself stepping in front with his Spear, and calling on them to follow him as he rushed on their line, and in an instant the whole of us followed him. The greater part of the enemy took to flight, but some fought bravely and we lost more than ten killed and many wounded."

David Thompson describes the form of government of the Piegan, under their two principal chiefs, Sakatow and Kootanae Appe, the latter of whom became his close friend.

"They have," he says, "a civil and military Chief. The first was called Sakatow, the orator, and the office appeared hereditary in his family, as his father had been the civil Chief, and his eldest son was to take his place at his death, and occasionally acted for him. The present chief was now [1800] about sixty years of age, about five feet ten inches in height, remarkably well made, and in his youth a very handsome man. He was always well dressed, and his insignia of office was the backs of two fine Otter skins covered with mother of pearl, which from behind his neck hung down his breast to below the belt.

"When his son acted for him, he always had this ornament on him. In every council he presided, except one of War. He had couriers which went from camp to camp, and brought the news of how things were, of where the great herds of Bisons were feeding, and of the direction they were taking. The news thus collected, about two or three hours after sunset, walking about the camp, he related

in a loud voice, making his comments on it, and giving advice when required. His language was fluent, and he was admired for his eloquence, but not for his principles and his advice could not be depended on, being sometimes too violent, and more likely to produce quarrels than to allay them, yet his influence was great.

"The War Chief was Kootanae Appe. His stature was six feet six inches, tall and erect, he appeared to be Bone and Sinew with no more flesh than absolutely required; his countenance manly, but not stern, his features prominent, nose somewhat aquiline, his manners kind and mild. His word was sacred, he was both loved and respected, and his people often wished him to take a more active part in their affairs but he confined himself to War, and the care of the camp in which he was, which was generally of fifty to one hundred tents, generally a full day's march nearer to the Snake Indians than any other camp. It was supposed he looked on the civil Chief with indifference as a garrulous old man more fit for talking than anything else, and they rarely camped together.

"Kootanae Appe by his five wives had twenty two sons and four daughters. His grown up sons were as tall as himself and the others promised the same. He was friendly to the White Men, and in his speeches reminded his people of the great benefit of which the Traders were to them, and that it was by their means they had so many useful articles, the guns for hunting, and to conquer their enemies. He had acquired his present station and influence from his conduct in war. He was utterly averse to small parties, except for horse stealing, which too often brought great hardships and loss of life. He seldom took the field with less than two hundred warriors but frequently with many more; his policy was to get as many of the allies to join him as possible, by which all might have a share of the honour and plunder, and thus avoid those jealousies and envyings so common amongst the Chiefs. He praised every Chief that

in the least deserved it, but never appeared to regard fame as worth his notice, yet always took care to deserve it, for all his expeditions were successful."

Thompson describes a war party of the Piegan which came upon a number of Spaniards, probably from California, in the year 1787. "In the early part of September a party of about two hundred and fifty Warriors under the command of Kootanae Appe went off to war on the Snake Indians; they proceeded southward near the east foot of the Mountains and found no natives; they continued further than usual, very unwilling to return without having done something. At length the scouts came in with word that they had seen a long file of Horses and Mules led by Black Men (Spaniards) and not far off.

"They were soon ready and formed into one line about three feet from each other, for room to handle their Bows and Shiels, having but few guns. The ground was a rough undulating plain, and by favor of the ground approached to near the front of the file before they were discovered, when giving the war whoop and making a rush on the front of the file, the Spaniards all rode off leaving the loaded Horses and Mules to the war party, each of whom endeavoured to make prize of a Horse or Mules.

"They were loaded with bags containing a great weight of white stone (silver) which they quickly threw off the animals on the ground; in doing which the saddle girths were cut, except a few, and then they rode off. I never could learn the number of the animals, those that came to the camp at which I resided were about thirty horses and a dozen mules, with a few saddles and bridles.

"The Horses were about fourteen hands high, finely shaped, and though very tired yet lively, mostly of a dark brown color, head neat and small, ears short and erect, eyes fine and clear, fine manes and tails with black hoofs. The saddles were larger than our English saddles, the side leather twice as large, of thick well tanned leather of a

chocolate color with the figures of flowers as if done by a hot iron; the bridles had snaffle bits, heavy and coarse as if made by a blacksmith with only his hammer. The weight and coarseness of these bits had made the Indians throw most of them away."

We shall meet David Thompson again when we come to describe the exploration of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, but have still to say a few words about two other men who helped to discover the rivers, lakes and hunting grounds of the great interior plain—Philip Turnor and Peter Fidler.

Philip Turnor, who has been already mentioned, joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1778, and was sent out to York Factory with the title of Inland Surveyor. His job was to fix the position of the Company's posts and their distance from one another and from York Factory. The Governor and Committee of the Company in London evidently thought highly of his abilities, as instructions were sent out to the officers in charge of the principal posts to treat Turnor with every consideration and equip him in the best manner possible for his journeys.

Turnor travelled inland to the Saskatchewan, and afterwards visited the several posts on Hudson Bay and James Bay and in the country south of James Bay. The following year, 1779, he made a survey of Lake Athabaska; and about this time gave instruction in surveying to both David Thompson and Peter Fidler.

Turnor's journals, like so many others, have been preserved in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company. They are for the most part very dry and uninteresting, except to other surveyors. Here and there one comes upon a human touch, as when one of his men nearly got drowned in "handing" his canoe up a rapid. That meant wading waist-deep in the stream and dragging the loaded canoe after him.

"Will^m Lutit in attempting to Lead the Canoe up a fall was taken of his Legs by the Current and carried into the

stream. By trying to save himself by keeping his holt upon the Canoe she over sett bottom upwards and drove about 300 yds before any assistance could be given him when the other Canoe with Geo. Hudson &c came up and got him and the Canoe on shore."

Turnor seemed much more concerned about the danger to his equipment than to Lutit. "My distress of mind on seeing the Canoe oversett may be much easier imagined than discribed as the Loss of the Instruments and Books would have been erretrivable." It appears that, in addition to poor Lutit, they managed to save "the sextant, two Thermomiters, a bottle of Quick Silver (which was used with the sextant), 3 Bags of Cloaths, 1 Bag of Shott, 1 Keg with Brandy, a piece of Cheese and a Trunk." But they "lost 1 Gun, 1 Hatchet, 2 Loves of Sugar, 1 Quart Pot, 1 Pair of twowsers, 1 Cake of Ginger Bread, 1 Shott Pouch, 18 Deers Touns, and some other Deers flesh".

On another day the journal says: "the Indians very troublesome the fore part of this day thretning to take our things from us but by exerting our selves they desisted more from their timidity than goodness of Hart."

About the middle of March Turnor visited two trading posts of Canadian traders on the Saskatchewan, near the site of the present town of Prince Albert. One was in charge of a man named Barthélemi Blondeau. The visit is interesting as it gives one some idea of how the men of the Hudson's Bay Company got along with those of the North West Company or their predecessors from Canada as early as 1778. Some years later, when the rivalry between the two companies was more severe, the traders were not so friendly.

"Arrived at two Houses on the North side the River, the one inhabited by Blondeaux the other by Robert Grant. By their intreatment I staid all night with Mr. Blondeaux whoe treated me with the greatest respect."

The following morning the journal says: "I intended to have proceeded this morning but Mr. Blondeaux's men had

taken our dogs to fetch meat, therefore was obliged to stay this day. Mr. Blondeaux talks no English, Mr. Robert Grant being of North Britain acted as our linguist. They seemed very desirous to know my Business as they had been informed by some Indians which was at Cumberland House in the fall that there was such a person coming. I informed them I was going to help Robt Longmore with respect to the Instruments; I had them some years since with intent to goe to the South Seas but being disappointed had always chose to carry my Instruments with me for my own amusement. Do not think they believe it. They seemed to wish to turn the Conversation upon the Honble Hudson Bay Companys Charter. I informed them I knew nothing of it or did it concern me. They seemed conscious they were infringing upon it as they said it gave the Honourable Company a right to all waters falling into the Bay, of which they them selves are convinced the Saskashawan River does. Upon the whole their treatment was exceeding Genteel, as I have been informed Mr. Blondeaux's ever was to the Honourable Company's Servants."

When in 1791 Turnor was on the Athabaska River, he notes in his journal: "Came to Peter Ponds old House which is the farthest North he ever Wintered." A short time afterwards he visited Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabaska, which was for many years the most important trading house in the far northwest. "I think," says Turnor, "this the compleatest Inland House I have seen in the Country. This is the Grand Magazine of the Athapiscow Country and I am informed they have a sufficient quantity of Trading Goods in this Country for at least two years to come."

Samuel Hearne, whose famous journey to the mouth of the Coppermine River will be described later, made a map on which he shows his route south from the Arctic and then east to Hudson Bay. He crossed a big lake which he calls on his map "Athapuscow". A Canadian historian, misled by the resemblance, took it for granted that the lake

Hearne crossed must be the one now known as Athabaska. If he had carefully studied the map he would have seen that the lake must have been Great Slave Lake. Oddly enough Turnor made the same mistake many years earlier. When he crossed Lake Athabaska in 1791, he thought he recognized an island mentioned by Hearne, and calls it "Hearne's long island". And Peter Fidler repeated the mistake.

Peter Fidler, who travelled for some time with Turnor, describes in his journal the country about Great Slave Lake, and the Indians of this far northern country, with whom he spent some months learning their language. He was then a young man of twenty-two, and you would never imagine from his journal that it was anything out of the way to be the only white man to live with them in the bitter winter of the north. As J. B. Tyrrell reminds us, Fidler had no provisions, no tent, scanty clothing, and hardly any ammunition, and the country through which they were travelling had a very limited supply of fish or game, "and the climate was one of the most rigorous in the world."

Fidler notes cheerfully in his journal, "the Indians killed several Ducks & Geese so that we live extremely well", and Dr. Tyrrell adds this comment, "Living 'extremely well' meant having plenty to eat, though he had no flour, sugar, tea, or anything to mix with the ducks and geese, and as he had no kettle he could not boil the meat but was obliged to eat it raw or cook it by roasting it before the fire, which would usually mean that the surface was burnt and the interior was raw." Tyrrell had travelled for years through this far northern country, and knew what he was talking about.

When Fidler was on the Clearwater River, not far from where it empties into the Athabaska, he says he "found great quantities of Bitumen a kind of liquid Tar oosing out of the Banks on both sides the river, in many places which has a very sulphurous smell & quite black like real Tar."

What Fidler found was a small deposit of the famous Tar Sands of the Athabaska, that extend for a hundred miles up and down the banks of the Athabaska, and are said by engineers to contain such incredible quantities of oil that they probably exceed the former estimate of the world's oil resources. Some day they may add very much to the national wealth of Canada.

Fidler found the country about Slave River a very good country to live in. "Two days before we entered Slave lake," he says, "one part of the river which was nearly one-third mile wide, were full from bank to bank quite across the river and upwards of 70 yards wide, all of young geese that could not fly, with the old ones in the same predicament, that they appeared at a little distance as if the river was quite choked up with floating drift wood—that we had nothing else to do but paddle the canoe into the middle of them, and kill as many as we pleased with a stick. All the way below the rapids we found great quantities, but in the vicinity of the lake their number was innumerable."

Fidler spent forty years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and his duties took him at one time or another to many of the Company's far-flung posts in what is now Western Canada. He lived through the long period, or at any rate through part of it, when the Company ruled alone and supreme in Rupert's Land; and he saw the beginnings of settlement on the banks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. He was given the task of conducting one of the parties of Highland emigrants from York Factory to the Selkirk Colony, and he made the plan of the settlement and surveyed the lots of Kildonan. He died in 1822, the year after the union of the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies.

In his curious will, Fidler, after bequeathing his journals and manuscript maps to the Hudson's Bay Company, and his library to the Red River Colony, as well as his cattle, swine and poultry, provided that "all my money in

the funds and other personal property after the youngest child has attained twenty-one years of age, to be placed in the public funds, and the interest annually due to be added to the capital and continue so until August 16th, 1969 (I being born on that day two hundred years before), when the whole amount of the principal and interest so accumulated I will and desire to be then placed at the disposal of the next male child heir in direct descent from my son Peter Fidler”.

George Bryce, in his history of the Hudson's Bay Company, says that “a considerable amount of interest in this will has been shown by the descendants of Peter Fidler, a number of whom still live [that was in the year 1900] in the province of Manitoba, on the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. Lawyers have from time to time been appointed to seek out the residue, which, under the will, ought to be in process of accumulation till 1969, but no trace of it can be found in Hudson's Bay Company or Bank of England accounts, though diligent search has been made.”

PART III
THE PACIFIC SLOPE

12

SPANISH AND RUSSIAN CAPTAINS

IT MAY be well here to gather up the scattered threads of the story, and see how far we have got in describing the adventures of the men who discovered Canada. It will have been seen that it is not always possible to let the explorer tell his own story, as he has been too busy or too lazy with his pen to put what he saw and did into writing; however, some of them have been more thoughtful, and for the rest we have at least some idea of where they went and how they got there.

First we have the Norsemen sailing along an unknown coast seeking nothing much more than adventure. Then we have John Cabot, hunting for a way to China. And Cartier discovering one of the great gateways into the interior of North America; while some time later Hudson finds the other gateway. The successors of Cartier make their way westward to the head of the Great Lakes and on to Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan. Here they meet the northern stream of discovery from Hudson Bay; and fur-traders and explorers ascend the Saskatchewan and other rivers of the great plains until they come to the gigantic barrier known to the Indians of long ago as the Shining Mountains and to us as the Rockies.

The mountains dam the tide of exploration, but not for long. First one pass is discovered, then another, and the barrier is no longer a barrier. Over the crumpled mass of mountain ranges, long narrow valleys, and long narrow lakes, that we know as the Province of British Columbia

and the State of Washington, the tide flows without ceasing until one pathfinder after another stands on the shores of the Pacific, and the continent has been crossed at its widest part from sea to sea. Meanwhile, or even earlier, sea captains have sailed along the coast all the way from California to Alaska.

The three men to whom most of the credit is due for the overland discovery of this part of Canada are Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser and David Thompson. But before taking up their part of the story it will be well to describe the discovery from the sea. The main sea voyages are those of Cook and Vancouver, though Drake in the *Golden Hind* was at one time not far from the southern boundary of Canada on the Pacific. And the voyages of Spanish captains from Mexico and Vitus Bering from Russia and Robert Gray of Boston, are part of the tale.

On the west coast, as on the east, at least one of the reasons why men took such long voyages to the northwest coast of America was the hope of finding a passage through or around the continent from sea to sea. But the captains who sailed up the coast on the Pacific side, though their hopes of discovering a passage were raised for a time by the finding of the Strait of Juan de Fuca and Queen Charlotte Sound, came upon no such great entrances into the heart of the continent as the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Hudson Bay. For that, among other reasons, the discovery of the Pacific Slope from the sea never got much beyond the outer coast, the exploration of the interior being carried out by men who came from the east over the mountains.

As British captains sailed up the Pacific coast hunting for a passage through the continent, so Spanish adventurers, fearing that the British had succeeded, sent ships farther and farther north from Mexico, to guard the conquest in the New World they had so hardly won, and to protect their galleons bringing spices and other treasures across the Pacific; and, if the reports were not true of the success of

the British, they might themselves find the long-sought Strait of Anian.

Of these Spanish adventurers, one of the most daring was Sebastian Vizcaino, who in 1602, with three small ships, sailed from a port on the west coast of Mexico, and, before he turned back, had gone as far north as the northern boundary of California. He had, however, missed the one good harbour on all the Pacific coast, San Francisco. That remained to be found by later Spanish explorers. He and all his fellows who went north on discovery by sea or land in this part of the world found their worst enemy to be not the natives or wild beasts or even stormy seas, but thirst. California, as it came later to be known, was for the most part an arid coast, and often days would be spent in hunting for small pools of brackish and almost undrinkable water.

Some of these Spanish travellers—the voyages of the earliest were made before the end of the sixteenth century—got as far north as the mouth of the Columbia, but none so far had seen any part of the western coast of Canada. The most romantic of all these picturesque adventurers was one known as Juan de Fuca, whose real name was said to be Apostolos Velerianos. He was reported to have sailed up the coast and entered the strait, that still bears his name, between Vancouver Island and the American mainland. Michael Lok, who had been interested in the voyages of Sir Martin Frobisher, said that he met Juan de Fuca in Venice in 1596, and had the story from his own mouth. But no one has ever been able to find convincing proof of the voyage, or that such a person ever existed, and the story is now generally looked upon as a fairy tale. All that one may safely say is that it might be true.

Francis Drake, that immortal sea-dog and harrier of the Spaniards, rounded the Horn in 1578, and after sweeping like a pestilence up and down the Spanish coast of South America, looting towns and sinking ships, sailed north in

the spring of 1579 with the idea of carrying his treasure of silver and gold home to England by way of the strait. It is uncertain how far up the coast he got, but he certainly did not find the passage, and there is no reason to suppose that he got as far north as the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Finally he turned back to a bay that has always since been associated with his name, a little north of San Francisco, to repair his famous *Golden Hind*; named the country New Albion and took possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth; then sailed away into the west, returning home by way of the Philippines, the Indian Ocean and the Cape of Good Hope.

It is difficult for us today to understand the character of such a man as Drake, who could rob treasure ships, in the firm conviction that he was doing not only what his Queen wished him to do but also what was approved by God, and who maintained strict discipline on his ship and read prayers twice a day, but was adored by his men, though he punished them severely if they were caught gambling.

A Spanish captain, Juan de Anton, was captured with his ship. We are told that Drake treated him with the utmost courtesy and friendliness; gave him a receipt for thirteen chests of coined silver, twenty-six tons of silver in bars, eighty pounds of gold, and boxes of jewels and pearls; and when the treasure had been removed to the *Golden Hind*, Drake sent the Spaniard back to his own ship with this letter of safe-conduct, which was quite sincere and without a thought of hypocrisy:

“Master Winter [who was captain of one of Drake’s ships], if it pleaseth God you should chance to meet with this ship of Senor Juan de Anton, I pray you use him well according to my word and promise given them: and if you want anything that is in this ship of Senor Juan de Anton, I pray you pay them double the value of it, which I will satisfy again: and command your men not to do her any

hurt: and what composition or agreement we have made, at my return to England I will by God's help perform, although I am in doubt that this letter will never come into your hands, notwithstanding I am the man I have promised to be. Beseeching God, the Saviour of all the world to have us in his keeping, to whom only I give all honour praise and glory. What I have written is not only to you M. Winter, but also to M. Thomas, M. Charles, M. Caube and M. Anthony, with all our other good friends, whom I commit to the tuition of Him that with his blood redeemed us; and am in good hope that we shall be in no more trouble, but that He will help us in adversity. . . .

"Your sorrowful Captain, whose heart is heavy for you,
FRANCIS DRAKE."

Meanwhile, as the Spaniards had been approaching from the south, the Russians were approaching from the north. Vitus Bering, a Dane in the service of Peter the Great, made his way west to Kamchatka in 1728, for the particular purpose of discovering if there was a land bridge between Asia and America in the extreme northeast. He found that there was no bridge, but it was not until 1741 that he returned and explored part of the northwest coast of North America. There he and his companions found such incredible quantities of sea otter and seal that not only Russian but English, American, Spanish, Dutch and French traders swarmed into these most uncomfortable regions.

The Russians at that time did not get much farther south than the Aleutian Islands, but later they organized a powerful fur-trading company and occupied the coast down to the foot of what is now called the Panhandle of Alaska. Indeed, at one time they were rivals of the Hudson's Bay Company in the fur trade as far south as California.

Meanwhile, in 1774, the Spaniards pushed farther north. In 1774, Juan Perez and Estevan José Martinez were sent

north from Mexico to explore the coast. They sailed in the *Santiago* as far as the northern islands of the Queen Charlotte group, spent some time in a bay on the outer coast of Vancouver Island, and then returned to Monterey. The following year the *Santiago* again sailed north, this time under the command of another officer named Heceta, while the *Sonora* was in charge of Quadra with Maurelle as pilot. The *Santiago* had trouble with the Indians and turned back, discovering the mouth of the Columbia on the way south. The *Sonora* sailed far up the coast, and finally reached Chichagof Island. On his return Quadra surveyed much of what is today the coast of British Columbia. In 1779, Quadra and Maurelle once more made their way north, coming within sight of Mount St. Elias and entering Prince William Sound.

13

JAMES COOK

EVEN down to the latter part of the eighteenth century men were still hunting for the North West Passage, and the standing offer by the British Admiralty of £20,000 for its discovery was one of the reasons for Captain Cook's voyage of 1776-78. On that voyage he explored the northwest coast of North America from Nootka Sound on Vancouver Island to Alaska. But he did not find any North West Passage.

On a March day in 1778 he stood on the deck of his ship the *Resolution*. He had sailed north from California, and was approaching the west coast of Vancouver Island. It was a bold, rocky shore, with deep bays, high mountains crowned with snow, deep valleys, and both the valleys and the slopes of the mountains covered with a dense forest.

They drew into an inlet and dropped anchor in eighty-five fathoms close to the shore. And here is Cook's account of the first encounter between white men and the Indians of British Columbia: "Three canoes came off to the ship. In one of them were two men, in another six, and in the third ten. Having come pretty near to us, a person in one of the two last stood up and made a long harangue, inviting us to land, as we guessed by his gestures. At the same time he kept strewing handfuls of feathers towards us; and some of his companions threw handfuls of a red dust or powder in the same manner."

In spite of their friendliness, Cook found that these Coast Indians had many of the less attractive qualities of

the natives of the South Seas. Among other things they seemed unable to keep their hands off other people's property. And they were not only determined but very clever thieves. Iron to them was irresistible. They made off with a large hook weighing twenty to thirty pounds, though no one knew how they managed to get away with it without being seen; and, says Cook, "as to our boats, they stripped them of every bit of iron that was worth carrying away, though we had always men left in them as a guard."

One finds, too, an odd resemblance between some of their ways and those of the present day. "We got from these people," says Cook, "a considerable quantity of very good animal oil, which they had reserved in bladders. In this traffic some would attempt to cheat us by mixing water with the oil, and, once or twice they had the address to carry their imposition so far as to fill their bladders with mere water without a single drop of oil."

The explorer tells of a more pleasing incident. When he finally sailed away from Nootka, one of the chiefs, who had become attached to him, followed the ship out to the open sea. Cook, when he came alongside to bid farewell, presented him with a small gift. The chief in return gave him a valuable beaver skin. Cook, not to be outdone, gave a second present. The chief thereupon, in the words of the explorer, "insisted on my acceptance of the beaver-skin cloak which he then wore, and of which I knew he was particularly fond. Struck with this instance of generosity, and desirous that he should be no sufferer by his friendship to me, I presented to him a new broadsword with a brass hilt; the possession of which made him completely happy."

Zimmerman, who was one of Cook's crew and kept a journal of the voyage, says of the Nootka Indians: "On one occasion they advanced towards us in two parties of about forty or fifty canoes and paddled around the ships, encircling them three times. Fearing an attack, we loaded our guns, but at that moment they struck up a very beautiful

song, beating time with their paddles. We were greatly astonished at the exactness of their rhythm and the charm of their song, in spite of their harsh voices. In each party there was one member dressed like a harlequin in many-colored garments. He changed these garments, holding different masks before his face, and went through all kinds of farcical acting."

Cook first sighted the coast in latitude 44°, which is some distance south of the mouth of the Columbia. Stormy weather forced him away from the coast, and when he again made land it was in a bay on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Here he spent several days refitting his vessels. He named the bay King George's Sound, but it has since been known as Nootka. On his way north he missed both the mouth of the Columbia and Juan de Fuca Strait.

Sailing on to the north, Cook was again blown off shore by bad weather. Still sailing north, he entered a bay east of the Alaska peninsula, which he named Cook Inlet. Then he rounded the peninsula and entered Bering Sea; and finally sailed through the strait separating Alaska from the extreme eastern point of Asia, which he named Bering Strait after the explorer, and on into the Arctic Ocean. Turning about, he set sail for the Sandwich Islands, where he was killed by the natives in a skirmish on February 14, 1779.

GEORGE VANCOUVER

BETWEEN the death of Cook and the arrival on the north-west coast of Captain George Vancouver, a number of voyages were made to this part of the world for the purpose of obtaining sea otter skins, which could be obtained in trade with the natives for trifling articles, and fetched fabulous sums in the China market. Some of these voyages resulted in more or less important geographical discoveries. Portlock and Dixon, sailing from London in 1785, proved that the Queen Charlotte Islands were not, as had been supposed, a part of the mainland; and the discovery was confirmed by Duncan in 1788. Barkley, in 1787, sailed into the strait between Vancouver Island and the northwest point of the State of Washington, and named it after the supposed discoverer, Juan de Fuca.

Ingraham, an American captain and trader, explored the coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands in 1793. Kendrick, another American, sailed through the Strait of Juan de Fuca about the same period. And in May, 1792, Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, sailed his ship the *Columbia* over the formidable bar and entered the mouth of the great river that has ever since borne the name of his ship. The voyage of the British captain Meares, in 1788, was notable because the seizure of his ships, the *Iphigenia* and the *North-West America*, by the Spaniards, at Nootka almost brought about war between the two countries, and led to the diplomatic tangle known as the Nootka Affair. It is worth remembering, also, that the *North-West America* was

actually built by Meares at Nootka, and was therefore the first ship launched in what is now British Columbia.

George Vancouver spent the years 1792, 1793 and 1794 on the northwest coast, under orders from the British Government to make a thorough examination of the coast and solve the old problem of a North West Passage. In this search Vancouver carried out a much more careful and scientific survey of the coast, from San Francisco to Bering Sea, than had ever before been attempted. He examined nearly every bay, cape and channel, and his work "remains the most extensive nautical survey ever completed in one expedition."

A short time after Gray's discovery of the Columbia, Lieutenant Broughton, under instructions from Vancouver, entered the river and explored it for a hundred miles in the *Chatham*.

Vancouver's meeting at Nootka with the Spanish captain Quadra, though officially stiff was personally very friendly. In fact the two became warm personal friends, so much so that the British explorer named the great island that lies off the coast of British Columbia, "Quadra and Vancouver Island", and it bore that name for some years, though in course of time the first part of it was dropped. The place-names of the northwest coast, as they are today, are largely the work of Vancouver. When he finally sailed for home, in October, 1794, the era of discovery by sea of the Pacific coast of Canada may be said to have come to an end.

While it is not possible within the limits of this book to describe the adventures, the difficulties and the dangers that had to be met in carrying out such explorations as those of Vancouver, one incident is too dramatic to overlook. Vancouver and some of his men had landed at a place still known as Traitor's Bay, when some of the natives became troublesome. The boat was quickly launched, while a shouting and excited crowd of Indians tried to stop them,

"We had, however," says Vancouver, "put off from the rocks, and had partly got the use of our oars, without being obliged to resort to any hostile measures, when the largest of the canoes, under the steerage of an old woman with a remarkably large lip ornament, laid us on board across the bow; whilst a young man, appearing to be the chief of the party, seated himself in the bow of the yawl, and put on a mask resembling a wolf's face compounded with the human countenance. About this time the Indian who had first visited us, watching his opportunity, stole a musket out of the boat.

"Our situation was now become very alarming; we had discovered too late the treacherous designs of these people, and to add to our embarrassment the launch was yet too far distant to afford us any immediate succour. The only chance we had for our preservation was, if possible, to ward off the blow by a kind of parley until our friends might come up, who were hastening with their utmost exertions to our assistance.

"With these ideas I went forward with a musket in my hand in order to speak to the chief; on which the surrounding Indians, about fifty in number, seized their daggers, brandished their spears, and pointed them towards us in all directions. I was not yet without hope of effecting an amicable separation without being under the necessity of resorting to extremities. The chief instantly quitted the boat at my request, and gave me to understand by signs that if I would lay down my musket his people would lay down their arms.

"On my disposing of my gun the conditions were complied with on all sides, and tranquillity appeared likely to be restored. Nor do I think that anything further would have happened had they not been instigated by the vociferous efforts of their female conductress, who seemed to put forward all the powers of her turbulent tongue to excite, or rather compel, the men to act with hostility towards us.

Her language appeared to have most effect upon those who were towards the stern of the boat, and who were likewise greatly encouraged by a very ferocious looking old man in a middling sized canoe."

Spears were again flourished, and the Indians prepared to attack the boat. Fortunately the launch was now within pistol-shot, and Vancouver reluctantly gave the order to open fire. The Indians leaped into the water, scrambled ashore, and rapidly climbing the high, rocky cliffs, pelted the sailors with stones. So ended an incident that might easily have involved Vancouver in the same tragic fate that had overtaken Cook in the Sandwich Islands.

15

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

As we shall see later, one of the Indians who made things difficult for Vancouver seems to have turned up again in much the same troublesome way in the adventures of Vancouver's great land contemporary, Alexander Mackenzie.

Mackenzie was one of a group of men, in the early history of western and northern Canada, whose occupation was fur-trading but whose passion was discovery. They were fur-traders because fate had made them fur-traders, and because, none of them being men of inherited fortune, they had to make a living while they were maturing their plans for exploration. They were not unlike the young man who puts himself through college by doing odd jobs in his spare time; and sometimes the parallel went even further, for as the undergraduate's odd jobs sometimes leave him scanty time to complete his college work, so these pathfinders were often hampered by the need to put their bread-and-butter occupation first.

Mackenzie, fortunately for him and for the history of western discovery, was better off than some of his fellow-travellers. At the time he carried out the famous journey, that is now to be described he was already a man of influence and authority in the fur trade, and could not very easily be hampered by those to whose sordid minds exploration was an idle occupation unless it could be made useful to the traffic in furs.

Because of the order in which we are unfolding the story of discovery, it becomes necessary to consider here his

second expedition, which was his journey overland to the Pacific, leaving for later consideration his first expedition, to the Arctic. In order that he might be well equipped for this very important journey, he spent some months in England learning the use of surveying instruments.

Having returned to Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabaska, he made careful preparation for his trip. The route he intended to follow through the Rocky Mountains was that of the Peace River, and to enable him to get off as early as possible in the spring he sent men forward to build a temporary post on the banks of that river. There he spent the winter, and in May, 1793, he set out to find a way to the Pacific. With him went another fur-trader, Alexander Mackay, six French-Canadian *voyageurs*, and a couple of Indian guides.

From the outset Mackenzie was travelling through country never before visited by white men. Buffalo and other large game were so plentiful that, as the explorer says, the country sometimes had the appearance of a barnyard. On May 17 they had their first view of the mountains, their summits covered with snow. As they entered the pass the river became an almost continuous series of rapids, and travelling was extremely difficult. Sometimes hauling the canoe, sometimes carrying it over a rocky point, they made their toilsome and often dangerous way upstream, camping at night whenever they could find a little bit of fairly level ground.

At a critical point in one of the rapids a wave struck the bow of the canoe so violently as to break the line by which it was being hauled. For a moment all seemed lost. Mackenzie looked on with dismay, for the loss of his canoe, with all the supplies, meant the abandonment of the enterprise. By a miracle, however, another wave, more merciful than the first, drove the canoe out of the tumbling water, so that the men were able to bring it ashore without serious injury.

Although Mackenzie does not seem to have seen them, there are preserved in the flat rocky banks of the Peace River east of the mountains the tracks of dinosaurs. It is strange to look at the footprints of these huge reptiles and to think that they were left there tens of thousands of years ago.

While the men camped by the river's side, Mackenzie went on to examine the course of the stream, but could see no end to the rapids and cascades, and was finally convinced that a long portage would be necessary. The men were set to work to cut a road through the bush, and with infinite fatigue they managed to get the canoe to the navigable waters above, a distance of several miles, up and down steep hills, through heavy bush, rocks, muskeg and mountain torrents.

They continued their way up the Peace, and on the last day of the month reached the forks, where what are now known as the Finlay and the Parsnip come together to form the Peace. Mackenzie was inclined to take the northern or Finlay branch, as it seemed most likely to bring him to the point where he hoped to strike the ocean, but one of his guides warned him that it would lead him nowhere, while the southern branch would bring him to a portage to another large river that emptied into the sea, and on whose banks there were many tribes of Indians.

The explorer decided to take the advice of the Indian, and ordered his steersman to turn up the south branch, to the disgust of his men, who were already more than tired of the never-ending toil and danger of the trip, and in no mood to fight their way up against the swift current of the Parsnip. Mackenzie knew, however, how to handle his men. By a mixture of sympathy and firmness he soothed their discontent and at the same time made it plain to them that he was determined at all hazards to carry out his discoveries.

For several days they worked their way upstream, and

at last reached the upper waters of the river, having missed the entry to what was later to be known as Giscome Portage, which would have taken them by a shorter and easier route to the Fraser River, or the *Tacouche Tesse* as the natives called it. On June 12, they reached a small lake, the source of the Parsnip. Mackenzie was now at one of the sources of the Mackenzie River, and two thousand four hundred and twenty miles from its mouth in the Arctic.

Carrying the canoe and baggage over the height of land, he and his men found themselves on a small but wild tributary of the Fraser. The tributary was afterwards to be known as Bad River, and it lived up to its name. It took all Mackenzie's patience and will power to control his mutinous men, and it was with relief that he finally saw his battered canoe carried through three-quarters of a mile of swamp and launched on the Fraser.

Down this river they travelled in more comfort, although they had to portage the canoe around the Fort George canyon. A few days later they met for the first time some of the Indians who lived on the banks of the Fraser. Their lodges were carefully finished buildings, each large enough for several families. Mackenzie was interested in a strange affair made of long, thin strips of wood fastened to hoops. This was a salmon trap, a clever contrivance that in various forms was used by many of the Pacific coast tribes, and still is in use on the lower Columbia.

On the Fraser, as he had already found on the Parsnip, the natives were meeting white people for the first time, and were very shy and suspicious. "Two of the natives," says Mackenzie, "came off in a canoe, but stopped when they had got within a hundred yards of me. I made signs for them to land, and as an inducement displayed looking-glasses, beads, and other alluring trinkets. At length, but with every mark of extreme apprehension, they approached the shore, stern foremost, but would not venture to land. I now made them a present of some beads, with which they

were going to push off, when I renewed my entreaties, and, after some time, prevailed on them to come ashore, and sit down by me.

"My hunter now thought it right to join me, and created some alarm in my new acquaintance. It was, however, soon removed, and I had the satisfaction to find that he and these people perfectly understood each other. I instructed him to say every thing that might tend to soothe their fears and win their confidence. I expressed my wish to conduct them to our canoe, but they declined my offer; and when they observed some of my people coming towards us, they requested me to let them return; and I was so well satisfied with the progress I had made in my intercourse with them, that I did not hesitate a moment in complying with their desire.

"During their short stay, they observed us, and every thing about us, with a mixture of admiration and astonishment. We could plainly distinguish that their friends received them with great joy on their return, and that the articles which they carried back with them were examined with a general and eager curiosity. They also appeared to hold a consultation, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, and the result was an invitation to come over to them, which was cheerfully accepted.

"Nevertheless, on our landing they betrayed evident signs of confusion, which arose probably from the quickness of our movements, as the prospect of a friendly communication had so cheered the spirits of my people that they paddled across the river with the utmost expedition. . . . When I had secured their confidence, by the distribution of trinkets among them, and treated the children with sugar, I instructed my interpreters to collect every necessary information in their power to afford us.

"According to their account, this river, whose course is very extensive, runs towards the mid-day sun; and that at its mouth, as they had been informed, white people were

building houses. They represented its current to be uniformly strong, and that in three places it was altogether impassable, from the falls and rapids, which poured along between perpendicular rocks that were much higher, and more rugged, than any we had yet seen, and would not admit of any passage over them.

“But besides the dangers and difficulties of the navigation, they added that we should have to encounter the inhabitants of the country, who were very numerous. They also represented their immediate neighbours as a very malignant race, who lived in large subterraneous recesses; and when they were made to understand that it was our design to proceed to the sea, they dissuaded us from prosecuting our intention, as we should certainly become a sacrifice to the savage spirit of the natives. These people they described as possessing iron, arms, and utensils, which they procured from their neighbours to the Westward, and were obtained by a commercial progress from people like ourselves, who brought them in great canoes.”

There is a curious similarity in the efforts of Indians everywhere to dissuade white explorers from going forward because of the alleged ferocity of neighbouring tribes. Mackenzie had now to decide on his future course. He was convinced from the native account—of course quite wrongly—that the river he was on was the Columbia. There was no doubt that it would take him to the sea, but by a very roundabout and dangerous route. On the other hand, he had heard from the Indians of a shorter route by way of what he calls the West Road River, now the Blackwater, which flows into the Fraser some distance above where Mackenzie was at this time. He decided to take the shorter way, even though it meant abandoning his canoes.

Before leaving the Indian village, Mackay carved the names of Alexander Mackenzie on a tree by the river's side. This place is notable as the farthest point reached by Mackenzie down the Fraser. A trading post was after-

wards built there by the North West Company and called Alexandria in honour of the explorer.

Mackenzie took leave of his Indian friends and turned the nose of his canoe upstream. On July 3 he reached the mouth of the West Road River, and after paddling up it for a few miles cached the canoe and a bag of pemmican as well as the heavier parts of his supplies, and started on foot overland towards the sea. Each of the *voyageurs* carried a 90-pound pack besides his gun and ammunition. Mackenzie and Mackay each carried 70 pounds in addition to their guns, and the explorer was also hampered with a heavy telescope.

So laden they set forward over hill and dale, through woods and swamps, their labours lightened by the thought that every step brought them nearer their goal. At the first Indian camp they visited, Mackenzie made the curious discovery of two coins hung as ornaments in children's ears. One was an English halfpenny of George III, the other a 1787 coin of the State of Massachusetts Bay. They had evidently reached this out-of-the-way spot from fur-traders on the Pacific Coast. From now on signs increased of the traffic with white traders, metal implements and ornaments, pieces of cloth, and many other articles showing similar origin being found in every Indian camp.

It was a long and exhausting journey from the Blackwater to where the Bella Coola River flowed into an arm of the Pacific, and it was made worse by the fact that rain fell almost every day and all day long. This and fear of attacks from the Indians were beginning to tell upon the spirit of the *voyageurs*. Mackenzie was himself worried by his decreasing supplies of provisions. Also he did not trust his guide, but hid his uneasiness in order to encourage his men.

Finally on the night of the seventeenth of July they came to the banks of the Bella Coola, where in a village of the Coast Indians the explorer and his men feasted splendidly

on salmon and other good things. It was a great relief to come to the end of their long journey on foot. The rest of their journey to the sea would be by water. "I never," says Mackenzie, "enjoyed a more sound and refreshing rest, though I had a board for my bed and a billet for my pillow."

These Bella Coola Indians, like those of the Fraser, had never before, it would seem, come into contact with white men. The appearance of the strangers had at first filled them with alarm, and they rushed about arming themselves with bows and arrows, spears and battle-axes.

"This very unpleasant and unexpected circumstance," says Mackenzie, "I attributed to our sudden arrival, and the very short notice of it which had been given them. At all events, I had but one line of conduct to pursue, which was to walk resolutely up to them, without manifesting any signs of apprehension at their hostile appearance. This resolution produced the desired effect, for as we approached the houses the greater part of the people laid down their weapons and came forward to meet us.

"I was, however, soon obliged to stop from the number of them that surrounded me. I shook hands as usual with such as were nearest to me, when an elderly man broke through the crowd, and took me in his arms; another then came, who turned him away without the least ceremony, and paid me the same compliment. The latter was followed by a young man, whom I understood to be his son. These embraces, which at first rather surprised me, I soon found to be marks of regard and friendship.

"The crowd pressed with so much violence and contention to get a view of us that we could not move in any direction. An opening was at length made to allow a person to approach me whom the old man made me understand was another of his sons. I instantly stepped forward to meet him, and presented my hand, whereupon he broke the string of a very handsome robe of sea-otter skin, which he had on, and covered me with it. This was as flattering a recep-

tion* as I could possibly receive, especially as I considered him to be the eldest son of the chief. Indeed it appeared to me that we had been detained here for the purpose of giving him time to bring the robe with which he had presented me.

"The chief now made signs for us to follow him, and he conducted us through a narrow coppice, for several hundred yards, till we came to a house built on the ground, which was of larger dimensions and formed of better materials than any I had hitherto seen; it was his residence. We were no sooner arrived there than he directed mats to be spread before it, on which we were told to take our seats, when the men of the village, who came to indulge their curiosity, were ordered to keep behind us. In our front other mats were placed, where the chief and his counsellors took their seats.

"In the intervening space mats, which were very clean, and of a much neater workmanship than those on which we sat, were also spread, and a small roasted salmon placed before each of us. When we had satisfied ourselves with the fish, one of the people who had come with us from the last village approached, with a kind of ladle in one hand, containing oil, and in the other something that resembled the inner-rind of the cocoa-nut, but of a lighter colour. This he dipped in the oil, and, having eat it, indicated by his gestures how palatable he thought it. He then presented me with a small piece of it, which I chose to taste in its dry state, though the oil was free from any unpleasant smell.

"A square cake of this was next produced, when a man took it to the water near the house, and having thoroughly soaked it, he returned and, after he had pulled it to pieces like oakum, put it into a well-made trough, about three feet long, nine inches wide, and five feet deep. He then plentifully sprinkled it with salmon oil, and manifested by his own example that we were to eat of it. I just tasted it, and found the oil perfectly sweet, without which the other ingredient

would have been very insipid. The chief partook of it with great avidity, after it had received an additional quantity of oil. This dish is considered by these people as a great delicacy, and on examination I discovered it to consist of the inner rind of the hemlock tree, taken off early in summer, and put into a frame, which shapes it into cakes of fifteen inches long, ten broad, and half an inch thick; and in this form I should suppose it may be preserved for a great length of time."

From these friendly Indians Mackenzie obtained a couple of canoes, and with a supply of salmon started joyfully on the last lap of his journey. From time to time, as they made their way down the Bella Coola, they landed at Indian villages, where usually they got a very friendly reception. At last he came to the mouth of the river, where it empties into North Bentinck Arm. The tide was out and had left a large space covered with seaweed. He had at long last reached the waters of the Pacific.

The surrounding hills were lost in fog. As Mackenzie paddled along the coast he saw great numbers of seal, sea-otters and porpoises. He was anxious to obtain an observation to determine his position, but cloudy weather made it impossible. Provisions were getting very low, and he was by no means sure that he could count on a further supply from the natives.

On his way down the Bella Coola he had heard rumours of white men and ships on the outer coast, which he believed must mean Vancouver, and these stories became more convincing as he moved toward the west. On the morning of the twenty-first of July he left a small bay where he had camped for the night, and continuing his way down the north arm, crossed the entrance to South Bentinck Arm, and landed at the cape that Vancouver had visited some time before and named Point Menzies.

Here for the first time he met with unfriendliness by the Coast Indians, one of whom became very insolent. "We

met three canoes," says Mackenzie, "with fifteen men in them. . . . They manifested no kind of distrust or fear of us. . . . They examined everything we had in our canoe, with an air of indifference and disdain. One of them in particular made me understand, with an air of insolence, that a large canoe had lately been in the bay, with people in her like me, and that one of them, whom he called *Macubah*, had fired on him and his friends, and that *Bensins* had struck him on the back with the flat part of his sword. He also mentioned another name, the articulation of which I could not determine. At the same time he illustrated these circumstances by the assistance of my gun and sword; and I do not doubt but he well deserved the treatment which he described."

Mackenzie tried to shake off these unpleasant visitors, but they followed him wherever he went, and were added to by others as the day went by. The situation was becoming serious. The Indians were surly and menacing. His guides warned him that they were up to mischief; and his own men were becoming panicky. He was determined at all costs to get an observation, but the chances of doing so seemed remote.

They landed and camped on a large, bare rock, where at any rate the Indians could not attack them at close quarters. Here at last he managed to fix his position, "which," he remarks in his journal, "is the most fortunate circumstance of my long, painful and perilous journey, as a few cloudy days would have prevented me from ascertaining the final longitude." We know now that this rock where he spent this last, uneasy day, surrounded by curious and unfriendly natives, was on the shores of Dean Channel.

Having completed the objects of his journey, Mackenzie prepared, to the immense relief of his men, to start on his long journey back to Chipewyan. Before entering the canoe he mixed some vermilion in melted grease and painted in large characters on the southeast face of the

rock on which he had slept the previous night, this brief memorial of a memorable expedition:

“Alexander Mackenzie from Canada, by land,
the twenty-second of July one thousand seven
hundred and twenty-three.”

The return journey was comparatively uneventful, and on August 24 he was back again at his fort on Peace River. “Here,” he concludes his journal, “my voyages of discovery terminate. Their toils and their dangers, their solitudes and sufferings, have not been exaggerated in my description. On the contrary, in many instances, language has failed me in the attempt to describe them. I received, however, the reward of my labours, for they were crowned with success.”

SIMON FRASER

IN THE story of exploration west of the Rocky Mountains, no incident is marked by more unconquerable pluck than the descent of the fearful canyon of the Fraser River by Simon Fraser and his faithful companion John Stuart. As one sees today from the safe vantage point of the observation platform of a railway train the foaming waters of the Fraser, and remembers that this is the calmer part of the stream, one gets a faint idea of the terrible difficulties faced by these Scottish-Canadian discoverers. The steadfast courage, endurance and resourcefulness needed to carry them through this notable exploit were extraordinary even in an age and among a race marked by these characteristics.

Simon Fraser was born in Bennington, Vermont, about 1776. His father had been a captain in Burgoyne's army, but was captured at Saratoga, and died in prison. Simon was taken by his mother to Canada. At the age of sixteen he entered the service of the North West Company, and in 1805 was in charge of their trading posts on the Pacific slope, or in that part of it known as New Caledonia. In May, 1808, he started out from Fort George, at the junction of the Nechacho and Fraser rivers, to explore the latter to the sea. The Fraser was still supposed to be the Columbia; and, as we shall see later, at this very time David Thompson was actually exploring the true Columbia. With Fraser on his expedition, besides Stuart, went Jules Maurice Quesnel and nineteen *voyageurs*, with two Indian guides, in four canoes.

Down the river as far as Alexandria they were travelling over the same part of the river that had already been explored by Mackenzie. Beyond this all was new. Native houses appeared here and there on the banks; then a group of Indians, who watched the approach of the white men with evident alarm. As Fraser drew near the shore he could see couriers posting off on horseback with the news to the Indians below.

In the afternoon several members of tribes known as the Atnahs and Tahowtins arrived on horseback. They were friendly, but gave Fraser a very discouraging account of the river below, which they described as a succession of waterfalls and rapids enclosed by steep, impassable cliffs. They advised the explorer to abandon his attempt.

Fraser already had some knowledge of what to expect. One of the rapids he had found to be about two miles long, with high steep banks that narrowed the channel in places to forty or fifty yards. "This immense body of water passing through the narrow space in a turbulent manner, forming numerous gulfs and cascades and making a tremendous noise, had an awful and forbidding appearance." Still, as it was believed quite impossible to carry the canoes overland because of the height and steepness of the cliffs, Fraser decided that an attempt must be made to run the rapids.

"I ordered the five best men out of the crews into a canoe lightly loaded," he says, "and the canoe was in a moment under way. After passing the first cascade, she lost her course and was drawn into the eddy where she was whirled about for a considerable time, seemingly in suspense whether to sink or swim, the men having no power over her. However, she took a favourable turn and by degrees was led from this dangerous vortex again into the stream. In this manner she continued, flying from one danger to another until the last cascade but one, where, in spite of every effort, the whirlpools forced her against a low projecting rock. Upon this the men debarked, saved their own

lives and contrived to save the property, but the greatest difficulty was still ahead, and to continue by water would be the way to certain destruction.

"During this distressing scene, we were on shore looking on and anxiously concerned. Seeing our poor fellows once more safe afforded us as much satisfaction as to themselves and we hastened to their assistance, but their situation rendered our approach perilous and difficult. The bank was extremely high and steep, and we had to plunge our daggers at intervals into the ground to check our speed, as otherwise we were exposed to slide into the river. We cut steps in the declivity, fastened a line to the front of the canoe, with which some of the men ascended in order to haul it up, while the others supported it upon their arms. In this manner our situation was most precarious; our lives hung, as it were, upon a thread, as the failure of the line or a false step of one of the men might have hurled the whole of us into Eternity. However, we fortunately cleared the bank before dark."

The Indians renewed their pleas that Fraser should not attempt to travel on the river. Leave your canoes with us, they said, and if you go on horseback for four or five days you will come to another great river [the Thompson], and from there it would be smooth water down to the sea. But Fraser was obstinate. He had been told to explore the river and he intended to do so. "Going to the sea by an indirect way was not the object of the undertaking," he says in his journal. "I therefore would not deviate and continued our route according to my original intention." One interesting bit of information he got from the Indians. White people, they said, had lately passed down the first large river to the left. "These," comments Fraser, "were supposed to be some of our friends from the Department of Fort des Prairies," east of the mountains. It was, of course, David Thompson's party, and the river was the Columbia. Fraser must have wondered what this other great river could be,

for he still thought he was himself on the Columbia. In fact, it was not until he came to its mouth, and found from his observations that it emptied far to the north of where the Columbia was known to reach the sea, that he discovered his mistake.

The morning of June 9 they came to a rapid that threw all that they had so far met with into the shade. "Here," says the explorer, "the channel contracts to about forty yards, and is enclosed by two precipices of immense height which, bending towards each other, make it narrower above than below. The water which rolls down this extraordinary passage in tumultuous waves and with great velocity had a frightful appearance. However, it being absolutely impossible to carry the canoes by land, all hands without hesitation embarked as it were *à corps perdu* upon the mercy of this awful tide. Once engaged the die was cast. One great difficulty consisted in keeping the canoes within the medium or *fil d'eau*, that is, clear of the precipice on one side and from the gulfs formed by the waves on the other. Thus skimming along as fast as lightning, the crews, cool and determined, followed each other in awful silence, and when we arrived at the end, we stood gazing at each other in silent congratulation at our narrow escape from total destruction."

Reaching more quiet water, they paddled on to an Indian camp. Here the natives drew for Fraser a chart of the river below, which they showed as a chain of insurmountable difficulties. He was, in fact, trying to descend the stream at the worst time of the year, when even the Indians, who knew it and were splendid canoemen, did not try to travel. They asked Fraser why he had not taken the advice of the old chief who had told him to go overland. The river below, they said, was equally bad by water or land. You could not paddle on it or make your way along its very steep banks. But the explorer, though weary and discouraged, was not yet beaten. Having struggled along so far

he was determined to find some means of going forward without deserting the river. He got one of the Indians to go with him as guide, and continued his course until late in the evening.

"This afternoon," he says, "the rapids were very bad, two in particular were worse if possible than any we had hitherto met with, being a continual series of cascades intercepted with rocks and bounded by precipices and mountains that seemed at times to have no end. I scarcely ever saw anything so dreary and dangerous in any country, and at present, while writing this, whatever way I turn my eyes, mountains upon mountains whose summits are covered with eternal snow, close the gloomy scene." Fraser in the morning sent a couple of his most reliable men ahead to examine the river. They came back with reports that it was quite impassable. He at last was convinced, and gave orders to cache the canoes and the heavier supplies. Then each man shouldered his pack and off they went on foot.

Even then Fraser was loath to give up his plans. When they stopped towards evening he and Stuart found a gully that led down to the river, hoping against hope that it might prove to be navigable. But it was not. "The channel was deep, cut through rocks of immense height and forming eddies and gulfs which canoes could not even approach with safety."

The next morning, as they were tramping along under a hot sun, they suddenly came upon a small party of strange Indians. The Indians were as surprised as the white men, and at once raised their bows and arrows. They quickly found their mistake, however, and were quite friendly. "They laid by their weapons, joined our party and shook hands." Through his guide Fraser learned that they were now about ten nights' journey from the sea. "One of the old men, a very talkative fellow and, as we understood, a great warrior, had been to the sea and saw 'great canoes' and white men. He observed that the chiefs of the white

men were well dressed and very proud, for, continued he, getting up and clapping his two hands upon his hips, then striding about the place with an air of importance, 'this is the way they go'."

A few days later they came to the junction of the Thompson and the Fraser, the former stream being so named by Fraser in honour of his fellow fur-trader and explorer. Here he found that the river was fairly navigable, and getting a canoe from the natives, he started off on the last stage of his journey to the sea. From now on he was travelling on that part of the river with which people are familiar who have made the journey to Vancouver on either of the two transcontinental railways. The Fraser was still by no means easy travelling. The current was swift and the stream was constantly broken with rapids. From time to time the explorer landed to visit Indian villages.

While he was visiting one of these villages, says Fraser, "the principal chief invited us over the river and received us at the water side, where, assisted by several others, he took me by the arm and conducted me in a moment up the hill to the camp. Here his people were sitting in rows to the number of twelve hundred, and I had to shake hands with the whole. Then the Great Chief made a long harangue, in the course of which he pointed to the Sun, to the four quarters of the World and then to us; he afterwards introduced his father who was old and blind and carried by another man, who also made a harangue of some length. The old blind man was placed near us, and he often stretched out both his hands, through curiosity, in order to feel ours."

On their way down the river one of his men had a very narrow escape from drowning, and Fraser gives the story in the man's own words. "In the first cascade," said he, "our canoe filled and upset. The foreman and the steersman got on the outside, but I, who was in the centre, remained a long while underneath upon the bars. The canoe still drift-

ing was thrown into a smooth current, and the other two men finding an opportunity sprang from their situation into the water and swam ashore.

"The impulse occasioned by their weight in leaping off, raised one side of the canoe above the surface, and having still my recollection though I had swallowed a quantity of water, I seized the critical moment to disengage myself and I gained, though not without a struggle, the top of the canoe. By this time I found myself again in the middle of the stream. Here I continued astride the canoe, humouring the tide as well as I could with my body to preserve my balance, and, although I scarcely had time to look about me, I had the satisfaction to observe the two other canoes ashore near an eddy and their crews safe among the rocks.

"In the second or third cascade (for I do not recollect which), the canoe plunged from a great height into an eddy below, and striking with great violence against the bottom, split in two. Here I lost my recollection, which however I soon recovered, and was surprised to find myself on a smooth, east current with only one half of the canoe in my arms. In this condition I continued through several cascades until the stream carried me into an eddy at the foot of a high and steep rock. Here, my strength being exhausted, I lost my hold, a large wave washed me from off the wreck among the rocks and another, still larger, hoisted me clear on shore, where I remained, you may readily believe, some time motionless. At length, recovering a little of my strength I crawled up among the rocks and found myself once more safe on firm ground just as you see."

As they made their way down the Fraser, and got nearer the sea, the Indians became much less friendly, and they had much difficulty in getting the use of canoes or buying provisions. Finally, on the first of July, Fraser came to a point where the river divided into several channels, and going down one of these, he at last came in sight of a bay of the sea.

Landing at an Indian village known as Misquaime, not far from the present city of New Westminster, he had some difficulty in escaping from a party of hostile Indians, who had followed him down stream in their canoes. In fact, Fraser's experiences at the end of his outward journey were very much the same as those of Mackenzie. Both had difficulties with the natives, and both, for this reason and because their provisions were almost gone, had to turn back without reaching the outer coast of the continent. Fraser had, however, practically completed the exploration of one of the great rivers of the Pacific coast, and had thus added something to the sum of geographical knowledge.

The return journey to Fort George, while not so exciting as the journey to the sea, was not lacking in dramatic moments. The unfriendly Indians followed the explorer upstream, trying whenever the white men went ashore to pillage their canoes, and stirring up trouble among the upper tribes. Fraser was for a time in an awkward corner. With his handful of men—who were becoming frightened and were urging him to abandon the river and travel overland—he could not afford to quarrel with these Indians; and it would be equally fatal to give in to them. Fortunately, like Mackenzie, he was a person of masterful character, and understood both the *voyageur* and the Indian. He made the former understand that their lives depended upon standing together and carrying out his orders. The latter after a while realized that he would suffer no nonsense, and they returned the way they had come.

Having shaken off this evil influence, Fraser had very little trouble with the natives on the return journey. In fact, nothing could be more friendly than his reception in most of the villages. "These Indians," he says of one tribe, "showed us every possible mark of kindness; having taken up our quarters with them for the night, they gave us plenty to eat and entertained us with a variety of songs, dances, &c, during the evening."

They were now approaching the mouth of the Thompson River, and navigation had become so difficult that the canoes were abandoned and they continued their journey on foot, until they came to the easier reaches of the upper Fraser.

Fraser, keenly interested in the manners and customs of the natives, notes in his journal, "In the evening we observed the Indians fishing; their nets, which resembled purses, were fixed to the ends of long poles and dragged between two canoes." Among the examples of Indian handicraft he brought back with him from the lower river were a blanket woven of dog's hair, a wooden comb of curious construction, and what he calls a "matted bag". This probably was of spruce roots, woven so closely that it would hold water, particularly after a few layers of grease had been spread over the fabric.

They came after a time to extremely difficult land travel, up and down the faces of almost vertical precipices, across native bridges that frightened the tough *voyageurs*, and by means of Indian ladders so frail that they swung in the wind. Friendly Indians helped them over these dangerous spots, and Fraser was amazed by their skill and daring. Loaded with the white men's heavy packs and rifles, they "went up and down these wild places with the same agility as sailors on board a ship".

Of the native fish weirs Fraser gives this account:

"These barriers form a work of some ingenuity and are constructed in the following manner. Strong posts are driven into the ground at certain distances, and these distances are filled with frames made of splinters placed so close that a fish cannot pass between. On the top of these are squared beams for the purpose of walking, and underneath are placed props to support the whole against the force of the current. At one end is the gate, and sometimes there are gates in the centre which receive the contrivance which confines the fish. This contrivance is shaped like a

cask and composed of splinters the size of a finger and several feet long, and secured by watap hoops. The end that is placed below in the current is made inside like a funnel, through which the fish enter, one by one, and cannot find the way back, but must remain as in a net."

Early in August they were back at Fort George.

17

DAVID THOMPSON AGAIN

SOMETHING has been told in an earlier chapter of the travels of David Thompson east of the Rocky Mountains. It remains here to describe his explorations and adventures west of the mountains, in the great valley of the Columbia.

In 1807 he was at Rocky Mountain House, on the upper waters of the North Saskatchewan River, at that time the most westerly trading post in what is now Canada. Here, as has been already mentioned, he was brought into close touch with the Piegan Indians, a branch of the great Black-foot group of tribes, with which Anthony Henday had wintered something more than half a century before. There, too, Thompson became a close friend of the War Chief of the Piegans, Kootanae Appe, to whom we have also been introduced.

Thompson had long planned an expedition over the mountains, for the purpose of opening up trade with the Kootenay Indians. That was one of the reasons, but one suspects that a more compelling reason was his desire to explore the unknown country on the other side of the Rockies, and particularly the upper waters of the great river of the West, or Oregon River, since known as the Columbia, of which rumours had been floating about for many years, and which the American travellers Lewis and Clark had partly explored a few years before.

But it was one thing to plan such an expedition and quite another to carry it out. The Piegan, although friendly to Thompson, had a natural objection to his entering into

trade relations with the Kootenay, their enemies through the ages, and they particularly objected to the traders letting the Kootenay have firearms. For many years the Blackfeet had been able to overawe the Kootenay because they were armed with guns while the Kootenay had nothing better than bows and arrows. One can hardly blame them if they objected to losing this very great advantage.

In any event they did make it clear to Thompson that he was not to cross the mountains, and to make sure he obeyed they stationed a guard of warriors near the summit of Howse Pass, which was then the white man's route from the upper waters of the Saskatchewan to the Pacific side of the Rockies. But if the Piegans were determined, so was Thompson. He sent some of his men forward to cross the pass, and the Piegans turned them back, with a warning that if they made another attempt they would be treated much more roughly.

Very well, said the explorer to himself, I see that I shall have to be patient. He could not afford to fight the whole tribe of Piegans, but he knew that sooner or later some purpose or other would take them away from the neighbourhood of the pass. And, in fact, he did not have very long to wait. It happened that, some time before, Lewis and Clark had had a skirmish with some of the Blackfeet on the upper Missouri River, in which several of the Indians had been killed. The tribe had been very angry and had been waiting for a chance to revenge themselves. A big war party was formed, and the warriors who had been guarding Howse Pass promptly abandoned their post and joined the expedition.

Thompson lost no time. As soon as the way was clear he set out for the pass, which he reached June 22, 1807.

A few miles south of the summit Thompson came to the upper waters of a small branch of the Columbia, now known as the Blaeberry River, "whose current," he notes in his journal, "descends to the Pacific Ocean". That was a very

important fact for, though Alexander Mackenzie had made his overland expedition to the sea, and Lewis and Clark had already been down the lower part of the Columbia, no white man before Thompson had yet seen its upper waters, and he alone was to survey the great river from its source to its mouth. He now puts into his journal these pious words, "May God in His mercy give me to see where its waters flow into the ocean, and return in safety."

He made his way down the wild little mountain stream, the Blaeberry, not without some difficulty, and found himself upon the banks of the Columbia. The river had been named by Robert Gray when he sailed into its mouth in 1792. Thompson did not yet know that this was the same river, and he named it the Kootenay. That name was afterwards given to its principal tributary.

The explorer camped for twelve days building canoes, and on July 12 he packed everything into these and paddled upstream to a lake which he called Kootenay, and which is now known as Windermere. Here he built the first trading post on these waters, Fort Kootenay, where he spent the winter.

In April of the following year Thompson continued his discoveries to the south, and reached the source of the Columbia in Upper Columbia Lake. From the head of this lake he could see the waters of another river flowing to the south, and he made up his mind to follow it. The canoes were carried over the flats to the banks of the new stream, which he named McGillivray, but which we know today as the Kootenay. He explored the river down to the great bend, in what is now the State of Idaho, and north again into Kootenay Lake, in British Columbia.

About this time the Piegan, who had not forgotten or forgiven his cleverness in outwitting them, held a council of the tribe and decided to send a war party to destroy Fort Kootenay. Sakatow, that wily politician, bore no love for Kootanae Appe, of whose wide influence in the tribe

he was jealous. He saw a chance to put the War Chief in a very difficult position by proposing that he should lead a war party against his white friend Thompson. Here is the story as Thompson tells it in his journal:

"I had now to prepare for a more serious visit from the Peagans who had met in council, and it was determined to send forty men, under a secondary Chief to destroy the trading Post, and us with it. They came and pitched their Tents close before the Gate, which was well barred. I had six men with me, and ten guns, well loaded. The House was perforated with large augur holes, as well as the Bas-tions. Thus they remained for three weeks without daring to attack us. We had a small stock of dried provisions which we made go as far as possible. They thought to make us suffer for want of water as the bank we were on was about 20 feet high and very steep, but at night, by a strong cord we quietly and gently let down two brass Kettles each holding four Gallons, and drew them up full, which was enough for us.

"They were at a loss what to do, for Kootanae Appee the War Chief had publicly told the Chief of this party (which was formed against his advice) to remember he had Men confided to his care, whom he must bring back, that he was sent to destroy the Enemies not to lose his Men.

"Finding us always on the watch, they did not think proper to risque their lives, when at the end of three weeks they suddenly decamped. I thought it a ruse de guerre. I afterwards learned that some of them hunting saw some Kootanaes who were also hunting, and as what was done was an act of aggression, something like an act of War, they decamped to cross the mountains to join their own Tribe while all was well with them. The return of this party without success occasioned a strong sensation among the Peegans.

"The Civil Chief harangued them, and gave his advice to form a strong war party under Kootanae Appee the War

Chief and directly to crush the white Men and the Natives on the west side of the Mountains, before they became well armed. They have always been our slaves (Prisoners) and now they will pretend to equal us. No, we must not suffer this, we must at once crush them. We know them to be desperate Men, and we must destroy them, before they become too powerful for us.

"The War Chief coolly observed, 'I shall lead the battle according to the will of the Tribe, but we cannot smoke to the Great Spirit for success, as we usually do; it is now about ten winters since we made peace with them; they have tented and hunted with us, and because they have guns and iron headed Arrows, we must break our word of peace with them. We are now called upon to go to war with a people better armed than ourselves. Be it so, let the Warriors get ready. In ten nights I will call on them.' The old, and the intelligent men, severely blamed the speech of the Civil Chief. They remarked, 'the older he gets, the less sense.' On the ninth night the War Chief made a short speech, to have each man to take full ten days of dried provisions, for we shall soon leave the country of the Bison, after which we must not fire a shot, or we shall be discovered.

"On the tenth night he made his final speech, and exhorting the Warriors and their Chiefs to have their Arms in good order, and not forget dried provisions, he named a place; 'there I shall be the morrow evening, and those who now march with me; there I shall wait for you five nights, and then march to cross the Mountains.'

"At the end of the time about three hundred Warriors under three Chiefs assembled, and took their route across the Mountains by the Stag River and by the defiles of another River of the same name, came on the Columbia, about full twenty miles from me. As usual, by another pass of the Mountains, they sent two Men to see the strength of the House. I showed them all round the place, and they staid that night.

"I plainly saw that a War Party was again formed, to be better conducted than the last, and I prepared presents to avert it. The next morning two Kootanae Men arrived. Their eyes glared on the Peagans like Tigers. This was most fortunate. I told them to sit down and smoke, which they did. I then called the two Peagans out, and enquired of them which way they intended to return. They pointed to the northward.

"I told them to go to Kootanae Appe and his War Party, who were only a days journey from us, and delivering to them the Presents I had made up, to be off directly, as I could not protect them; for you know you are on these lands as enemies. The Presents were six feet of Tobacco to the Chief, to be smoked among them, three feet with a fine pipe of red porphyry and an ornamented Pipe Stem; eighteen inches to each of the three Chiefs, and a small piece to each of themselves; and telling them they had no right to be in the Kootanae Country; to haste away, for the Kootanaes would soon be here, and they will fight for their trading Post.

"In all that regarded the Peeagans I chanced to be right; it was all guess work. Intimately acquainted with the Indians, the Country and the Seasons, I argued and acted on probabilities. I was afterwards informed that the two Peeagans went direct to the camp of the War Party, delivered the Presents and the Message and sat down. Upon which the War Chief exclaimed, 'what can we do with this man; our women cannot mend a pair of shoes but he sees them,' alluding to my Astronomical Observations. Then in a thoughtful mood he laid the pipe and stem, with the several pieces of Tobacco on the ground, and said, 'what is to be done with these?' If we proceed, nothing of what is before us can be accepted.

"The eldest of the three Chiefs, wistfully eyeing the Tobacco, of which they had none; at length he said, 'You all know me, who I am, and what I am. I have attacked Tents, my knife could cut through them, and our enemies

had no defence against us, and I am ready to do it again; but to go and fight against Logs of Wood that a Ball cannot go through, and with people we cannot see, and with whom we are at peace, is what I am averse to. I go no further.'

"He then cut the end of the Tobacco, filled the red pipe, fitted the stem, and handed it to Kootanae Appe, saying, 'it was not you that brought us here, but the foolish Sakatow, who himself never goes to War.' They all smoked, took the Tobacco, and returned, very much to the satisfaction of Kootanae Appe, my steady friend. Thus by the mercy of good Providence I averted this danger."

And in this account of one of the dramatic episodes in his life in the far west, David Thompson reveals something of the character of the remarkable Indian chief Kootanae Appe, and something also of his own character. Both men were shrewd and cool-headed, and both had a keen sense of humour.

Between 1808 and 1812, Thompson explored and surveyed every foot of the Columbia from its source in the Rocky Mountains to its mouth on the Pacific. Down as far as the Snake River he was the original discoverer. From there to the sea Lewis and Clark had gone before him in 1805. J. B. Tyrrell has reminded us that even today Thompson's survey of the Columbia remains the most complete and accurate that has ever been made of that great river. The American scholar, Elliott Coues, said of him some years ago, "The world can never be allowed to forget the discoverer of the sources of the Columbia, the first white man who ever voyaged on the upper reaches and main upper tributaries of that mighty river, the pathfinder of more than one way across the Continental Divide from Saskatchewan to Columbia waters, the greatest geographer of his day in British America, and the maker of what was by far its greatest map."

PART IV

THE FAR NORTH

SAMUEL HEARNE

THE story of the discovery of Canada has now been told, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the first landfall on our eastern coasts to the completion of the main lines of exploration west of the Rockies. It remains to describe those expeditions to the Arctic coast of the continent, the far northwest, and the Arctic islands, that rounded out the story of the discovery of the immense area that we know to-day as the Dominion of Canada.

Many of these expeditions were directed to, or were carried across, that region of vast mineral wealth known as the Laurentian Shield, extending from the lower St. Lawrence to Great Bear Lake, from widely scattered points on which rich yields of precious metals have already been taken. It is fitting that the first of these journeys to be described, and the first in point of time, should be that of Samuel Hearne, who was sent north by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1770 to verify Indian reports of rich copper mines.

Hearne's journey, or rather the last and most successful of three journeys, took him along three sides of an immense triangle, from Prince of Wales Fort at the mouth of the Churchill River on Hudson Bay, to the mouth of the Coppermine River on the Arctic coast, then south to Great Slave Lake and Slave River, and finally east to the mouth of the Churchill. From beginning to end of this journey, which took him well over a year, Hearne was travelling through country never before seen by a white man.

Three times he started out from Prince of Wales. The first time he had trouble with the Indian guides, and had to return to the fort. The second time he was unfortunate enough to break his quadrant, and as it was important he should make a survey of his route, and this could not be done without the quadrant, he was compelled once more to return to the fort. Finally, still in the year 1770, he got away to a real start, taking with him a shrewd old Indian with a dry wit named Matonabbee.

Hearne at this time was a young man of twenty-four. He could not have been more than twenty when he came out to Fort Prince of Wales from London. There is still clearly visible chiselled on the hard rock at the mouth of the Churchill his name and the date, July, 1767. Two years later he had the advantage of some instruction from one of the foremost astronomers and mathematicians of his age, William Wales, who had come out to Hudson Bay to observe the transit of Venus over the sun. Hearne lacked the firmness and the ability of Alexander Mackenzie to manage the Indians, but he produced in his account of this journey one of the most valuable and entertaining narratives in the history of North American exploration.

In 1782, when Hearne had become Governor of Fort Prince of Wales, it was captured by the French under La Perouse. La Perouse, who was a geographer as well as an admiral, read Hearne's journal with a great deal of interest. It was still in manuscript. He treated the young explorer rather as an honoured guest than as an enemy, and made him promise that he would publish his book as soon as he returned to England.

In Hearne's second journey he was visited by a party of Northern Indians, who coolly robbed him of nearly everything he had. "Nothing," he says, "can exceed the cool deliberation of those villains; a committee of them entered my tent. The ringleader seated himself on my left-hand. They first begged me to lend them my skipper-

togan [a small bag in which pipe and tobacco, flint and steel were carried] to fill a pipe of tobacco. After smoking two or three pipes, they asked me for several articles which I had not, and amongst others for a pack of cards; but on my answering that I had not any of the articles they mentioned, one of them put his hand on my baggage, and asked if it was mine. Before I could answer in the affirmative, he and the rest of his companions had all my treasure spread on the ground. One took one thing, and another another, till at last nothing was left but the empty bag, which they permitted me to keep.

“At length, considering that, though I was going to the Factory [Prince of Wales], I should want a knife to cut my victuals, an awl to mend my shoes, and a needle to mend my other clothing, they readily gave me these other articles, though not without making me understand that I ought to look upon it as a great favour. Finding them possessed of so much generosity, I ventured to solicit them for my razors; but thinking that one would be sufficient to shave me during my passage home, they made no scruple to keep the other; luckily they chose the worst. To complete their generosity, they permitted me to take as much soap as I thought would be sufficient to wash and shave me during the remainder of my journey to the Factory.”

When Hearne left Prince of Wales on his third attempt, the season was getting late, and he travelled with dogs and sledges through the winter; after that each man carried his own burden. So far as food was concerned, they lived off the country, and were more fortunate than some later travellers in the far north, who either died of starvation or were brought uncomfortably near it.

Hearne was the only white man in the party. He took with him a number of Chipewyan Indians, under the chief already mentioned, Matonabbee. The traveller has much to say about this remarkable character. When they were discussing plans for the journey, Matonabbee insisted that

women must be taken. For, said he, all the men are heavy laden, they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance; and in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labour? "Women," said this native philosopher, "were made for labour; one of them can carry, or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, keep us warm at night; and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance, or for any length of time, in this country, without their assistance. Women, though they do everything, are maintained at a trifling expense; for as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence."

On their long journey to the Arctic, they were sometimes perilously close to starvation. Hearne says in his journal, toward the end of the year, "Indeed for many days we had been in great want, and for the last three days had not tasted a morsel of any thing, except a pipe of tobacco and a drink of snow water; and as we walked daily from morning till night, and were all heavy laden, our strength began to fail. I must confess that I never spent so dull a Christmas; and when I recollected the merry season which was then passing, and reflected on the immense quantities and great varieties of delicacies which were then expending in every part of Christendom, and that with a profusion bordering on waste, I could not refrain from wishing myself again in Europe, if it had been only to have had an opportunity of alleviating the extreme hunger which I suffered, with the refuse of the table of any of my acquaintances. My Indians, however, still kept in good spirits; and as we were then across all the barren ground, and saw a few tracks of deer, they began to think that the worst of the road was over for that winter, and flattered me with the expectation of soon meeting with deer and other game in greater plenty than we had done since our departure from the Fort."

Hearne describes in detail the manners and customs of these Indians of the far north, as well as their clothing, weapons and cooking utensils. Their canoe seems to have been something between the birch-bark canoe of the southern Indians and the kayaks of the Eskimo. "All the tools used by an Indian in building his canoe," says the explorer, "as well as in making his snow-shoes, and every other kind of wood-work, consist of a hatchet, a knife, a file and an awl; in the use of which they are so dextrous that every thing they make is executed with a neatness not to be excelled by the most expert mechanic, assisted with every tool he could wish.

"In shape the Northern Indian canoe bears some resemblance to a weaver's shuttle; being flat-bottomed, with straight upright sides, and sharp at each end; but the stern is by far the widest part, as there the baggage is generally laid, and occasionally a second person, who always lies down at full length in the bottom of the canoe. In this manner they carry one another across rivers and the narrow parts of lakes in those little vessels, which seldom exceed twelve or thirteen feet in length, and are from twenty inches to two feet broad in the widest part. The head, or fore part, is unnecessarily long and narrow; and is all covered over with birch-bark, which adds considerably to the weight, without contributing to the burthen of the vessel. In general these Indians make use of the single paddle, though a few have double ones, like the Esquimaux."

Hearne's narrative is also full of interesting accounts of the wild animals he came across in the course of his journey, and particularly of that strange creature the musk ox. "They delight," he says, "in the most stony and mountainous parts of the barren ground, and are seldom found at any great distance from the woods. Though they are a beast of great magnitude, and apparently of a very unwieldy inactive structure, yet they climb the rocks with great ease and agility, and are nearly as sure-footed as a goat; like it too,

they will feed on any thing, though they seem fondest of grass, yet in Winter, when that article cannot be had in sufficient quantity, they will eat moss, or any other herbage they can find, as also the tops of willows and the tender branches of the pine tree."

About the middle of July, 1771, they at last came to the banks of the Coppermine River, and as they travelled down it to the sea Hearne made a survey of its course. He had, in fact, been doing this as well as he could throughout the journey. He was now, however, very much distressed to find that his Indians were determined to surprise and destroy an Eskimo village that they knew to be down toward the mouth of the river. He did what he could to prevent them, but found himself quite helpless. They could not understand his motives, and charged him with cowardice.

Unfortunately for the Eskimo, their young men were all away hunting, and when the Indians came to the village there was no one there but women and children and a few old men. These the Indians destroyed with so much cruelty that when white travellers visited the place many years afterwards they were still told the story of the massacre. The place has since been known as Bloody Falls. One unusually pathetic incident is described by Hearne.

"We saw," he says, "an old woman sitting by the side of the water, killing salmon, which lay at the foot of the fall as thick as a shoal of herrings. Whether from the noise of the fall, or a natural defect in the old woman's hearing, it is hard to determine, but certain it is she had no knowledge of the tragical scene which had been so lately transacted at the tents, though she was not more than two hundred yards from the place. When we first perceived her, she seemed perfectly at ease, and was entirely surrounded with the product of her labour. From her manner of behaviour, and the appearance of her eyes, which were as red as blood, it is more than probable that her sight was not very good; for she scarcely discerned that the Indians were

enemies, till they were within twice the length of their spears from her. It was in vain that she attempted to fly, for the wretches of my crew transfixed her to the ground in a few seconds, and butchered her in the most savage manner."

Distressed though he was by the brutality of his Indians, Hearne carried his survey down to the mouth of the river, where he saw many seals on the ice. It was about one o'clock in the morning when he had completed his work, but the sun was still shining, as it of course would be in July in these far northern regions.

The main purpose of Hearne's journey, so far as the Hudson's Bay Company was concerned, was to examine the copper deposits, from which the river took its name, and which had been reported to be very rich. He found the place, but was disappointed. Several hours' search led to the finding of only a few small lumps of copper, though both the Indians and the Eskimo used the metal to make some of their tools and weapons.

On his return journey the explorer travelled south from the Coppermine to Great Slave Lake and the Slave River, and then east, through a part of Northern Canada that even today is little known, to Prince of Wales Fort. At the end of his journal he makes the interesting statement that his journey had "put an end to all disputes concerning a North-West Passage through Hudson's Bay". His journey had taken him from the mouth of the Churchill north to the Arctic coast, and it was therefore certain that no passage existed anywhere south of the Arctic.

MACKENZIE GOES NORTH

IN AN earlier chapter some account has been given of the famous journey of Alexander Mackenzie overland to the Pacific. That was actually his second attempt to reach the Western Sea. On the earlier expedition, which will now be described, he had hoped to find a way farther north to the Pacific, but the river he followed took him, much to his dismay, to the Arctic. And that was why he called it the River of Disappointment.

Mackenzie was born near Stornoway, in the island of Lewis, Scotland, and he was a boy of about sixteen when he came to Canada. Like so many other adventurous young men, he entered the fur trade, and after a few years' training in the Montreal counting-house of Gregory, McLeod and Company, was sent to Detroit, at that time only a trading post, and later to the Churchill River country. In 1787 he became a partner of the North West Company, and the following year we find him at Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabaska, with his cousin Roderick McKenzie, completing plans that he had been turning over in his mind for some time, for an expedition down a great river that ran out of Great Slave Lake, and that he hoped would take him to the Pacific.

On June 3, 1789, Alexander Mackenzie left Fort Chipewyan in a birch-bark canoe manned by four French-Canadian *voyageurs*, a young German named John Steinbruck, and an Indian guide who was called the English Chief. Descending Slave River they entered Great Slave Lake, which

was still covered with ice, and it was not until near the end of the month that Mackenzie was able to turn his canoe into the river that has since borne his name. On his way north he had passed the mouth of Peace River, which, it will be remembered, was his route to the Pacific on the later journey. As the weather became warmer the travellers were pestered continually with mosquitoes, and throughout the journey they were never without these most unpleasant companions. Wildfowl and fish were so plentiful that they had no trouble about provisions.

A remark made by Mackenzie in his journal shows how observant he was of everything that went on about him. "It is," he says, "a very curious and extraordinary circumstance, that land covered with spruce, pine, and white birch, when laid waste by fire, should subsequently produce nothing but poplars, where none of that species of tree were previously to be found."

Mackenzie probably was basing a general conclusion upon one incident that he happened to observe. Men who have studied the matter carefully remind us that this is a dangerous thing to do. As a matter of fact, the growth of poplar on burnt-over land that formerly held such varieties of trees as spruce, pine and birch, is mainly due to the fact that the seed of poplar is very light and quickly occupies any vacant piece of land.

Like many other explorers, Mackenzie was hampered by the false tales told by Indians of what he might expect to meet on his journey. In this case he had been warned that there was a great waterfall on the river, and he wasted a good deal of time in looking out for a waterfall that existed only in the minds of the Indians. Curiously enough this story was repeated by other Indians as they went north. Of one tribe the explorer says: "The information which they gave respecting the river, had so much of the fabulous, that I shall not detail it: it will be sufficient just to mention their attempts to persuade us that it would require several

winters to get to the sea, and that old age would come upon us before the period of our return: 'we were also to encounter monsters of such horrid shapes and destructive powers as could only exist in their wild imaginations. They added, besides, that there were two impassable falls in the river, the first of which was about thirty days' march from us."

These people amused Mackenzie with their form of dancing. "The men and women," he says, "formed a promiscuous ring. The former have a bone dagger or piece of stick between the fingers of the right hand, which they keep extended above the head, in continual motion: the left they seldom raise so high, but work it backwards and forwards in a horizontal direction; while they leap about and throw themselves into various antic postures, to the measure of their music, always bringing their heels close to each other at every pause. The men occasionally howl in imitation of some animal, and he who continues this violent exercise for the longest period, appears to be considered as the best performer."

While the explorer did not pay too much attention to the reports of the Indians as to the physical dangers they might expect as they went down the river, or the ferocity of other tribes, his men became very nervous, and finally mutinied and refused to go any farther. They had, however, a leader of a very determined character. He laughed at their fears, and told them that nothing would prevent him from completing his expedition, and that wherever he chose to go they must go also. In contrast to Samuel Hearne, Mackenzie by the sheer power of his will was able to compel his companions to do what he wished.

While he had no faith in the stories of the Indians, the explorer had been very much disappointed to find the river running north day after day, without any appearance of a turn to the west. It became evident that it did not empty into the Pacific. He passed the mouth of the Bear River, whose water was clear and had the green hue of the sea;

and the magnificent ramparts many years later to be described by Sir John Franklin; and finally came to the wide delta of the river, which flows into the sea through many channels.

Paddling down the middle branch, Mackenzie listened with amusement to a story of his guide, who told him that behind one of the islands there lived a Manitou or spirit which swallowed every person who approached it. "As it would," says the explorer, "have employed half a day to have indulged our curiosity in proceeding to examine this phenomenon, we did not deviate from our course." They passed several deserted Eskimo camps, to the relief of Mackenzie's men, who had been alarmed at the accounts of the Indians as to the ferocity of the Eskimo.

Finally they paddled out into what at first Mackenzie thought was a lake, but which was actually the mouth of the river. He pitched his tents on an island, and before morning had clear proof that he had reached the sea, as the rising tide almost washed away his baggage. The following morning he saw a number of small whales in the bay. Oddly enough he seems to have been slow to realize that he had reached the ocean. He notes in his journal, "We had no sooner retired to rest last night, if I may use that expression in a country where the sun never sinks beneath the horizon, than some of the people were obliged to rise and remove the baggage on account of the rising of the water." He still seems uncertain, but two days later he says, "Being awakened by some casual circumstance at four this morning, I was surprised on perceiving that the water had flowed under our baggage." At last he is convinced that this is a real tide and that he has come to the Arctic.

One can read his disappointment between the lines of his journal. Ever since Captain Cook had discovered that inlet on the coast of Alaska that is still named after him, there had been some hopes that it might prove to be the

western entrance to a water route to the east, and Mackenzie evidently had hoped that the river he was on would empty into Cook's Inlet. Even his French-Canadian *voyageurs* were discouraged, as their spirits had been for some time kept up by the belief that they would share Mackenzie's glory in finding a way to the Western Sea, to the *Mer de l'Ouest* of La Vérendrye. We miss, therefore, in the story that air of satisfaction in having completed a worthwhile job that marks the end of Mackenzie's journey to the Pacific.

The return journey to Fort Chipewyan was marked by two incidents. Mackenzie found a seam of coal smouldering on the banks of the Mackenzie, a few miles above the mouth of Bear River, and therefore not far from the Fort Norman oil wells of today which supply fuel to the Mackenzie River steamers and the pitchblende mine on Great Bear Lake. When Franklin passed the place in 1825, the banks were still burning. They were burning in 1848 when Richardson was on the river; and in 1888 when McConnell made a survey for the Geological Survey of Canada. In 1906 the Superintendent of Forestry of Canada reported that "eight miles above Fort Norman, for upwards of two miles, along the right bank of the river, smoke is distinctly observed from fires still burning far down in seams of coal, or rather lignite." And that fire, first noticed by Mackenzie over a century and a half ago, is still burning.

There is an old legend, told among the Indians of the lower Mackenzie. They say that many, many years ago their country was inhabited by giants, one of whom killed two beavers, also of gigantic size, and spread out the skins to dry on the slopes of Bear Rock, where to this day can be seen two bare patches of ground, around which tall trees have arisen, grown, the Indians say, from the pickets used to hold the beaver-skins in place. And they say that the fire that still burns far under the ground is the one on which the beavers were cooked.

The other incident was the explorer meeting Indians who told him of a great river to the westward, which might have been the Yukon. The Dog-rib Indian who gave the information said, "there is another river on the other side of the mountains to the South-West, which falls into the *Belhoullay Teo*, or White-man's Lake, in comparison of which that on whose banks we then were, was but a small stream; that the natives were very large, and very wicked, and kill common men with their eyes; that they make canoes larger than ours; that those who inhabit the entrance of it kill a kind of beaver, the skin of which is almost red; and that large canoes often frequent it. As there is no known communication by water with this river, the natives who saw it went over the mountains."

This account naturally aroused keen interest in Mackenzie, and he lost no chance of questioning other Indians he met on his way up the river. One of them he bribed with some beads to draw a map of the country to the westward. "This singular map," says Mackenzie, "he immediately undertook to delineate, and accordingly traced out a very long point of land between the rivers, though without paying the least attention to their courses, which he represented as running into the great lake, at the extremity of which, as he had been told by Indians of other nations, there was a *Belhoullay Couin*, or White Man's Fort."

"This," adds Mackenzie, "I took to be Unalascha Fort, and consequently the river to the West to be Cook's River; and that the body of water or sea into which this river discharges itself at Whale Island, communicates with Norton Sound. I made an advantageous proposition to this man to accompany me across the mountains to the other river, but he refused it. At the same time he recommended me to the people already mentioned, who were fishing in the neighbourhood, as better qualified to assist me in the undertaking which I had proposed."

Mackenzie through his interpreter questioned these

people, but could get no useful information. In fact, their account of the western tribes was even more absurd than those he had already heard. "They represented them as being of a gigantic stature, and adorned with wings, which, however, they never employed in flying. That they fed on large birds, which they killed with the greatest ease, though common men would be certain victims of their ferocity if they ventured to approach them. They also described the people that inhabited the mouth of the river as possessing the extraordinary power of killing with their eyes, and devouring a large beaver at a single meal. They added that canoes of very large dimensions visited that place. They did not, however, relate these strange circumstances from their own knowledge, but on the reports of other tribes, as they themselves never ventured to proceed beyond the first mountains, where they went in search of the small white buffaloes, as the inhabitants of the other side endeavour to kill them whenever they meet."

Mackenzie adds a complaint that many explorers have felt when they must rely upon an interpreter. "It appeared to us," he says, "that these people knew more about the country than they chose to communicate, or at least reached me, as the interpreter, who had long been tired of the voyage, might conceal such a part of their communication as, in his opinion, would induce me to follow new routes, or extend my excursions."

Apart from the purely imaginative items, some parts of these Indian stories were probably nothing more than exaggerated accounts of Russian and other white traders on the Pacific coast and their ships. "Killing with their eyes" suggests a native attempt to describe the effect of firearms. The very large canoes might be either those of the Coast Indians or sailing ships; and the sailing ship and its white sails might very well be the origin of the poetical image of gigantic men adorned with wings.

Mackenzie put what he felt about this journey into the name he gave the great river—the River of Disappointment.

20

EXPLORING THE ARCTIC

WHEN, in 1820, Captain John Franklin arrived on Great Slave Lake, on his way from England by way of York Factory to the Arctic coast, he had with him two officers who were each in his turn to lead important expeditions through Northern Canada, that once remote hinterland that within the last few years has been brought within easy reach by the aeroplane and wireless.

These two officers were George Back and John Richardson. All three, like Mackenzie at an earlier period, were to be knighted in recognition of their noble discoveries. Franklin, Back and Richardson, together with Thomas Simpson and John Rae of the Hudson's Bay Company, were to complete the exploration of the Arctic coast of Canada, as well as part of the southern coasts of Victoria Island and King William Island, and finally to prove what had long been in doubt, the existence of a water channel between the mainland and the Arctic Archipelago—the long-sought North West Passage.

Franklin, in 1820 and 1821, followed Hearne's route, in reverse, from Great Slave Lake to the mouth of the Coppermine, and explored the coast east of Kent Peninsula. Three years later he and his officers carried their surveys west from the Coppermine to the boundary of Alaska. Franklin noted, among many other interesting facts, that the Eskimo had the same curious method of settling disputes that was practised by the natives of New South Wales. Each man lowered his head to receive the blow of the other, until

one tumbled down, it being thought dishonourable to try to escape a blow. Another odd similarity in the ways of Australian and North American natives was the use of the throwing stick for hurling their spears.

The Eskimo were also found to be fairly expert thieves. "One fellow," says Franklin, "would lay hold of the boat with both hands, and while the coxswain and I were disengaging them, his comrade on the other side would make the best use of his time in transferring some of our property into his canoe, with all the coolness of a practiced thief. The smaller things being, however, put as well out of the way as possible, and a strict lookout kept, they were, in almost every instance, detected; and they restored, with the most perfect good humour, every article they had taken, as soon as it was demanded, often laughing heartily at their own lack of address."

Following Franklin's course briefly, it may be noted that he was covering new ground north of Great Slave Lake. Going up Yellowknife River from the north arm of the lake, he built Fort Enterprise between the source of the river and the Coppermine and wintered there. In June of 1821 he crossed the height of land and turned down the Coppermine. From its mouth he turned east along the bleak Arctic coast of the continent, and completed its exploration as far as Kent peninsula. In July of the following year he was back at York Factory on Hudson Bay, having travelled by land and water five thousand five hundred and fifty miles, some of the way at least under conditions of very great hardship.

The journey to the Arctic coast was comparatively uneventful. There were rough moments sailing in canoes along the Arctic coast, as one can see not only from the text but from the very lively illustrations, engraved from drawings by George Back and Robert Hood. Hood came to a tragic end on the journey back from the Arctic. The difficulties of travel along the sea-coast may be judged by

one of many incidents. On August 23 they set out from an uncomfortable camp to cross Melville Sound, a distance of about fifteen miles, against a heavy sea.

"The privation of food under which our voyagers were then labouring," says Franklin, "absorbed every other terror; otherwise the most powerful persuasion could not have induced them to attempt such a traverse. It was with the utmost difficulty that the canoes were kept from turning their broadsides to the waves, though we sometimes steered with all the paddles. One of them narrowly escaped being upset by this accident, which occurred in a mid-channel, where the waves were so high that the mast-head of our canoe was often hid from the other, though it was sailing within hail.

"The traverse, however, was made; we were then near a high rocky lee shore, on which a heavy surf was beating. The wind being on the beam, the canoes drifted fast to leeward; and, on rounding a point, the recoil of the sea from the rocks was so great that they were with difficulty kept from foundering. We looked in vain for a sheltered bay to land in; at length, being unable to weather another point, we were obliged to put ashore on the open beach, which fortunately was sandy at this spot."

Instead of returning along the Arctic coast all the way to the mouth of the Coppermine, Franklin decided to save time by ascending a river he had named after Hood. The short Arctic season was drawing to its close, and provisions were running very low. Hood River would take them in the general direction of the upper Coppermine, and his plan was to follow it as far as possible, then cross the Barren Lands to the Coppermine, and from there make his way to Fort Enterprise. He hoped to find there a supply of provisions sent from Fort Providence; and he hoped also, though not so confidently, to get enough fish and game on the journey to feed his party. In both cases he was disappointed.

The journey south from the Arctic coast was, in fact, an almost continuous series of disasters and disappointments. And to the ill luck that seemed to shadow all that they tried to do, was added the hopeless stupidity of some of the *voyageurs*, who in their frantic desire to get back to Fort Enterprise threw away the fishing-nets and the tent and even the small canoe that was their only means of crossing the Coppermine.

Before this, however, they had had an adventure with the canoe that nearly proved fatal to one of the men. Franklin with three of his men were trying to cross a stream above a rapid. "We went from the shore very well," he says, "but in mid-channel the canoe became difficult to manage under our burden as the breeze was fresh. The current drove us to the edge of the rapid, when Belanger unluckily applied his paddle to avert the apparent danger of being forced down it, and lost his balance. The canoe was over-set in consequence in the middle of the rapid.

"We fortunately kept hold of it, until we touched a rock where the water did not reach higher than our waists; here we kept our footing, notwithstanding the strength of the current, until the water was emptied out of the canoe. Belanger then held the canoe steady whilst St. Germain placed me in it, and afterwards embarked himself in a very dextrous manner.

"It was impossible, however, to embark Belanger, as the canoe would have been hurried down the rapid, the moment he should have raised his foot from the rock on which he stood. We were therefore compelled to leave him in his perilous situation. We had not gone twenty yards before the canoe, striking on a sunken rock, went down. The place being shallow, we were again enabled to empty it, and the third attempt brought us to the shore.

"In the meantime Belanger was suffering extremely, immersed to his middle in the centre of a rapid the temperature of which was very little above the freezing point,

and the upper part of his body covered with wet clothes, exposed in a temperature not much above zero, to a strong breeze. He called piteously for relief, and St. Germain on his return endeavoured to embark him, but in vain. The canoe was hurried down the rapid, and when he landed he was rendered by the cold incapable of further exertion, and Adam attempted to embark Belanger, but found it impossible.

"An attempt was next made to carry out to him a line, made of the slings of the men's loads. This also failed, the current acting so strongly upon it as to prevent the canoe from steering, and it was finally broken and carried down the stream. At length, when Belanger's strength seemed almost exhausted, the canoe reached him with a small cord belonging to one of the nets, and he was dragged perfectly senseless through the rapid."

Belanger came through the ordeal with nothing much more than discomfort and a fright, but Franklin lost his manuscript journal up to that time. Fortunately Richardson, Back and Hood were all keeping journals, and the leader was able to rewrite his own narrative from their notes.

By the 20th of September they were feeling the bitterness of the Arctic winter. The men were feeble and dispirited, and Franklin had hard work to keep them from giving up in despair. With the exception of an occasional partridge, which gave a mouthful to each man, they had to live mostly upon the unpalatable lichen known as *tripe de roche*, which filled them up for the time being but had little nourishment. Here is Franklin's description of their dreary camp:

"The first operation after encamping was to thaw our frozen shoes, if sufficient fire could be made, and dry ones were put on. Each person then wrote his notes of the daily occurrences, and evening prayers were read. As soon as supper was prepared it was eaten, generally in the dark, and we went to bed, and kept up a cheerful conversation

until our blankets were thawed by the heat of our bodies, and we had gathered sufficient warmth to enable us to fall asleep. On many nights we had not even the luxury of going to bed in dry clothes, and when the fire was insufficient to dry our shoes, we durst not venture to pull them off, lest they should freeze so hard as to be unfit to put on in the morning, and therefore inconvenient to carry."

On such a journey as this, food would be the most important of all topics, and one finds constant references in Franklin's journals to the desperate steps they were forced to take merely to keep alive. "We found," he says on one occasion, speaking of some of his men who had gone forward, "they had halted among some willows, where they had picked up some pieces of skin and a few bones of deer that had been devoured by the wolves last spring. They had rendered the bones friable by burning, and eaten them as well as the skin; and several of them had added their old shoes to the repast."

Franklin, of course, fared no better than his men. This same day he says, "After halting an hour, during which we refreshed ourselves with eating our old shoes, and a few scraps of leather, we set forward in the hope of ascertaining whether an adjoining piece of water was the Coppermine River or not."

Finally they reached Fort Enterprise. "To our infinite disappointment," says Franklin, "and grief found it a perfectly desolate habitation." It is not hard to imagine the feelings of men who, for many days, had been kept going under desperately hard conditions, by the belief that their troubles would be over once they reached the fort. Yet even now Franklin not only kept up his own courage, but was able to put a little into his disheartened men. Back had travelled ahead, to look for the friendly Indians who were to have brought supplies, and the rest set to work to look for anything that could be used as food; and they had got to the stage when they would eat almost anything.

"We were gratified," says Franklin, "to find several deer skins, which had been thrown away during our former residence. The bones were gathered from the heap of ashes; these with the skins, and the addition of *tripe de roche* we considered would support us tolerably well for a time." It might be thought that these travellers in the far north should have been able to shoot an odd caribou, or wild fowl, but these had all gone south, with the exception of a very occasional straggler, and none of the party had now enough strength to get within range of any kind of game, or to hold a gun steady enough to hit anything.

They did what they could to make Fort Enterprise livable. The parchment that had been on the windows had been torn away, and they could do nothing more than put loose boards across the opening to shut out some of the wind. "The temperature was now between 15° and 20° below zero. We procured fuel by pulling up the flooring of the other rooms, and water for cooking by melting the snow." Having after a time used all this material, they pulled down the partitions of the two smaller buildings. They found, however, that although these were only about twenty yards away, the extra labour was almost too much for their feeble strength.

"We perceived," says the explorer, "our strength decline every day, and every exertion began to be irksome. When we were seated the greatest effort was necessary in order to rise, and we had frequently to lift each other from our seats. But even in this pitiable condition we conversed cheerfully, being sanguine as to the speedy arrival of the Indians." It was not until November 7 that Richardson brought in the joyful news that help had arrived. Back had got in touch with the Indians, and had sent them forward with food. By that time several of the men had died of starvation and exposure, and the rest were so feeble that they could not have lasted many days.

After they had regained some of their strength, they

set out on the long journey to Fort Providence. "The Indians," says Franklin, "treated us with the utmost tenderness, gave us their snow-shoes, and walked without themselves, keeping by our sides, that they might lift us when we fell. . . . The Indians prepared our encampment, cooked for us, and fed us as if we had been children; evincing humanity that would have done honour to the most civilized people."

Three years later Franklin made a second expedition to the Arctic coast, by a different route and in much less uncomfortable conditions. He went down the Mackenzie River to its mouth, and he and his officers completed the survey of another section of the coast, from the mouth of the Mackenzie west to Return Reef, on the coast of Alaska, and east to the mouth of the Coppermine. By way of that river he made his way to Great Bear Lake, where he built Fort Franklin and wintered there in 1826-27.

In 1833 Captain Back came out from England as head of an expedition, partly to bring relief to Sir John Ross, whose ship the *Victory* had not been heard from for several years, and partly to continue Franklin's discoveries in the far north. Back made careful plans so as to avoid the loss of life and suffering that took place on Franklin's expedition. He wintered at the eastern end of Great Slave Lake, and in 1834, by way of Hoar Frost River, Walmsley, Artillery, Clinton-Colden and Aylmer Lakes, reached the source of another river, which he descended to its mouth, and which is now known as Back River. Back got word of Ross's safe return to England while he was still on Great Slave Lake. The incident is worth repeating if only because it brings home to one the intense interest felt in Back's day in these Arctic expeditions.

Back writes in his journal on April 25: "This was the anniversary of our departure from La Chine. We were talking for about the hundredth time of those kind persons who had come so far to see us away, and had begun to speculate

on their different occupations at that very hour, when we were interrupted by a sharp and loud knock at the door. The permission to come in was unnecessary, for the person followed the announcement before the words could be uttered, and with the same despatch thrust into my hands a packet, which a glance sufficed to tell me was from England.

"He is returned, sir!" said the messenger, as we looked at him with surprise. "What! Augustus?—thank God!" I replied quickly. [Augustus was the cheerful and intelligent Eskimo interpreter who had been with them on the Franklin expedition, for whom they had a very real affection, and who had been lost in trying to make his way to them from York Factory.] "Captain Ross, Sir—Captain Ross is returned." "Eh! Are you quite sure? Is there no error? Where is the account from?"

"The man paused, looked at me, and pointing with his finger said, 'You have it in your hand, sir.' It was so, but the packet had been forgotten in the excitement and hurry of my feelings. Two open extracts from the Times and Morning Herald confirmed the tidings; and my official letter, with others from the long-lost adventurers themselves . . . removed all possible doubt, and evinced at the same time the powerful interest which the event had awakened in the public, by a great proportion of whom the party had long since been numbered among the dead."

Back did his utmost to complete the other part of his task, but was unlucky. He was determined to explore the Arctic coast from the mouth of Back River west to Franklin's farthest point east, and so complete the discovery of that part of the coast, but ice conditions made the attempt impossible.

Back's account of his travels is much more lively than that of Franklin, and has the added advantage of a number of illustrations after Back's own drawings. Like all travellers in the far north, and particularly Englishmen, who seem to

be their peculiar victims, he complains bitterly of the mosquitoes. "There is," he says, "certainly no form of wretchedness, among those to which the chequered life of a *voyageur* is exposed, at once so great and so humiliating, as the torture inflicted by these puny blood-suckers. To avoid them is impossible: and as for defending himself, though for a time he may go on crushing by thousands, he cannot long maintain the unequal conflict; so that at last, subdued by pain and fatigue, he throws himself in despair with his face to the earth, and, half suffocated in his blanket, groans away a few hours of sleepless rest."

Back, who got along very well with the Indians, tells of an incident that illustrates both their generosity and their sense of fun. "The night," he says, "was clear and bright; and the men were earnestly watching the boiling of a kettle of meat, when they were startled by a long shrill whoop, which Louison the interpreter immediately answered, announcing at the same time that it was the small canoe, and that La Prise [a Chipewyan Indian] had killed his game.

"The splash of paddles was now heard in the distance; and in a few minutes the canoe glided against the long grass, on the bank of the encampment, under the broad shade of which nothing was visible but the dark heads of the Indians, as they appeared and vanished, with the motion of their canoe.

"When Louison enquired if he had been successful, La Prise, with the characteristic of a true Chipewyan, answered in the negative, *Oolah*. *Oolah!*, echoed the interpreter, in a disappointed tone. 'He is a fraud; who ever heard of the whoop without its accompanying prey?'

"Scarcely were the words out when La Prise was at his side; and as he handed him the gun, gave from the other hand the fine tongue and nose of a moose. 'There,' said he; 'I shot it through the heart, through an opening between the trees not wider than my hand: but it was with your gun and ammunition, which, according to our customs, you

know, makes it your property. I thought the Chief [Back] would like to have the tongue and the nose, and the rest lies at the bottom of the canoe for your disposal.'

"This restraint on their appetite," adds Back, "was the more remarkable, as they had scarcely eaten anything for several days past."

Back was observant of all that went on about him. "Close by," he says on one occasion, "a reindeer appeared, running at full speed, chased by a long white wolf, which, though it seemed to have little chance in swiftness, was nevertheless resolute in the pursuit. The deer gradually made for a pass below the rapid, at the other side of which another wolf was now first perceived, crouching down, with his eyes fixed on the chase, and evidently ready to spring upon the poor animal, if it unhappily took the water.

"I have a strong antipathy to wolves, however speciously attired; and though these fair-robed gentlemen were but following a natural instinct of appetite, I thought fit to interfere with voice and gesture. The panting deer bounded past me, as if conscious of safety and protection, while the wolf stood motionless for a moment, and then, scenting an enemy, slunk slowly away under the shelter of some fragments of rock."

Crossing one of the lakes, Back noticed that the Indians as they approached a strange-looking island, became perfectly silent, and appeared to be filled with awe. He asked one of them what was the reason. The Indian hesitated, then he said: "The small island we are passing is called Rat's Lodge, from an enormous musk rat which once inhabited it. But what you see here (pointing to a rock on the opposite shore) that is the Beaver's Lodge; and lucky shall we be if we are not visited with a gale of wind, or something worse."

He then went on to tell the tale that had been known to his tribe for many generations. "In that lodge," he said, "there dwelt, in ancient times, a beaver as large as a buffalo;

and, as it committed great depredations, sometimes alone, and sometimes with the aid of its neighbour the rat, whom it had enticed into a league, the bordering tribes, who suffered from these marauding expeditions, resolved upon its destruction.

"Accordingly, having consulted together on the best mode of executing their design, and arranged a combined attack; not, however, unknown to the wary beaver, which, it seems had a spy in the enemy's quarters; they set out one morning before the sun rose, and, under cover of a dense vapour which hung upon the lake, approached, with noiseless paddle, the shore of the solitary lodge. Not a whisper was heard, as each Indian cautiously took his station, and stood with bow or spear in act to strike.

"One, the 'Eagle of his tribe', advanced before the rest, and with light steps drew near a cavern in the rock; where, placing his head to the ground, he listened anxiously for some moments, scarcely seeming to breathe; then, with a slight motion of his hand, he gave the welcome signal that the enemy was within.

"A shower of arrows was poured into the chasm; and the long shrill whoop that accompanied the volley had just died away in its caverns, when a hasty splash was heard, which, for a time, suspended further operations. The attacking party gazed on one another in mute and vacant surprise; for they had not suspected the subterranean passage, and felt that they were baffled.

"The chief, after creeping into the cavern to explore, directed them to embark; and, having formed a crescent with their canoes at intervals of a hundred yards from each other, they paddled towards the Rat's Lodge, under the idea that the enemy might have retreated thither. If not, it was agreed that the rat, though upon the whole comparatively harmless, should pay the penalty of his untoward alliance, and suffer a vicarious punishment for the sins of his friend, and the gratification of the disappointed pursuers.

"The rat, however, fortunately for himself, had that instinctive foresight of approaching ruin which proverbially belongs to his race; and, however ready to assist his neighbour when matters went well with them, and something was to be gained by the co-operation, he watched with a prudent jealousy the conduct and fortunes of one so obnoxious to hatred, and was ready, on the first appearance of danger, to stand aloof and disclaim him.

"Accordingly, when the beaver presented himself at the lodge of his friend, to crave a temporary asylum from his pursuers, the rat, with many protestations of esteem and regret, civilly declined to admit him, and recommended him to make the most of his time by swimming to some rocks to the south, where he would be safe from his enemies.

"The beaver, though stunned for a time by this unexpected repulse, soon recovered his wonted spirit, and, feeling his situation to be hopeless, threw himself on the rat, and began a desperate struggle. How the contest might have ended it was difficult to conjecture; but the whoop of the Indians arrested the combatants; and, darting a look of vengeance at the rat, the beaver plunged once more into the water. The chase was long, and many were the hair-breadth escapes of the resolute beaver; but the ardour of the hunters was not to be quenched; and tracked to the end of the lake, and thence down the cataracts and rapids which mark its course to the next, the exhausted animal yielded its life, just as its feet touched the distant rocks of the Tal-thel-leh."

"But its spirit," said the Indian, "still lingers about its old haunt, the waters of which obey its will; and ill fares the Indian who attempts to pass it in his canoe, without muttering a prayer for safety. Many have perished; some bold men have escaped; but none have been found so rash as to venture a second time within its power."

Back mentions a curious fact about Franklin. "It was his custom," he said, "never to kill a fly; and though teased by

them beyond expression, especially when engaged in taking observations, he would quietly desist from his work, and patiently blow the half-gorged intruders from his hands — ‘the world was wide enough for both’.”

This, says Back, was treated as a joke by the Indians who were with Franklin, but it had evidently made a deep impression on their minds. Maufelly, who had been with Franklin, and was now with Back, “seeing me fill my tent with smoke, and then throw open the front and beat the sides all round with leafy branches, to drive out the stupefied pests before I went to rest, could not refrain from expressing his surprise that I should be so unlike the old chief, who would not destroy so much as a single mosquito.”

The temperature on Great Slave Lake in the middle of January had gone down as low as 70° below zero. Even at 57° mercury exposed in a saucer became solid in a couple of hours. At 60°, with a fresh breeze, the conditions outside were almost insupportable. Ink and paint froze. “On one occasion,” says Back, “after washing my face within three feet of the fire (inside the cabin) my hair was actually clotted with ice before I had time to dry it. . . . It seemed to have driven all living things from us: we had been accustomed to see a few white partridges about; but even these, hardy as they are, had disappeared.”

The explorer had been very anxious to meet some of the Eskimo, but it was not until he came almost within sight of the Arctic coast that he succeeded. They had evidently not before seen white men, and were in a state of excitement and alarm. As their boat came near the bank of the river, “the men ran towards us, brandishing their spears, uttering loud yells, and, with wild gesticulations, motioning us not to land.

“For all this I was quite prepared, knowing the alarm they must naturally feel at beholding strangers issuing from a quarter whence hitherto the scourge of merciless warfare only had visited their tribes. As the boat grounded they

formed into a semicircle, about twenty-five paces distant; and with the same yelling of some unintelligible word, and the alternate elevation and depression of both extended arms, apparently continued in the highest state of excitement: until, landing alone, and without visible weapon, I walked deliberately up to them, and, imitating their own action of throwing up my hands, called out *Tima*,—peace.

“In an instant their spears were flung upon the ground; and putting their hands on their breasts, they also called out *Tima*, with much more doubtless greatly to the purpose, but to me of course utterly unintelligible. However, I interpreted it into friendship, and tried to make them comprehend that we were not Indians, but *Kabloonds*—Europeans—come to benefit not to injure them. As they did not, like their neighbours to the north, go through the ceremony of rubbing noses by way of salutation, I adopted the *John Bull* fashion of shaking each of them heartily by the hand. Then patting their breasts, according to their own manner, I conveyed to them, as well as I could, that the white men and the *Esquimaux* were very good friends.”

Back gave them presents of metal buttons and fish hooks, and tried to talk to them with the help of a small vocabulary used by the fur-traders. The Eskimo laughed heartily at the white man's attempt to pronounce some of their words. They took him to their tents, where he made the women and children happy with presents of beads.

Unlike some natives, the Eskimo were pleased when Back got out his sketch book and drew their likenesses. He wrote down their names, and, “their merriment knew no bounds when I attempted, what was really no easy task, to pronounce what I had written.” The women, he says, were much tattooed about the face and the middle and fourth fingers. “The only lady whose portrait was sketched was so flattered at being selected for the distinction, that in her fear lest I should not sufficiently see every grace of her good-tempered countenance, she intently watched my eye;

and according to her notion of the part I was pencilling, protruded it, or turned it so as to leave me no excuse for not delineating it in the full proportion of its beauty.

"Thus, seeing me look at her head, she immediately bent it down; stared portentously when I sketched her eyes; puffed out her cheeks when their turn arrived; and, finally, perceiving that I was touching in the mouth, opened it to the full extent of her jaws, and thrust out the whole length of her tongue."

Four years after Back had completed his journey to the Arctic ocean by way of the river that has been named after him, two officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, Peter Warren Dease and Thomas Simpson, carried out important explorations in the far north. They not only extended Franklin's discoveries on the Arctic coast westward to Point Barrow, where the coast begins to turn toward Bering Strait, but also filled in the important gap between Point Turnagain and Cape Ogle, the former reached by Franklin and the latter by Back. Simpson also explored part of the southern coast of Victoria Land and King William Island, and settled a question that had been long in doubt, as to whether or not there was a channel between these great islands and the mainland.

Sir John Richardson, who like Back had been with Franklin on both his overland expeditions to the Arctic, himself led a party of explorers to the same far north in 1847-49. He followed the old route of the fur-traders from Montreal to the Saskatchewan, and north to the mouth of the Mackenzie. In the account of his journey, among much valuable but very dry scientific information, one comes across such fragments as this: "Constantly, since the 1st of June, the song of the *Fringilla leucophrys* [the white-crowned finch] has been heard day and night, and so loudly, in the stillness of the latter season, as to deprive us at first of rest. It whistles the first bar of 'Oh dear, what can the matter be', in a clear tone, as if played on a piccolo

fife; and, though the distinctness of the notes rendered them at first very pleasing, yet, as they haunted us up to the Arctic circle, and were loudest at midnight, we came to wish occasionally that the cheerful little songster would time his serenade better."

And this reminder that all men are more or less superstitious: "Our Iroquois," says Richardson, "being tired with the day's journey and longing for a fair wind to ease their arms, frequently in the course of the afternoon scattered a little water from the blades of their paddles as an offering to *La Vielle*, who presides over the winds. The Canadian voyagers, ever ready to adopt the Indian superstitions, often resort to the same practice, though it is probable that they give only partial credence to it. Formerly the English shipmen, on their way to the White Sea, landed regularly in Lapland to purchase a wind from the witches residing near North Cape; and the rudeness and fears of Frobisher's companions in plucking off the boots or trowsers of a poor old Eskimo woman on the Labrador coast, to see if her feet were cloven, will be remembered by readers of Arctic voyages."

On his way up the Churchill River the explorer met a couple of French missionaries who were teaching the Chipewyan Indians to read and write by means of the ingenious syllabic characters invented by the Wesleyan missionary James Evans; and, much though he admired the view of the Clearwater River from Methye Portage, "not excelled, or indeed equalled, by any that I have seen in America for beauty", he pauses to add his bit of testimony against the mosquito, "we were assailed by myriads during the whole night". He even finds that there are a number of kinds of the insect pest. "Each kind," he says, "remains in force a fortnight or three weeks, and is succeeded by another more bitter than itself."

Richardson describes their arrival at Fort Chipewyan, and at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River. He antici-

pated what was to happen many years later when he said that "this great river might be navigated by steam-boats of considerable burden, from the Portage of the Drowned in Slave River, down to its junction with the sea." He was keenly interested in the tar sands of the Athabaska and the lignite beds of the Lower Mackenzie, but certainly had no idea that oil wells at or near Fort Norman would some day be providing fuel to mines on Great Bear Lake as well as to Mackenzie River steamers, and might become an important factor in a great World War.

The explorer has a good deal to say about the manners and customs of the Eskimo and the Dog-rib and other northern tribes of Indians. He found most of these natives careful not to touch other people's belongings, but quite careless about telling the truth. "Neither the Eskimo, nor the Dog-rib or Hare Indians," he says, "feel the least shame in being detected in falsehood, and invariably practise it, if they think that they can thereby gain any of their petty ends. Even in their familiar intercourse with each other, the Indians seldom tell the truth in the first instance; and if they succeed in exciting admiration or astonishment, their invention runs on without check."

On the whole, Richardson was much more favourably impressed with the character of the Eskimo than with that of the northern Indians. He found them to be neat, clean, intelligent, good-natured and brave. "Their personal bravery," he says, "is conspicuous, and they are the only native nation on the North American continent who oppose their enemies face to face in open fight. Instead of flying, like the Northern Indians, on the sight of a stranger, they did not scruple in parties of two or three to come off to our boats and enter into barter, and never on any occasion showed the least disposition to yield any thing belonging to them through fear."

The main purpose of Richardson's journey was to bring relief to Sir John Franklin, who with his ships the *Erebus*

and *Terror* had now been lost in the Arctic seas for several years. He questioned the Eskimo whom he met on the coast, but could get no information from them. "These people," he says, "declared that no large ships nor boats had been seen on their coasts, and that we were the first white men they had ever beheld." And he then adds, "I could not discover that any remembrance of my visit to their shores, twenty-three years previously, existed among any of the parties I saw on the present voyage, though I never failed to question them closely on the subject."

It happened to be an unusually bad season on the Arctic coast, and after Richardson had made his way in boats some distance to the east, he found the ice so closely packed along the shore that there was nothing for it but to abandon them and continue on foot with such loads as the men could carry to the Coppermine River. This was about the beginning of September.

At Back Inlet they were fortunate enough to come upon a party of Eskimo, who had been kindly treated by Dease and Simpson, and now showed their gratitude by ferrying the party across the inlet in their kayaks, thus saving a long detour. They had with them, as a matter of fact, a very small collapsible boat, but the man who was supposed to carry the paddles had stupidly left them behind, and when they were finally compelled to use it to get across Richardson River, they had to use a couple of tin plates, with the result that their hands were nearly frozen in the ice-cold water.

This river reminds one that this part of the Arctic coast commemorates the names of practically all the men who were concerned in its exploration: Cape Hearne, Mackenzie River, Franklin Bay, Back River, Richardson River, Dease River, Cape Simpson, Rae River.

Without any particular difficulty the party reached the Coppermine, a short way above Bloody Fall, and from there made their way up the Coppermine and over to Great

Bear Lake, under conditions in strange contrast to the terrible journey of Franklin and his party some years before.

John Rae, who had never come across the musk ox, had an adventure with a small herd on the Coppermine, of which Richardson gives this account:

"On perceiving a herd of cows, under the presidency of an old bull, grazing quietly at the distance of a few miles from our bivouack, he and Albert [an Eskimo] crept towards them from to leeward; but the plain containing neither rock nor tree behind which they could shelter themselves, they were perceived by the bull before they could get within gun-shot.

"The shaggy patriarch advanced before the cows, which threw themselves into a circular group, and, lowering his shot-proof forehead so as to cover his body, came slowly forwards, stamping and pawing the ground with his fore-feet, bellowing, and showing an evident disposition for fight, while he tainted the atmosphere with the strong musky odour of his body.

"Neither of the sportsmen were inclined to irritate their bold and formidable opponent by firing, as long as he offered no vital part to their aim; but, after having screwed the bayonets to their fowling-pieces, they advanced warily, relying on each other for support. The cows, in the meanwhile, beat a retreat, and the bull soon afterwards turned; on which Mr. Rae fired, and hit him in the hind quarters. He instantly faced about, roared, struck the ground forcibly with his fore feet, and seemed to be hesitating whether to charge or not. Our sportsmen drew themselves up for the expected shock, and were by no means sorry when he again wheeled round, and was, in a few seconds seen climbing a steep and snow-clad mountain side, in the rear of his musky kine."

Fort Confidence had been built, on the east coast of Great Bear Lake, by a party sent there for that purpose; and Richardson and his men spent the winter there very com-

fortably; again in marked contrast to Franklin's suffering at Fort Enterprise. In April, 1849, they received letters from England, which brought them news ten months old. Even that was quick for such an inaccessible spot.

With the mail came an American newspaper, with English news as late as the middle of September. That seemed so remarkable that Richardson tells its story. "The history of this newspaper," he says, "is that of the triumph of the electric telegraph. While the English mail packet was steaming up the sound of New York, on the 30th of September, a summary of European news having been carried on shore by an express steam-vessel, was in the act of being transmitted by telegraph to the banks of the Mississippi. Within a few hours it was published there in the 'Galena Advertiser', of which it filled one entire folio. This paper, being carried over the plains to Red River, by a party which set out on the day following its publication, was sent to Great Bear Lake, and gave us the first intimation of a rebellion in Ireland."

What would Richardson have thought if someone with prophetic vision could have told him that less than a hundred years later men on Great Bear Lake would be receiving news from London of something that had happened the same day; that had, in fact, happened there in the afternoon, while people on Great Bear Lake got the news, by radio, on the morning of the same day?

Richardson tells, among other matters, two wolf stories that suggest his poor opinion of that unpopular animal. He says that one of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers caught a full-grown but famished wolf in a marten trap tied to a small log, which it had not the strength to carry away. "He went to the fort for a line to lead it home, and the children who accompanied him back assisted in bringing it in by pushing it on from behind."

In the other yarn, a wolf, "driven by hunger, was prowling about Fort Edmonton, when, being scared by some of

the people who were passing, it took shelter in the kitchen. The cook, an old Canadian, who was busily engaged in frying pancakes, was frightened by the aspect of his visitor, and oversetting the frying-pan in the fire, and leaping into bed, he hid himself beneath the blankets. The poor wolf, astonished at the novelty of the scene, and amazed by the blaze of the flaming grease and the screams that issued from the bed, retreated into the square of the fort, and was there killed by the people who had rushed from their several houses on the alarm being raised."

Richardson credits to John Rae a story that when hunting in the extremely cold weather of December, "the vapour which rose from the rein-deer completely hid the individuals of a herd". And this will have to be the farewell yarn of our resourceful story-teller. "One man who strayed in the winter on Cedar Lake, when found, was contentedly steering for the moon, which, being near the horizon and gleaming red through the forest, was mistaken by him for the fire of the men's bivouack."

John Rae, who was with Richardson on the expedition that has just been described, had also made a journey by boat from Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, to Boothia peninsula, in 1846-47; and in 1853-54 made another boat voyage to the coasts of Boothia isthmus in 1853-54. He brought the first definite news of the fate of the Franklin expedition, the abandonment of the ships, and the starvation of the crews, and received the award of £10,000 that had been offered by the British Admiralty.

The efforts of these British explorers, between 1771 and 1854, resulted in the exploration and survey of the northern coast of North America from Point Barrow, in Alaska, to Melville Peninsula. In more recent times Warburton Pike, David Hanbury and the Tyrrells have explored different parts of that immense area known as the Barren Grounds, and forming part of the Canadian Territories of Mackenzie and Keewatin.

21

ROBERT CAMPBELL

IT WILL be remembered that, on his return journey from the Arctic, Alexander Mackenzie was told by Indians of a great river that lay to the west. This evidently was the Yukon, whose upper waters were to be discovered by Robert Campbell, of the Hudson's Bay Company, a good many years later.

Before these journeys of Campbell in the extreme northwest, other explorations were made in what is now northern British Columbia. The Stikine River was discovered at its mouth by Captain Cleveland, of the sloop *Dragon*, in 1799; but it was not until 1834 that its upper waters were examined by John McLeod, of the Hudson's Bay Company. McLeod had already travelled up the Liard River, from the Mackenzie to Simpson Lake, in what is now the Yukon Territory. Returning to the forks of the Liard and Dease Rivers, he made his way up the latter to Dease Lake, naming both after Peter Warren Dease, who had been for many years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, as we have seen, was a few years later to be with Thomas Simpson in explorations on the Arctic coast. From Dease Lake, McLeod crossed the height of land to the upper waters of the Stikine, and followed it down to the once-famous Indian suspension bridge, named by Robert Campbell "Terror Bridge", and which was said to be still in existence as late as 1887.

Campbell, in his manuscript journal, describes the bridge as he saw it in July, 1837: "It was a rude rickety struc-

ture of pine poles spliced together with withes and stretched high above a foaming torrent; the ends of the poles were loaded down with stones, to prevent the bridge from collapsing. This primitive support looked so frail and unstable, and the rushing waters below so formidable, that it seemed well nigh impossible to cross it. It inclined to one side, which did not tend to strengthen the appearance for safety. On reaching the bridge, we saw an Indian standing in front of the hut and we beckoned to him to come to us. This apparently he had no intention of doing, so the two Indian lads and myself attempted the crossing which we succeeded in making; the flimsy bridge swaying and bending with our weight and threatening to precipitate us into the boiling waters beneath."

The other big river on the west coast, the Skeena, was discovered at its mouth by Captain Whidbey of the *Discovery* in 1793, and in 1826 James Douglas built Fort Connelly on Bear Lake, at the head of the Skeena.

Twelve years later Robert Campbell built a trading post on Dease Lake. "We passed," he says in his journal, "a winter of constant danger from the savage Russian [coast] Indians, and of much suffering from starvation. We were dependent for subsistence on what animals we could catch, and failing that, on *tripe de roche*. We were at one time reduced to such dire straits that we were obliged to eat our parchment windows, and our last meal before abandoning Dease Lake, on 8th May, 1839, consisted of the lacing of our snow-shoes."

The following year Campbell was instructed by Sir George Simpson to explore the north branch of the Liard River to its source, and to cross the height of land in search of a river flowing to the west. "In pursuance of these instructions," says Campbell, "I left Fort Halkett [on the Liard River] in May, with a canoe and seven men, among them my trusty Indians, Lapie and Kitza, and the interpreter Hoole. After ascending the stream some hundreds

of miles, far into the mountains, we entered a beautiful lake, which I named Frances Lake, in honour of Lady Simpson. . . . Leaving the canoe and part of the crew near the south-west extremity of this branch of the lake, I set out with three Indians and the interpreter.

"Shouldering our blankets and guns, we ascended the valley of a river, which we traced to its source in a lake ten miles long, which, with the river, I named Finlayson."

A few miles beyond the lake they came to the upper waters of a stream flowing in the opposite direction, which Campbell named after Sir John Henry Pelly, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Pelly, as Campbell afterwards found, is one of the main branches of the Yukon River, and there is continuous navigation from its source to the mouth of the Yukon, about fifteen hundred miles.

"After reaching the actual bank of the river," says Campbell, "we constructed a raft, on which we embarked and drifted down a few miles on the bosom of the stream, and at parting we cast in a sealed tin can, with memoranda of our discovery, the date, etc." Campbell, having discovered the new river, turned back to Frances Lake, where his men had built a small trading post during his absence. He sent out a report of what he had found, and settled down for the winter at Fort Frances.

In the spring of 1842 Campbell got orders to go ahead with his discoveries. Birch-bark, which could not be found around Frances Lake, was sent up to him from Fort Liard, and with it they built a large canoe, with which to explore the Pelly River. A trading post was built on the banks of the river, which Campbell named Fort Pelly Banks. Here he spent the winter, and in June, 1843, went down the Pelly in his canoe, with Hoole, and several *voyageurs*. They came in time to the place where another big river joins the Pelly, and this was named the Lewes, after John Lee Lewes of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Campbell had the same experience here that so many

explorers have had. He met a party of Wood Indians at the forks of the river. The Indians were surprised to meet the white strangers, and gave him such an account of the number and ferocity of the Indians lower down the Yukon, that Campbell's men were terrified, and he had to turn back.

In 1848 Campbell built boats at Pelly Banks, and went down to the forks, where the Pelly and the Lewes combine to form the Yukon. Here he built Fort Selkirk. Meanwhile another officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, John Bell, had found in 1842 another route to the Yukon, from the lower Mackenzie. He made his way from his post on Peel River, to the Porcupine River, and went down it for three days. Four years later he returned to the Porcupine, and followed it down to the place where it empties into the Yukon. In 1847 Alexander Hunter Murray, another Hudson's Bay Company's man, followed the Porcupine to its mouth, and built there Fort Yukon. Three years later Campbell went down the Yukon to the mouth of the Porcupine. After spending a few days with Murray, he ascended the Porcupine to the Mackenzie, and the Mackenzie to Fort Simpson,—much to the astonishment of the people there, who had last seen him on the Liard, and had not known that the Pelly and the Yukon were the same river.

The route from the Mackenzie to the Yukon by way of the Liard River and Frances Lake was so difficult and dangerous that it was abandoned soon after the discovery of the Porcupine River route. How remote Fort Yukon and Fort Selkirk were in the middle of the nineteenth century may be judged from the fact that it actually took seven years to complete the trade returns. Here is the story: the first year the trading goods reached York Factory from England; the second year they were taken inland to Norway House; the third year the brigade carried them up the Saskatchewan and by the usual route to the Mackenzie and down it to Peel River; the fourth year the goods, having

been hauled during the winter across the mountains, went down the Porcupine and down to Fort Yukon; the fifth year the furs for which the trading goods had been exchanged would reach the Mackenzie from Fort Yukon; the sixth year they would arrive at Fort Simpson; and the seventh year they would, barring accidents, reach the London market.

Murray was rather proud of the fact that his Fort Yukon was the most remote post of the Hudson's Bay Company. "Our encampment on the Youcon," he says, "was, barring the mosquitoes, a very pleasant place, much more so than I expected to find on first entering the river, and I must say that we passed the summer very comfortably, although in the midst of a heathen land, and so far removed from civilized country. Fort Simpson, for instance, we Youconians consider as a partly civilized place, and talk of it as you would of Red River settlement. We look upon Peels River as being near home; but this is now our home, a home in the 'far west' with a vengeance.

"Not many years ago the settlers in Wisconsin and Iowa thought they could go little farther; an editor of some newspaper published in those parts described his town as being so far west that it was almost on the edge, but he knew not the Youcon. We are over the edge, and that by a 'long chalk', which I call six degrees of longitude across the Russian boundary." Fort Yukon was, as a matter of fact, some distance on the wrong side of the boundary, and after the United States bought Alaska from Russia the Hudson's Bay Company had to move their post several miles up the Porcupine.

Murray, who was not only a very intelligent man but also a very fair artist, did a number of the pictures that were used to illustrate Sir John Richardson's *Arctic Searching Expedition*. At one place on his journey down the Porcupine their camp was visited by a party of Indians. "They hauled up their canoes a short distance below," says Murray, "and formed on the bank in 'Indian file', the chief in

front, the women and children in the rear, and danced forward by degrees until in front of the tent, where they were joined by the first party, formed into a large circle, with the two chiefs in the centre, and continued dancing and singing without intermission for upwards of half an hour."

But half an hour's dancing was but a foretaste of these Indians' feats of endurance. "The principal chief, after being spoken to by several others, walked to the front and made a speech, the longest I ever listened to, except, perhaps, a Cameronian sermon, and some parts of it were equally far from the text. The interpreter could not repeat one fourth of it."

The Indians were much interested in Murray's double-barrelled gun, very different from the trade guns they had been getting from the Russians. "I also showed them," he says, "my pistols which I took from my coat pocket, with one of which I fired at, and hit by chance, a stick floating past in the river. They were greatly astonished at this, so were the other Indians, and so was I myself, for it was almost a gun shot distant."

22

THE ARCTIC ISLANDS

THE exploration of the mainland of Canada having now been described, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and north to the Arctic, it remains to sketch very briefly the discovery of the Arctic islands. Something has been already said in earlier chapters of the voyages of Frobisher, Davis and Baffin, and their discoveries on the coasts of Baffin Island, and also of Rae's partial exploration of Victoria Island and King William Island.

In 1822, Sir William Parry made discoveries in the region of Fury and Hecla Strait, between Baffin Island and Melville Peninsula, and two years earlier on the south coast of Melville Island; and Sir John Ross and Sir James Clark Ross carried out extensive explorations in 1818, 1829-33, and later.

These were the principal voyages to this part of the Arctic before 1845, when Sir John Franklin set out on his ambitious attempt to find the North West Passage. He sailed from Baffin Bay through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait, then north between North Devon and Bathurst Islands, and south again between North Somerset and Prince of Wales Islands to the east coast of Victoria Island. Here his ships the *Erebus* and *Terror* were frozen in the ice; hopelessly frozen in the ice. It was found impossible to get them out in 1846, and they were still there in 1847 when Franklin died. The ships were abandoned in 1848, and the survivors tried to make their way south over the ice to the nearest post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The story of

what happened to them has never been completely discovered, but from bits of evidence picked up by a number of expeditions sent out to learn their fate, it seems that, weakened by hunger, the unfortunate remnant of the gallant band that had set out so bravely from England in 1845 struggled on day after day, ever more slowly and despairingly, one by one dropping behind to fall by the side of the trail and die, until the last survivor stood alone in that Arctic waste, taking one last look toward the south, before he too found his hardy-earned rest.

In 1850, Robert McClure sailed into the Arctic by way of Bering Strait, and after several years' struggle through the ice, finally succeeded in discovering and travelling through the North West Passage. Between 1851 and 1853 he travelled almost completely around Banks Island. His ship was abandoned, and the captain and crew made their way east through Melville Sound to Baffin Bay, where they were picked up and taken back to England.

Of later explorations in Canada's extreme north, it remains only to mention the voyages of Sir Francis Leopold McClintock between 1855 and 1859; of Sir Edward Belcher between 1852 and 1854; of Otto Sverdrup, who explored much of Ellesmere Island and other islands to the westward, between 1898 and 1902; of the American explorers Adolphus Greely, Elisha Kane and Robert E. Peary, whose expeditions extended past the northernmost of the Arctic islands, and ended in Peary's famous discovery of the North Pole in 1909; of the journey of Fridtjof Nansen in the *Fram* between 1893 and 1896; Roald Amundsen's historic voyage through the North West Passage, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the *Gjoa* in 1903-1906; and the Arctic travels of Vilhjalmur Stefansson between 1913 and 1918.

Amundsen, in his book *The Northwest Passage*, describes the dramatic moment when he knew that the Passage had been at last made—for the first time in history:

"At 8 a.m. [August 27, 1905] my watch was finished,

and I turned in. When I had been asleep some time, I became conscious of a rushing to and fro on deck. Clearly there was something the matter, and I felt a bit annoyed that they should go on like that, for the matter of a bear or seal. It must be something of that kind, surely. But then Lieutenant Hansen came rushing down into the cabin, and called out the ever memorable words: 'Vessel in sight, sir!' He bolted again immediately, and I was alone.

"The Northwest Passage had been accomplished—my dream from childhood. This very moment it was fulfilled. I had a peculiar sensation in my throat; I was somewhat overworked and tired, and I suppose it was weakness on my part, but I could feel tears coming to my eyes. 'Vessel in sight!' The words were magical. My home and those dear to me there at once appeared to me as if stretching out their hands—'Vessel in sight!' [The vessel was from the Pacific, towards which Amundsen was sailing.]

"I dressed myself in no time. When ready, I stopped a moment before Nansen's portrait on the wall. It seemed as if the picture had come to life, as if he winked back at me nodding, 'Just what I thought, my boy!' I nodded back smiling and happy, and went on deck."

In 1940-42 a party of men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, under the command of Sergeant Henry A. Larsen, in the schooner *St. Roch*, made the North West Passage in the reverse direction, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The voyage started at Vancouver and ended at Halifax.

It is not inappropriate that this long story of the discovery of Canada, that began with the voyages of Leif Ericson and Thorfinn Karlsefni, should end with the voyages of Roald Amundsen, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and Henry Larsen,—all of them men of the adventurous Scandinavian stock.

23

EPILOGUE

THE story of the discovery of Canada has now been told from the Atlantic to the Pacific and north to the farthest boundary of the Arctic archipelago. I have tried to make it a plain narrative of events, and as far as possible in the words of the actors. One point should, however, be stressed, if only because of its geographical interest, and that is the fact that the main routes of travel in the discovery of Canada were her waterways. If you will remember, one current of exploration from the Atlantic seaboard led up the St. Lawrence to the head of the Great Lakes, and the other by way of Hudson Strait to the west coast of Hudson Bay. The country between Hudson Bay and the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes was reached by interlocking rivers.

From the head of Lake Superior, explorers followed one or another of several portage routes to the Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg; and reached the same central reservoir from Hudson Bay by the Hayes route. Lake Winnipeg led south by Red River to the Mississippi, and west by the Saskatchewan to the Rocky Mountains. Water routes took the traveller from the Saskatchewan to the Churchill, and from the Churchill over Methye Portage to the Athabaska. The Athabaska carried him north to Lake Athabaska, and by the Slave River to Great Slave Lake. The South Saskatchewan, the North Saskatchewan, the Athabaska and the Peace, each led to one or more passes through the Rockies, and to other rivers flowing into the Pacific, notably the Columbia and the Fraser.

From Great Slave Lake, there are three water routes to the Arctic, by way of the Mackenzie River, the Yellowknife and Coppermine rivers, and the Back River, first explored by George Back. Also, Great Bear River leads from the Mackenzie to Great Bear Lake, and both the Liard and the Peel rivers take you to the Yukon. It is, in fact, true that, starting from Lake Winnipeg, in the centre of Canada, one may travel, and men actually have travelled, by water, with nothing more than an occasional portage, east to the Atlantic, west to Pacific, north to the Arctic, northwest to Bering Sea, northeast to Hudson Bay, or south to the Gulf of Mexico.

From the day when Leif Ericson landed on the shores of Nova Scotia—if we may assume that that is where he did land—to the building of Fort Yukon in the extreme northwest, eight and a half centuries had gone by, eight and a half centuries of North American history. The first half of that period was a blank, so far as Canada is concerned. The Red Man reigned alone, undisturbed by his white brother.

I have tried to make clear the story of the coming of the white man from overseas; how he groped and struggled onward, always, or nearly always, with his face turned toward the setting sun; how he finally triumphed over all obstacles and stood on the shores of the Western Sea. His is a character made up of many parts, this discoverer of Canada, with widely varying qualities, racial and individual, but through it all runs like a vein of silver the will to conquer difficulties, the dauntless spirit of the true adventurer.

The pathfinder of Canada did not always, in fact he did seldom, find the particular goal he was seeking; but inasmuch as he strove for it, fought for it, he had his reward; and in doing so he laid, unwittingly but none the less truly, the foundations of this Dominion.

We who are his heirs look back across the long years and marvel at the size of the structure that has grown up on those foundations. The river up which the little vessels of Jacques Cartier sailed in the sixteenth century, today bears

the commerce of half a continent. Beneath that Mount Royal upon which he stood, today a million people have their homes. Out of Champlain's little settlement of Port Royal have grown the Maritime Provinces; and the wilderness through which he travelled in 1615 is now the populous and enterprising province of Ontario. At the forks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, where La Vérendrye built Fort Rouge in 1738, the city of Winnipeg stands today with its mixed population of over two hundred thousand people. The western plains, where he and other explorers once hunted the buffalo, now are harvested to feed the world's millions. And from ocean to ocean, from the coast that knew Cabot to the coast that knew Vancouver, stretch the steel lines of two great railways and the invisible lines of a national airway service, over which you and I may in a few days, or a few hours, rush across this continent whose exploration absorbed the faith and energy and courage of some of the world's most illustrious discoverers.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

AMUNDSEN, Roald (1872-1928). He was born at Borge, in southern Norway. Ambitious to follow the example of Franklin, he prepared himself diligently for the hard life of an Arctic explorer. After several minor expeditions, he set out in the *Gjoa*, in 1903, to make the North West Passage from east to west, and he came out through Bering Strait in 1906. He led an expedition to the Antarctic, 1910-12, which resulted in the discovery of the South Pole. In 1918-21 he commanded a party in search of the North East Passage; and he perished in 1928 in a gallant attempt to rescue the survivors of the Italian Polar expedition by air.

AUSTIN, Horatio Thomas. Born in England, he entered the Navy in 1813, was with Parry in the *Fury* in 1824-25. He commanded the Franklin search expedition, 1850-51, and examined the south coast of Parry Islands and northwest and east coasts of Prince of Wales Island. Rose to rank of admiral, and was knighted. Died in 1865.

BACK, George (1796-1878), was born at Stockport, England, and entered the Navy as a midshipman in 1808, being promptly taken prisoner by the French. He served with Franklin in three polar expeditions, and in 1833-36 led one of his own overland to the shores of the Arctic in an attempt to learn the fate of Sir John Ross. He was knighted in 1839, and rose to the rank of admiral.

BAFFIN, William (1584?-1622), was born in London. He made a voyage of discovery to Greenland in 1612. Three years later he sailed as pilot of the *Discovery* in search of the North West Passage. These and his other voyages, in 1613, 1614, and 1616 did not add greatly to what was known of the Arctic seas; however, a great bay and a great island are named after him. He was killed at the siege of Ormuz.

BEECHY, Frederick William (1796-1856). He served under Buchan in the voyage to Spitzbergen in 1818; and with Parry on the *Hecla* in 1819-20. Commanded the *Blossom* in 1825-28, and explored the Arctic coast from Bering Strait to Point Barrow. He discovered the coast between Cook's farthest point at Icy Cape and Point Barrow. Became admiral, and was knighted.

BELCHER, Edward (1799-1877). He entered the Navy in 1812, and from 1836 to 1842 was engaged in exploring parts of the western coasts of North America. In 1852 he led an expedition in search of Franklin. He became a rear-admiral, was knighted, and published several volumes of voyages.

BELL, John. He became a Chief Trader of the Hudson's Bay Company; explored Peel River in 1839, and the following year built Fort McPherson, in the lower Mackenzie River valley. In 1842 he crossed the mountains to a stream that now bears his name, and, descending it to its mouth, explored the Porcupine for some distance, completing his work in 1844 to the junction of the Porcupine with the Yukon.

BERING, Vitus (1681-1741). Born at Horsens, Denmark. He joined the Russian Navy in 1704, and in 1725 was sent by Peter the Great to explore the waters east of Kamchatka and examine the coast of America. It took him three years to make the long overland journey to the eastern coast of Siberia. There he built vessels and in 1728 learned that Asia and America were not united. In 1733 he set out again on the same long overland journey, and in 1741 explored the north Pacific coast of North America. He was wrecked and died on what was afterwards known as Bering Island.

BRÛLÉ, Etienne. The date of his birth, or where it happened, is unknown. After his western travels, sometimes with Champlain and sometimes alone, he came down to Quebec in 1628 with a party of Hurons and, for some unexplained reason, deserted to the English and piloted Kirke's fleet up the St. Lawrence. He was murdered by the Hurons in 1632 near the site of the present town of Penetanguishene, on Georgian Bay.

BUTTON, Thomas. He commanded an expedition from England to Hudson Bay in 1612 for the discovery of the North West Passage. He wintered at the mouth of the Nelson River, and sailed back in 1613, not having found the opportunity of presenting his Letters of Credence from King James to the Emperor of Japan. He was knighted and rose to the rank of admiral. Died in 1634.

CABOT, John. He was born in Genoa, Italy, but the year is not known. In 1461 he went to Venice, and, after a number of trading voyages to the eastern Mediterranean, he sailed to England in 1484, to further his project of an expedition westward over the Atlantic in search of a route to the Far East. He succeeded in arousing the interest of Bristol merchants, even then renowned for their courage and enterprise. After his voyages of 1497 and 1498, Cabot had a pension from Henry VII, but nothing is known of him after 1499.

CABOT, Sebastian (1477?-1557?). Not much more is known of his early days than of those of his father. He probably accompanied his father on at least one of his voyages, and he certainly made effective use of his father's voyages to enhance his own reputation as an eminent astronomer, cartographer and explorer. Whatever his real merits, he gained high rank in the service of Spain, and was made Grand Pilot of England by Edward VI.

CAMPBELL, Robert (1808-94). A Perthshire Highlander by birth, he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1832, and was sent to the Mackenzie River district in 1834. For the next eighteen years he was engaged in exploring the upper waters of the Liard and Yukon rivers, and establishing the fur trade in that region. He built Fort Dease in 1838, and made his way some distance down the Stikine. Between 1842 and 1848 he explored the Pelly and the Yukon to its junction with the Porcupine, built Fort Yukon at the forks of the Pelly and the Lewes, and made the round trip from there by way of the Yukon, the Porcupine and the Mackenzie back to his starting-point, Fort Simpson, at the mouth of the Liard. In 1852 he made a remarkable journey on snow-shoes from Fort Simpson to Crow-wing in Minnesota, about three thousand miles. His latter years were spent in the Red River Settlement.

CARTIER, Jacques (1491-1557). He was born in St. Malo, but little is known of his history before the voyages of 1534, 1535 and 1541. On his return to France in 1542 he met Roberval on the coast of Newfoundland, Roberval being on his way out to Canada with a party of colonists. The colony was a failure, and Cartier is said to have sailed again to the St. Lawrence about 1543, to bring the settlers home. He had married in 1519 the daughter of the High Constable of St. Malo, and he seems to have spent the remainder of his life in that old seaport.

CARVER, Jonathan (1732-80). Born at Stillwater, New York, he joined a company of rangers raised in Northfield in 1756. After the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, he conceived the idea of exploring the western territory claimed by England. Between 1766 and 1768, he travelled from Michilimackinac to the Mississippi, ascended the Minnesota, and returned by way of Grand Portage on Lake Superior. He went to England in 1769 in an attempt to obtain support for his plans of western exploration. His reliability as a traveller and the authenticity of his narrative have long been the subject of dispute among historians.

CHAMPLAIN, Samuel (1567?-1635). He was born at Brouage, in France. He came of a family of seamen, and, after serving in the army for a short time under Marshal d'Aumont, made a voyage to Spain in 1598, and from there sailed to the West Indies as captain of the *Saint Julien*. He saw service at Porto Rico and Mexico the following year, visited Cuba, and on his way back to Spain in 1599 captured two English ships. In 1601, on his return to France, he became geographer to the King. From 1603, when he sailed to Canada for the first time, his life was closely associated with the new colony, and particularly with the little town of Quebec, which he had founded, and where he died and was buried.

CHOUART, Médard (1618-95?). Born at Charly-sur-Marne, France. He inherited the title of Sieur des Groseilliers. He came out to Canada as a young man and made a journey to the Huron missions on Georgian Bay. He married the daughter of that Abraham Martin after whom the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec, were named. His second wife was the sister of Radisson, with whom Chouart was to make many memorable journeys in the west. Chouart's last years are hidden in obscurity.

COCKING, Mathew, is chiefly known because of his journey inland from York Factory in 1772-73 to the country of the Blackfeet. In 1774 Samuel Hearne took him to the Saskatchewan, north of which they built Cumberland House. Cocking was in charge of the post when Alexander Henry visited him in 1775. In 1779 he was in command of Fort Severn, at the mouth of the Severn River, on Hudson Bay.

COLLINSON, Richard (1811-1883). He entered the Navy in 1823. In the *Enterprise* commanded an expedition, 1850-55, to Prince of Wales strait in the Arctic, and the south coast of Victoria Island. Became rear-admiral in 1862, and was knighted in 1875.

COOK, James (1728-79). Born at Marton, in Yorkshire, he ran away to sea as a boy, spent several years in the coasting trade, and entered the Navy in 1755. He served in Canada during the Siege of Quebec, 1759; and on his voyage of 1769-70 he discovered New Zealand and New South

Wales. In his great voyage of 1776-79 he explored the northwest coast of North America. The main purpose of the voyage was to discover the North West Passage from the west. So important did this seem that the British Admiralty had offered a prize of £20,000. Cook sailed up the coast and through Bering Strait into the Arctic, and found that no passage existed. On his return voyage he was murdered by natives in the Sandwich Islands, now Hawaii.

DAVIS, John. He was born near Dartmouth, England, but the date is not known. He made three voyages in search of the North West Passage. In 1585 he sailed to Greenland and across the strait that bears his name to Baffin Island, discovering Cumberland Sound. The following year he continued his exploration of Baffin Island. In 1587 he explored Cumberland Sound and sailed down past Frobisher Bay and across the entrance to what became known as Hudson Strait to a point that he called Cape Chidley. In 1591 he sailed with Cavendish to the South Seas; and afterwards made journeys to the East Indies for the East India Company. On his return from one of these expeditions, he was killed by Japanese pirates off the coast of Malacca.

DEASE, Peter Warren. For many years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, he succeeded William Connolly in charge of the department of New Caledonia. He became a Chief Factor in 1828. In 1839, with Thomas Simpson, he explored the Arctic coast from the farthest west point reached by Franklin to the most easterly point reached by Elson in 1826, and filled the gap between Point Turnagain and Point Ogle. Also explored part of the southern coasts of Victoria Island and King William Island. Dease Lake and Dease River, a branch of the Liard, in northern British Columbia, were named after him by John McLeod, of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1834. Dease River, flowing into Great Bear Lake, as well as Dease Bay on that lake, were also named after the explorer.

DE FUCA, Juan. A Greek sailor and explorer. His real name is said to have been Apostolos Velerianos. He was a native of Cephalonia. He has been credited with leading, in the service of the Viceroy of Mexico, an expedition by sea in 1592, in which he explored the west coast of North America, and discovered the strait now known by his name. The story is, however, generally discredited. The strait was actually named by Captain Charles William Barkley, who was off the entrance in 1787, in honour of the supposed original discoverer.

DE MONTS, Pierre du Guast, Seigneur, was born in Saintonge, France, about 1560. He made several voyages to Canada, and was associated with Champlain, Poutrincourt and Lescarbot. Between 1604 and 1607 he had a monopoly of the trade in Canada. The founding of Quebec by Champlain in 1608 was done under his auspices. After the death of Henri IV, who had supported his projects for trade and settlement, De Monts had no further relations with Canada. He died some time after 1628.

DE NOYON, Jacques. Born at Three Rivers in 1668. In 1688 he was sent west to explore the country beyond Lake Superior. He wintered on Rainy River, and in 1689 seems to have travelled to the Lake of the

Woods. After his return to Canada he traded for some years in New England, and about 1710 settled at Boucherville, where he married and spent the remainder of his life.

DIXON, George. Commanded a trading expedition in the *Queen Charlotte* to the northwest coast of America in 1787, in association with Captain Portlock. They had been shipmates in Cook's last voyage. Dixon sailed around the Queen Charlotte Islands and named them after his vessel. On his return to England he got into a controversy with Captain Meares over their respective rights to original discovery of certain points on the northwest coast. He died about 1800. An account of his voyage, written by his supercargo William Beresford, was published in 1788. Dixon Entrance was named after him by Sir Joseph Banks.

DOLLIER DE CASSON, François (1636-1701). Born in the Chateau de Casson, near Nantes, France. He was for a time a cavalry officer under Turenne. In 1657 he joined the Sulpicians, and in 1666 came out to Canada as a missionary. He was sent with Galinée to look into the prospects of missions among some of the western tribes. After the journey of 1669-70 the two priests returned to Sault Ste. Marie, and thence to Montreal, where Dollier de Casson became, in 1671, Superior of the Seminary, and afterwards Vicar General of Quebec. He wrote a history of Montreal, which was published something over two centuries later.

DRAKE, Francis (1541-96), was born near Tavistock, England. He went to sea, and by 1565 had risen from mere coasting trade to voyages to the Spanish Main. In 1570 he sailed to the West Indies, and in 1572 he singed His Spanish Majesty's beard, burned Porto Bello, destroyed a number of Spanish ships, and, crossing to the western side of the isthmus, he climbed a tree and gazed out upon the waters of the South Seas, known to us as the Pacific. In 1577 he sailed from Plymouth with a fleet, fought his way against adverse winds through the Strait of Magellan into the Pacific. Driven far south by violent tempests, he sailed up along the coasts of South America and North America, capturing rich prizes, and returned to England by way of Java and the Cape of Good Hope. In 1585 with a strong fleet he harried the Spanish Indies. Years of action culminated in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and in 1596 he died, as he would have wished, on his own ship in the West Indies.

DULUTH, Daniel Greysolon (1636-1710), was born in St. Germain-en-Laye, and came to Canada in 1672. In 1679 he took formal possession of the country of the Sioux for France, rescued Father Hennepin, and persuaded the tribes at the head of Lake Superior to enter into a treaty of peace. He built a fortified post at the outlet of Lake Huron in 1686, and later was commandant at Fort Frontenac, and at Detroit. He died at Montreal. The city of Duluth, on Lake Superior, was named after him.

ERICSON, Leif. He was born in Iceland, probably not far from The Horn, northernmost point of the island, where his father, Eric the Red, had his home. The year of Leif's birth was about 970. His father having been banished from Iceland, as the result of a personal quarrel, succeeded in planting a colony on Greenland, where Leif grew up to manhood. Leif

is said to have introduced Christianity into Greenland. He died about the year 1020. A statue, by Anne Whitney, was unveiled in the Fenway, Boston, in 1886.

FIDLER, Peter (1769-1822). Entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company about 1791. He carried out extensive explorations and surveys in northwestern Canada, and left a series of manuscript journals, covering the records of his journeys for over a quarter of a century, which are preserved in the archives of the Company in London. He left an eccentric will, of which George Bryce gives a synopsis in his history of the Hudson's Bay Company.

FOXÉ, Luke (1586-1635). A native of Yorkshire, he sailed from Deptford, under the authority of Charles I, in May, 1631, in the pinnace *Charles*, entered Hudson Bay, sailed over to the west shore, and down to Cape Henrietta Maria. Here he turned back, and docked again in England the end of October.

FRANKLIN, John (1786-1847). Born at Spilsbury, Lincolnshire, he entered the Navy, and served at Trafalgar on board the *Bellerophon*. He led two overland expeditions to the shores of the Arctic, in 1819-22 and in 1825-27, and was knighted in 1829. He fought in the Greek war of liberation; and between 1834 and 1843 was Governor of Van Dieman's Land. In 1845 he sailed with the *Erebus* and the *Terror* for the discovery of the North West Passage. When three years later no word had been received from them, expeditions were sent out from both England and the United States to rescue the officers and men, whose ships it was assumed had got fast in the Arctic ice. Between 1848 and 1854 fifteen of these rescue parties were sent out. Finally, it was discovered that the two ships had been deserted in April, 1848, after the death of Franklin, and an attempt had been made to reach the nearest Hudson's Bay Company's post, an attempt in which all perished.

FRASER, Simon (1776?-1862). Born at Bennington, New York, he was brought to Canada as a child, and lived at Three Rivers, and later at St. Andrew's, near Cornwall. He joined the North West Company in 1792, and ten years later became a *bourgeois* or partner. In 1805 he was put in charge of the new field of fur-trading in New Caledonia, west of the Rocky Mountains. Crossing the mountains by Peace River, he ascended the Parsnip to a lake he named after Archibald Norman McLeod. Here he established a small post. In the spring of 1806, with John Stuart, he crossed over the head-waters of the Fraser River, as it was afterwards called, descended it to the Nechaco, and ascended the latter to a lake he named Stuart, and near the outlet of which he built Fort St. James. The same year he built Fort Fraser on Fraser Lake. In the spring of 1807 he went down to the mouth of the Nechaco, where he built Fort George. In May, 1808, with Stuart, Jules Maurice Quesnel, and nineteen voyageurs, he set out on his difficult journey down the Fraser. In 1811 he was put in charge of the Red River department, and was offered but declined knighthood. He was present at the Seven Oaks affair, and was at Fort William when Lord Selkirk captured that post. He died at St. Andrew's, his boyhood home.

FROBISHER, Joseph. Born at Halifax, England, but the year is not known. He, with his brothers Benjamin and Thomas, came to Canada and entered the fur trade about 1769. With Alexander Henry and Peter Pond he penetrated into the Saskatchewan country, travelled north to the Churchill, and built a post at Frog Portage. In 1783 he became a partner of the North West Company. He retired in 1798, and represented Montreal in the Quebec Legislature. He died at Montreal in 1810.

FROBISHER, Martin (1535?-94). Born near Wakefield, Yorkshire, he, like many of his contemporaries, went to sea as a boy, traded to Guinea, and nursed a dream of Arctic discovery. In 1576 he sailed with two small ships and a pinnace for Greenland. Two later expeditions, 1577 and 1578, resulted in not very much more than a cargo of fool's gold, from the shores of Frobisher Bay, which led to tremendous controversy in England. In 1585 Frobisher commanded a ship in Drake's expedition to the West Indies. He also took part in the defeat of the Armada, for which he was knighted. He died at Plymouth as the result of wounds received at the siege of Crozon near Brest.

GALIANO and VALDES. Spanish officers who sailed north from Mexico in 1792, in the *Sutil* and the *Mexicana*. They met Vancouver near Point Grey in the Strait of Georgia, and kept company with him for a time while he carried on his surveys.

GALINÉE, René de Bréhan de. Born in Brittany, he came to Canada as a Sulpician missionary in 1668. In an attempt to reach the Mississippi, he with Dollier de Casson wintered on the north shore of Lake Erie in 1669-70, and took possession of the country for Louis XIV. Galinée made a map of the Great Lakes, and wrote an account of his explorations. He died in 1678.

GRAY, Robert (1755-1806). A New England captain who traded for furs on the northwest coast. He made a voyage there in 1787, and was at Nootka, on Vancouver Island, in 1788-89. On his second voyage he entered the mouth of the Columbia River on May 11, 1792, and named the river after his ship. The United States based their claim to the Oregon country partly on his discovery.

GREELY, Adolphus Washington (1844-1935). Born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, he entered the United States Army and rose to the rank of major-general. In 1881 he led an expedition to the Arctic, spent three years there, and he and his party were rescued almost at the point of starvation. The expedition had been sent by the United States Government to make Arctic observations, and did useful work.

HANBURY, David T. (1864-1910). An English traveller and explorer who, in 1902, carried out an ambitious journey through the Barren Grounds of northern Canada, from Great Slave Lake to the Thelon River, down that stream, and north overland to Back River and the Arctic coast west of Adelaide peninsula. He explored Kent peninsula, and is credited with the discovery of the long narrow inlet that almost converts the peninsula into an island.

HEARNE, Samuel (1745-92). Came to Fort Prince of Wales, on Hudson Bay, about 1765, as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. He had been born in London, and had spent several years in the Navy as a midshipman. After the completion of his journey from Churchill to the mouth of the Coppermine, he went inland in 1774 to build Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan. In 1775 he became governor of Prince of Wales Fort, and was there when it was captured by the French Admiral, La Pérouse, in 1782. He was carried a captive to France, and on his release was sent back to Hudson Bay in 1783, and remained there until 1787, when he returned to England.

HECETA, Bruno. Commanded the *Santiago* which, in 1775, with the *Sonora*, sailed north from the Spanish American port of San Blas, to Cape Flattery, at the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. There they separated, the *Santiago* returning to San Blas. Heceta on this voyage is supposed to have discovered the mouth of the Columbia.

HENDAY, Anthony. He was born in the Isle of Wight. Having been outlawed in 1748 for smuggling, he succeeded two years later in entering the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was sent to York Factory, on Hudson Bay. In 1754 he volunteered to go inland and explore the country. He left York Factory in 1754, and made his way to the Blackfoot country, where he wintered, returning in the spring of 1755 to York Factory. His is the earliest account of the manners and customs of the Blackfeet.

HENNEPIN, Louis. He was born in the Netherlands about 1640, entered the Récollet Order, and sailed to Quebec in 1675. He was at Fort Frontenac the following year, and went with La Salle to the west in 1678. He travelled on the upper Mississippi, and was captured by the Sioux. Eight months later he was rescued by Duluth, passed the winter at Michilimackinac, and returned to Quebec in 1682. Having had enough of wandering, he went back to Europe and devoted his talents to producing accounts of his travels, real and imaginary. He died somewhere about 1706.

HENRY, Alexander (1739-1824). Born in New Jersey, he was interested in the fur trade; came north to Montreal in 1760, obtained a trading permit, and made his way to Michilimackinac. He wintered at Sault Ste. Marie, after his startling adventures at the Indian massacre at Michilimackinac in 1763. After trading about the Great Lakes for several years, he went west to Grand Portage, and was overtaken by Peter Pond and the Frobishers on Lake Winnipeg, reaching the Saskatchewan in October, 1775. After his adventure with the Cree river robber Chatique, he spent the winter of 1775-76 trading, hunting and exploring on the western prairies, and made his way back to Montreal in the spring. He sailed for Europe in 1776, met Sir Joseph Banks in London, and told his adventures to Marie Antoinette. On his return to America he became a merchant in Montreal, a member of the Beaver Club, and, after his retirement from the North West Company, for twelve years King's Auctioneer in Montreal. The account of his western travels has gone through several editions.

HENRY, Alexander. A nephew of the preceding, and associated with him in business in 1787. He joined the North West Company in or about

1792, and spent about fifteen years trading and travelling about the western plains. His Journal, the original manuscript of which is in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa, and which contains a racy account of his travels and experiences from 1799 to 1814, was edited and published by Elliott Coues. He was sent over the mountains to the Columbia in 1813, and was drowned near Fort George, at its mouth, in May, 1814.

HUDSON, Henry. The place and date of his birth are not known. He made four notable voyages: the first, in 1607, for the Muscovy Company, in search of a northeastern passage to China; the second, in 1608, for the same Company, and in search of the same elusive passage; the third, in 1609, at the expense of the Dutch East India Company, began, like the two former, in quest of a northeastern passage, but changed to one for the discovery of a northwest passage; the fourth, in 1610, in search of a northwestern passage, the expense being borne by three English gentlemen. In his first voyage Henry explored the coast of Spitzbergen; in the second, part of Nova Zembla; in the third, the Hudson River; and in the last, Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay. He wintered in James Bay, and in the spring of 1611 was set adrift by his mutinous crew, with eight loyal companions, in a small boat.

IBERVILLE, Pierre LeMoyné, Sieur d' (1661-1706), was born in Canada, the third son of Charles Le Moyné, Sieur de Longueuil. He served in the French Navy, returning to Canada in 1683. Three years later he went with De Troyes on an expedition against the English on Hudson Bay, and took part in the capture of Moose Factory, Fort Rupert and Fort Albany. In 1689 he captured the *Hampshire* in Hudson Bay and brought her to Quebec with her cargo of furs. After taking part in a raid on Schenectady in 1690, he returned to Hudson Bay and captured Fort Severn. In 1694 he was once more in the north with a French fleet, and captured Fort Nelson, crippling for a time the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1696 he captured Pemaquid, and St. John's in Newfoundland. In 1697, the Hudson's Bay Company having regained possession of Fort Nelson, he recaptured it. A year later he sailed with a fleet from Brest, discovered the mouth of the Mississippi and planted a colony. Most of the remainder of his life was spent in building up the colony. He died at Havana.

JAMES, Thomas (1593-1635?). Sailed from Bristol, England, in 1631. He entered Hudson Bay and crossed to the west coast, down which he sailed to a cape which he named Henrietta Maria, after his ship. He wintered in James Bay, on Charlton Island, and on October 22 was back in Bristol.

JOLLIET, Louis (1645-1700). Born at Quebec and educated by the Jesuits, he engaged in the fur trade and was sent by the Intendant Talon to find copper mines on Lake Superior. He met La Salle on his return journey in 1669. After his journey with Marquette down the Mississippi, he made an expedition to Hudson Bay in 1679, and the following year received a grant of the island of Anticosti, where he settled with his family. He explored the coast of Labrador in 1694, and on his return was made royal pilot for the St. Lawrence and hydrographer of the colony.

KANE, Elisha Kane (1820-57), led two expeditions to the Arctic, in search of Franklin, 1850-51 and 1853-55. Accounts were published of both voyages.

KARLSEFNI, Thorfinn. He belonged to a family famous in the annals of Iceland, and traced his lineage back to one of the early kings of Ireland. After his return from the voyage to America he and his wife Gudrid, who had previously married Leif's brother Thorstein, sailed to Norway on a trading expedition, and then back to Iceland. After that they drop out of sight. In 1920 a bronze statue, by Einar Jonsson, of Thorfinn, was erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

KELSEY, Henry. Born about 1672. He came out from England as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1683. He was employed for some years at Fort Nelson, or as the post was afterwards called, York Factory. In 1688, he was sent north of the Churchill to get in touch with the natives. On this journey he saw musk oxen, of which he gives the earliest known account. In 1690 he went inland to explore the country, and reached the Saskatchewan, spending two years among the Assiniboine and other Indians. In 1692 he returned to England; came out again in 1694, was captured by the French and released. He was at Fort Nelson when it was again captured by the French. He says he was captured in 1697 when the *Hampshire* was lost. These references are to the attacks by De Troyes and Iberville, but Kelsey's dates in his diary do not agree with the French records. In 1698 he went to Fort Albany; in 1701 became master of the frigate *Knight*, and put in charge of the Eastmain post. From then until 1722 he filled various positions in the trading posts about Hudson Bay, returning from time to time to England. He was recalled in 1722, and spent the rest of his life in England. He died some time between 1724 and 1730.

KENDRICK, John. An American captain, who traded on the northwest coast between 1787 and 1793. He has been credited with the discovery, or re-discovery, of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He was killed in the Sandwich Islands in 1793.

KING, Richard (1811-76). He accompanied George Back as surgeon and naturalist in 1833-35, and also was assistant surgeon of the Austin expedition of 1850-51. It has been said of him that he was "the only Arctic authority who urged that search be made at the mouth of Back River—where their remains were ultimately found—for the survivors of the Franklin expedition". He published an account of the journey of 1833-35.

LA CORNE DE ST. LUC, Louis Luc (1711-84). A French officer in Canada who was stationed at Fort St. Frédéric (Crown Point) in 1741-47, and at La Présentation on the upper St. Lawrence in 1752. The following year he was sent to take command of the posts west of Lake Superior, succeeding Le Gardeur de Saint-Pierre, who himself succeeded La Vérendrye. He had great influence with the Indians and led a large party of them to the capture of Fort William Henry in 1757. He remained in Canada after the Conquest, and in 1755 raised a company of Indians to act against the Americans. In 1761 he was one of the seven survivors of

the wreck of the *Auguste*. He became a member of the Council set up under the Quebec Act.

LAHONTAN, Louis Armand de Lom d'Arce, Baron de (1666-1715). He arrived in Canada in 1683 with reinforcements for La Barre's army, and took part in the expedition of 1684 and in that of Denonville in 1687. He travelled extensively in the west, and put the results of his experiences in a volume of travels which, especially his extraordinary story of the Rivière Longue, has been the subject of much controversy.

LA PÉROUSE, Jean François de Galaup, Comte de (1741-88). Born at Guo near Albi, he entered the French Navy and rose to the rank of admiral. In 1782 he sailed into Hudson Bay and captured Fort Prince of Wales. Three years later he commanded an expedition of discovery sent out by the French Government. He visited the northwest coast of America, and explored parts of the Asiatic coast in the northeast. In 1788 he visited Botany Bay, and then was lost sight of. It was discovered some years later that his two ships had been wrecked on a small island north of the New Hebrides, and all lost.

LA SALLE, René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de (1643-87), was born in Rouen, France, and sailed to Canada in 1666, where he was granted the seigneurie of Lachine. The rest of his life was devoted to the cause of discovery, culminating in his famous journey down the Mississippi to its mouth. In these expeditions, he was associated from time to time with Dollier de Casson, Galinée, Jolliet, Hennepin, Tonti, and others. In an attempt to establish a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi, he was murdered by some of his disgruntled followers.

LA VÉRENDRYE, Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de (1685-1749). He was born in Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence, of which his father was governor. He served in the campaigns of 1704 in New England and 1705 in Newfoundland. In 1707 he was with the French Army in Flanders, and was wounded at Malplaquet in 1709. Returning to Canada, he married a daughter of a former governor of Three Rivers, and engaged in the fur trade. His ambition was, however, to follow the example of Champlain and La Salle, and devote himself to western exploration. With the approval of the governor of Canada, Beauharnois, he raised an expedition and set out for the country west of Lake Superior in 1731. From that time until his death he and his sons gave all their thoughts and energy to the search for the Western Sea. Of his four sons, the eldest, Jean-Baptiste, (1713-36) was killed by Indians on an island in the Lake of the Woods; Pierre (1714-55), when he and his brothers were refused permission to carry on their father's western explorations, fought under Saint-Pierre at Sarastreuve in 1745, was sent to Acadia in 1746, and was present at the attack of Fort La Joie, served with La Corne in 1747, at Beausejour in 1748, and probably both he and his brothers served under Montcalm at Quebec; François (1715-94), remained in Canada after the Conquest, and died in Montreal; and Louis Joseph (1717-61), sailed for France after the loss of Canada and went down with the *Auguste*.

LE GARDEUR DE SAINT-PIERRE, Jacques (1701-55). He commanded the post at Chequamegon, on the south shore of Lake Superior, in 1718. He was with Lignery in the 1728 expedition, and in 1729 made peace

between the Sioux and the Cree. Between 1734 and 1737 he commanded at Fort Beauharnois, and commanded at Niagara in 1745. In 1747 he was put in charge of Michilimackinac during an Indian uprising, and in 1750 he was sent to continue the explorations of La Vérendrye. He built a post on the Saskatchewan. In 1753 he was sent to Fort Le Boeuf, where he met Washington. He was killed in the Lake George expedition.

LESCARBOT, Marc. Born at Vervins, near Laon, France, about 1570, he studied law, but he was more in love with wandering than law. His legal connections proved, however, helpful, as one of his clients, Poutrincourt, was interested in projects for trade and colonization in the New World, and had no difficulty in persuading Lescarbot to go with him. He sailed to Port Royal in 1606 and spent twelve months in New France, returning in 1607. While at Port Royal he took an active interest in building the post, planting a garden, hunting, studying the ways and manners of the Micmacs, and by his energy, good humour and resourcefulness, keeping the little colony in good spirits. After his return he published his history of New France in 1609. From 1612 to 1614 he was in Switzerland, and was married in 1619. Beyond that year nothing is known of his life.

MCCLEINTOCK, Francis Leopold (1819-1907), was born at Dundalk, and joined the Navy in 1831. He served under Ross in the *Enterprise* in the Arctic voyage of 1848-49. The latter year he travelled five hundred miles by sledge. He was with the *Assistance* in the expedition of 1850-51, and commanded the *Intrepid* in the Belcher expedition of 1852-54. He was captain of the *Fox* in the voyage to Somerset and Prince of Wales Islands, Boothia Peninsula and King William Island, in 1857-59, when he discovered the fate of Franklin and the officers and crew of the *Erebus* and the *Terror*. He became admiral, and was knighted in 1854.

MCCLEURE, Robert John Le Mesurier (1807-73). Born at Wexford, he entered the Navy in 1816. He was with Back in the voyage of 1836-37, and served on the Great Lakes in 1838. He accompanied Ross in the voyage of 1848-49; and commanded the *Investigator* in the Collinson and McClure expedition of 1850-54. During that voyage he wintered in Prince of Wales Strait, sighted Melville Island, and discovered the North West Passage. He spent some months on Banks Island in 1851-52, and, abandoning his ships which were caught in the ice, marched to Dealy Island with his men and found there the *Resolute*. He afterwards became vice-admiral, and was knighted in 1854.

MACKAY, Alexander. He served in the North West Company, and went with Alexander Mackenzie on his great journey of 1793 to the shores of the Pacific. He was in charge of Ile à la Grosse House from 1797 to 1799, and became a partner of the Company about 1804. He joined the Pacific Fur Company in 1810, sailed to Astoria with Franchère, and was murdered on the *Tonquin* by Nootka natives in 1811. His widow married Dr. John McLoughlin.

MACKENZIE, Alexander (1764-1820), was born near Stornoway, Scotland, and came to America in 1774. He entered the fur trade at Montreal, and was sent to Detroit in 1784, and later to Grand Portage. He became a partner of the North West Company. His expeditions to the Arctic and

the Pacific occupied most of the years 1789-93. The account of his journeys was published in 1795. He was knighted in 1802.

MALASPINA, Alexandro. He sailed from Mexico in 1791 to the northwest coast in search of a passage said to have been discovered in 1588 by Lorenzo Maldonado. He reached Nootka and spent some weeks there in scientific work. His journals in Spanish were not printed until 1885.

MARQUETTE, Jacques L  sperance (1637-75), was born at Laon, France, and joined the Jesuit Order about 1654. Coming to Canada in 1666, he was sent to the upper lakes in 1668, and was one of the founders of the mission at Sault Ste. Marie, and also established the mission at Michilimackinac three years later. After his voyage down the Mississippi with Jolliet, he attempted to plant a mission in the Illinois country, but died on his way back to Michilimackinac.

MARTINEZ, Est  van Jos  . He accompanied Perez to the northwest coast as pilot in 1773. In 1788 he was again sent north from Mexico as joint commander with De Haro of an expedition to watch the operations of the Russians. The following year he once more sailed up the coast as commander of the *Princessa*. He claimed Nootka by right of conquest, and tried to assert Spanish sovereignty over the Pacific. Taking formal possession of Nootka he seized several vessels, and after carrying out certain local explorations, returned to Mexico. A copy of his diary is in the Academy of Pacific Coast History.

MEARES, John (1756-1809). Born in England, he entered the Navy in 1776, and served against the French until 1783. In that year he joined the merchant service, and explored the coast of Alaska in 1786. He wintered in Prince William Sound, and lost many of his crew from scurvy. He was again on the coast in 1788-89, and became involved in the Nootka Affair. Meares bought land from the Indian chief Maquinna for a fur-trading post. He surveyed part of the coast on this voyage; and built the *North West America* at Nootka, the first ship launched in what is now British Columbia. He entered and examined the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and took possession of neighbouring lands for Great Britain.

MUNCK, Jens (1579-1628). A Danish captain who sailed to Hudson Bay in the *Enhiorningen* in 1619-20. Crossing over to the west side of the bay, he sailed down to the mouth of the Churchill, where he wintered under extremely difficult conditions. In the spring he and two of his men survived, and managed to sail back to their home port.

MURRAY, Alexander Hunter (1818-74). Born at Kilmun, in Argyllshire, he emigrated to the United States as a young man and joined the American Fur Company. In 1846 he came to Fort Garry and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. He was sent to the Mackenzie River district, and travelled north to Fort McPherson, marrying the daughter of Chief Trader Colin Campbell on the way. In the spring they crossed the mountains to Lapierre House. Leaving his wife there he went down the Porcupine to its mouth where he built Fort Yukon. In 1851 he returned to Fort Simpson, and from there travelled to Fort Garry, where he spent the remainder of his life.

NANSEN, Fridtjof (1861-1930) was born near Christiania (Oslo), Norway. His interest in the Arctic began in 1882, when he made a voyage in the sealer *Viking*. In the summer of 1888 he crossed Greenland from east to west, with three Norwegians and two Lapps, and published an account of the journey. In the *Fram* in 1893 he tested the theory that it would be possible to reach the Pole by drifting with the ice. He left the ship in March, 1895, and marched with one companion toward the Pole, reaching the nearest point attained up to that time. They wintered in Franz Josef Land and in June 1896 met the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition there.

NICOLET, Jean (1598-1642). Born at Cherbourg, in Normandy, he was brought to Canada in 1618 by Champlain. He spent two years with the Algonquins on the Ottawa River, and eight or nine years with the Nipissings, learning their languages and gaining their confidence. Champlain sent him west in 1634, and he returned to Quebec the following year. He married a grand-daughter of Louis Hébert, known to history as the first Canadian farmer, and he was drowned in the St. Lawrence.

PARRY, William Edward (1790-1855). Born at Bath, he entered the Navy as a midshipman, served against the Danes in 1808, and in 1810 was sent to the Arctic to protect the whale fisheries. He afterwards commanded five expeditions to the Arctic regions, in 1818, 1819, 1821-23, 1824-25, and 1827, the last an attempt to travel with sledges to the Pole. He was knighted in 1829.

PEARY, Robert Edwin (1856-1920). Born at Cresson Springs, Pennsylvania, he entered the United States Navy in 1881, and made his first voyage to the Arctic in 1886. He led an expedition to North Greenland in 1891-92, and another in 1893-95, carried out summer voyages to the Arctic in 1896 and 1897, in the last of which he found and brought back the largest known meteorite in the world. Between 1898 and 1902 he made an attempt to reach the North Pole. Another attempt in 1905-06 carried him nearer his goal; and in April, 1909, he reached the North Pole.

PEREZ, Juan. He sailed from Monterey in June, 1774, and saw the western coast of Queen Charlotte Islands and part of Vancouver Island near Cape Estevan, but made no landing, though he traded with the Indians. His ship was the *Santiago*. Perez was the first white traveller to see any part of what is now British Columbia. Two Franciscan friars, Crespi and Pena, were with Perez, and kept journals of the voyage. Crespi's was published in Spanish in 1857, and the account of both friars was published in the original and in translation by the Historical Society of Southern California in 1891.

PIKE, Warburton (1861-1916). An English traveller, who explored part of the Barren Grounds of northern Canada in 1889, and put the story of his experiences into a book. At one time he was reduced to eating his moccasins. In 1898 he made another journey from Edmonton to the Yukon, more or less along the route of the present Alaska Highway.

POND, Peter (1740-1807). Born in Milford, Connecticut, he ran away at the age of sixteen and enlisted in the Army. In 1760 he was given a

commission and went with Amherst to Montreal. He made a voyage to the West Indies in 1761, and three years later engaged in the fur trade at Detroit. About 1770 he was at Michilimackinac, and he spent the years 1773-75 trading in what is now Wisconsin. From 1775 to 1788 he travelled about the Saskatchewan and Athabaska regions, trading and exploring, in association with the Frobishers, Alexander Henry and others. He prepared several maps of the western country, one of which is said to have been sent to Catherine the Great of Russia. He was for some years a member of the North West Company. Finally he returned to Milford, and died there.

PORTLOCK, N. An English fur-trader on the northwest coast. He and George Dixon sailed together, one in the *King George* and the other in the *Queen Charlotte*. Portlock spent the season in Alaskan waters, 1787, and traded for sea otter skins that brought a fabulous profit in China. On his return to England he wrote a narrative that was published in 1789. With him on the voyage was one John Nicol, whose naïve story was published by Blackwoods in 1822. Its quality may be gained from Nicol's opening: "At once I made myself clean and waited upon Captain Portlock. He was happy to see me as I was an excellent brewer of spruce beer and the very man he wished." Nicol was engaged at once as steward.

POUTRINCOURT, Jean de Biencourt, Baron de Saint Just (1557-1615). He had won distinction as a soldier in the service of France, and in 1604 sailed with De Monts and Champlain to the Bay of Fundy. He was so charmed with Port Royal that he determined to make it his home. He therefore went back to France and brought out his family. He accompanied Champlain on his explorations about the bay and down the Atlantic coast. He eventually returned to France, and fell at the battle of Méry.

QUADRA, Juan Francisco de la Bodega y. With Maurelle as pilot he sailed in the *Sonora* from Monterey, accompanied by Heceta and Perez in the *Santiago*. About Cape Flattery the vessels separated, the *Santiago* returning south and the *Sonora* sailing north along the coasts of British Columbia. Maurelle wrote an account of the voyage which has never been published, although a narrative probably founded on the journal was published in Spanish in 1857. In Barrington's *Miscellanies*, published in London in 1781, there is a journal of a voyage in 1775 to explore the coasts of America northwest of California, which is said to be a poor translation of Maurelle's manuscript.

QUESNEL, Jules Maurice (1786-1842). Born in Montreal, he entered the service of the North West Company. He accompanied Simon Fraser on his perilous journey down the Fraser River in 1808. The Quesnel River, a branch of the Fraser, is named after him. In 1811 he left the North West Company and returned to Montreal. He became a member of the Legislative Council in 1841. He died in Montreal.

RADISSON, Pierre Esprit (1635-1710). Born in Paris, he came to Canada in 1651, and settled in Three Rivers, but not for long. He was one of those restless, adventurous souls that must ever be on the move. He was

captured by the Iroquois in 1652 and carried off to their country south of Lake Ontario; he escaped the following year, but was recaptured and tortured. He again escaped. His journeys, generally with his brother-in-law Médard Chouart, in the country about Lake Superior, in the next eight years or so, have been the subject of much controversy. In 1665 he made his way to England and offered his services in guiding a trading expedition to the very rich fur country south and west of Hudson Bay. Out of this offer grew the Hudson's Bay Company. In the next twenty years he changed his allegiance back and forth between England and France. In the end he returned to London, and died there.

RAE, John (1813-93). Born near Stromness, in the Orkneys. He studied medicine, and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, rising to become a Chief Factor in 1850. In 1846-47 he made an exploring journey from Fort Churchill to the Gulf of Boothia, on the Arctic coast of America. He accompanied Richardson in his expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1848-49, and in 1851 commanded another expedition which visited and examined Wollaston Land. During a journey in 1853-54 he obtained positive intelligence of Franklin's death from the Eskimo on the west coast of Boothia, for which he received the reward of £10,000 offered by the British Government.

RICHARDSON, John (1787-1865). Born in Dumfries, Scotland, he entered the Navy in 1807 as a surgeon and took part in the attack on Copenhagen. In 1819 he went with Franklin's Arctic expedition as surgeon and naturalist. In 1825 he accompanied Franklin on his second overland expedition. He commanded an expedition sent out in 1848 to search for Franklin, and wrote an account of his journey which was published in 1851. He was knighted in 1846.

ROBUTEL DE LA NOÛE, Zachary (1665-1732). He was born in Montreal. Took part in De Troyes' expedition to James Bay in 1686. The Intendant Bégon, having recommended to the French Court the building of three posts on the water communication west of Lake Superior, and the plan having been approved, the Marquis de Vaudreuil sent Robutel de la Noüe in 1717 to put it into effect. He built Fort Kaministiquia that year, and then went inland and put up a post at the outlet of Rainy Lake. He returned to Kaministiquia, where he remained until 1721.

ROSS, James Clark (1800-61). Born in Scotland, he entered the Navy in 1812, and was a midshipman on the *Isabella* in his uncle, John Ross's, first voyage, 1818; with Parry on the *Hecla* in the voyage of 1819-20, and with his uncle or Parry on several later voyages. He commanded the *Victory* in the voyage of 1829-33, and discovered the north magnetic pole in 1831. He commanded an expedition to the Antarctic with the *Erebus* and *Terror*, 1839-43. In the *Enterprise* he led an expedition to Somerset Island, Barrow Strait and Prince Regent Inlet, 1848-49. Knighted in 1844.

ROSS, John (1777-1856). Born at Inch manse in Wigtownshire, he entered the Navy as a boy and served in the war with the French. His first Arctic voyage was in 1818 when he explored Baffin Bay and made an attempt to find the North West Passage. In 1829 he sailed again and discovered Boothia peninsula. In 1850 he led one of the expeditions that

went out in search of Franklin. He wrote and published accounts of his several voyages; was knighted in 1833; and died in London.

SIMPSON, Thomas (1808-40). Born in Dingwall, Scotland, he was for a time secretary to his cousin Sir George Simpson, resident Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. With Peter Warren Dease he led an expedition in 1837 to the Arctic coast, exploring it from the mouth of the Mackenzie to Point Barrow and from the mouth of the Coppermine to the Gulf of Boothia. He published an account of his travels, and his own life was written by Alexander Simpson.

STEFANSSON, Vilhjalmur (1879-). He was born in Arnes, Manitoba, and since 1906 has devoted himself largely to Arctic exploration and the production of books relating to the Arctic and its Eskimo inhabitants. He has carried out expeditions to the Arctic in 1906-07, 1908-12, 1913-18, for the most part under the auspices of the Canadian Government and Harvard University.

STUART, John (1779-1847). Born in Strathspey, Scotland, he came to Canada and joined the North West Company in 1799. In 1808 he went with Simon Fraser on his expedition down the Fraser River, and in 1813 explored a route overland from the Fraser to the Columbia by way of Okanagan Lake. He was at Astoria the following year when the post was taken over by the North West Company. He joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821 when it absorbed the North West Company, and became a Chief Factor.

SVERDRUP, Otto (1855-1930). Born in Helgeland, Norway, he was with Nansen in his journey across Greenland in 1888, and on his attempt to reach the North Pole 1893-96. Between 1898 and 1902 he sailed in the *Fram* around the north of Greenland, explored part of Ellesmere, and discovered Ringes Island and Heiberg Island. He also led expeditions to the Kara Sea in 1914-15 and 1920. His account of the journey of 1898-1902 was translated into English and published in 1904.

THOMPSON, David (1779-1857). Born in London, England, he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1784, and landed at Fort Churchill that year. From that year until 1850 he kept methodical and detailed records of his journeys and observations. These journals, which fill 45 volumes, are preserved in the Ontario Archives in Toronto. He remained with the Hudson's Bay Company until 1797, when he left them, being dissatisfied with the Company's policy in regard to exploration. During the years 1784-97 he made explorations and surveys of the Nelson, Churchill and Saskatchewan rivers and much of the intervening territory, and went north by way of Reindeer River and Lake and Black River to Lake Athabaska. In 1797 he joined the North West Company, and thereafter devoted much more of his time to exploration and surveys. These journeys covered the upper Assiniboine, an overland trip to the Mandans on the Missouri, another to the head-waters of the Mississippi, as well as the upper waters of the Saskatchewan, Athabaska and Peace rivers, and the entire system of the Columbia and the Kootenay rivers west of the Rockies. His great manuscript map of the northwest is preserved in the Ontario Archives.

TONTI, Henri de (1650?-1704). Born in Gaeta, Italy, he entered the French Army in 1668 and served for some years. In 1678 he joined La Salle in his western explorations, and served him loyally until La Salle's death. Tonti remained in the Illinois country until 1700, and his last years were with Iberville in Louisiana, where he died.

TROYES, Pierre de. He came to Canada from France in 1685, and the following year led an expedition to Hudson Bay, where he succeeded in capturing Moose Factory, Fort Rupert and Fort Albany. With him went three members of the Le Moyne family, Iberville, St. Hélène, and Mari-court. De Troyes also took part in Denonville's campaign of 1687, and died at Niagara in 1688.

TURNOR, Philip (1752?-1800). Born in Laleham, England, he joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1778, and served as surveyor until 1792. His surveys were to a large extent the basis of Arrowsmith's map of 1795, and to him David Thompson owed much of his skill in surveying. Turnor's journals were edited by J. B. Tyrrell for the Champlain Society in 1934.

TYRRELL, Joseph Burr (1858-). Born at Weston, Ontario, and in 1881 was appointed to the Geological Survey of Canada, with which he served until the end of 1898. During that time he carried out important explorations and surveys in the Barren Lands, the Yukon and other parts of northern Canada, in some of which his brother James was associated with him. The printed results of Joseph's surveys are found for the most part in the reports of the Geological Survey. James published in 1908 an account of his journey through the Barren Lands.

VANCOUVER, George (1758-98). Born at King's Lynn, Norfolk, England, he entered the Navy in 1771 as an able seaman; served under Captain Cook on the *Resolution*, and was a midshipman with Cook on the *Discovery* in 1776. He served under Rodney in the West Indies in 1782; and in 1791-95 he carried out his very important surveys of the North West Coast, and carried on negotiations with Quadra for the surrender of Nootka. On his return to England he devoted himself to the preparation of his journals for publication. He died at Petersham.

VIZCAINO, Sebastien. Made a voyage up the coast of California in 1602-03, as far as Cape Blanco. His expedition paved the way for the later voyages of Perez, Quadra, Martinez, Malaspina, Galiano and Valdes, to and beyond the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

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